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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1920

THE NEW POETRY

During the last ten years there has certainly been an increased interest in poetry throughout this country, and a very considerable amount of verse produced. For which let us be thankful. Some of these recent writers are in a special sense "New Poets," the first genuinely American poets—we have their own word for it. Yet a reader who has to confess himself a later Victorian, knowing no better than to admire Emerson, Lowell, and even Longfellow, gets a slight shock at being told, by Miss Amy Lowell, for instance, that these New England men were genuine cultivated provincial English writers rather than genuine American poets; that title should be given to the "two great geniuses who flung themselves up out of the mass of cultivated endeavor in the last century—but were too far ahead of their time to have any effect on their contemporaries—Whitman and Poe." It was not to be expected, thinks Miss Lowell, "that a great virile country, practically dumb, could be represented by a highly civilized corner of it no bigger than New York State." Moreover, thought was narrowed and feeling chilled throughout New England by the temper of Puritanism, which is fatal to poetry. Another one of the new poets, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, author of a big book on The New Era in American Poetry, is even more impatient of these New England men who thought themselves poets. Not one of them, he says, "burned with a keen and racy originality" such as Whitman possessed; indeed "it is hard to think of them as ever eager young men"; while as to Puritanism, that sets him into something like a spasm of angry rhetoric. "The days immediately preceding the Civil War," says Mr. Untermeyer—who wasn't born until twenty years after the

Civil War was over—"were dark with dogma and denial. The lips of the country were pursed into a continual No."

The one peculiarity, then, of our New Poetry would seem to be, in the phrase of Miss Lowell, "a revolt against immediate past." The poets will claim for themselves freedom both in form and matter. Their verse forms will be free from old metrical restraints, their themes will refuse to be cramped by old conventions social or moral. No longer provincial or puritan, they will appeal to our large and varied American life, and they will express themselves, for the first time, says Mr. Untermeyer, in terms of democracy.

It is not the purpose of this paper to praise New England poets or to defend New England morality; perhaps a late Victorian may be excused for thinking that needless. Let us rather inquire briefly what our poetry has gained by this liberation. And, first, what shall we say of the new verse forms? The revolt here is against the restraint of meter. Meter in poetry, as the name implies, is the regular recurrence of units of time, or feet, practically uniform in length. In verse at all flexible the number of syllables in the feet may vary, and the lines in a poem or passage may not be all of the same length; moreover, as the movement of the verse, its distribution of pauses and cadences, is decided by the changing flow of feeling, any passage of more than one or two lines when read aloud will usually fall into "phrases" much as music does. Yet under all these variations is felt, half unconsciously, the steady beat of the meter, giving unity to the whole. Upon the subtle but natural adjustment of all other formal elements with this regulating and harmonizing effect of meter depends, in large degree, the musical charm of all good poetry. But most of the new poets protest that any definite meter must hamper poetic utterance, and they write in a more or less "free verse." What precisely is meant by *vers libre* it is not quite easy for a Victorian to understand, nor is he always much helped by the definitions or the practice of the poets themselves. "The unit of *vers libre*," says one of the most careful attempts at definition, "is not the foot or the number of syllables, the quantity or the line. The unit is the strophe, which may be the whole poem or only a part." What is meant by strophe

here it would be hard to say; at all events, it cannot be in any proper sense a "unit," since it has no uniform length. But, leaving any formal attempts at definition, a glance at free verse will show us that its form is decided not by any metrical rule but by the rhythm of spoken utterance. Our speech when heightened by emotion naturally takes on a more pronounced rhythm and tends to fall into phrases divided by cadence. Free verse is simply the recognition of this fact. Almost any classic English prose writer —and many that are not classic—will furnish passages that, taken out of their context, satisfy perfectly the conditions of free verse. No one of our recent poets has written a poem so solemn and beautiful as this, or more perfect in rhythm:

> "So have I seen a rose
> Newly springing from the clefts of its hood.
> And at first it was fair as the morning,
> And filled with the dew of heaven like a lamb's fleece;
> But when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty,
> And dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements,
> It began to put on darkness,
> To decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age;
> It bowed the head and broke its stalk,
> And at night,
> Having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty,
> It sank into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.
> Such is the portion of every man,
> And every woman."

Doubtless in many instances this verse form renders the rhythmical response to emotion so truthfully as to atone in large measure for the lack of distinctively metrical charm; the line seems the spontaneous, audible voice of the poet. But, on the other hand, too many who admire the new manner and try to use it forget that the neglect of meter makes necessary more careful attention to all the other elements of poetry, and seem to think any passage of spoken prose can be made into poetry by shredding it into small bits.

It is another and more serious objection to the new poetic form that it is suited only to short poems. By the definition already quoted the "unit" of *vers libre* is the strophe, "which may occupy one or more lines or even the whole poem." That is, the rhythmic

impulse upon which the verse depends must return upon itself within moderate compass and close with a cadence. Now without the unifying and connecting effect of meter a long poem, in which the emotion cannot be maintained upon a uniformly high level, must tend to fall apart into a series of such rhythmical impulses, each expressing some image, incident, or phase of feeling. The "long resounding march and energy divine" of epic is quite impossible without the steadfast music of regular meter. One new form—if we may apply the term to so formless a thing—has, however, been devised which, we are told, is not open to this objection. Mr. Fletcher, freest of all free-verse men, announced, five years ago, the advent of "something quite as important in the sphere of the arts as the European war in the sphere of politics." The new invention was due to the French poet Paul Fort, and Miss Lowell, who has made most use of it in English, has named it polyphonic prose. "So called," she says, "because it makes use of all the 'voices' of poetry; that is, meter, *vers libre,* assonance, alliteration, rhyme and return. It employs every form of rhythm, even prose rhythm at times, but usually holds no particular one for long." Miss Lowell warns us that we must not think it prose, though it looks so; the reader with untrained ear may be pardoned if he does not recognize it as poetry. It is a kind of goulash of all the conventional elements of poetic form mixed together and printed as prose. The only significant part of Miss Lowell's definition is the last clause: "it usually holds no particular rhythm for long." It is just this constant change of rhythm, recurring at approximately equal intervals, that prevents a polyphonic chaos, and produces something like a poetic movement; but the absence of a regulative meter leaves the poem without connection or unity of form. The possibilities of this new manner have been put to the most favorable test by Miss Lowell in her recent poem, "Can Grande's Castle." Four striking passages of modern history are presented with the animation and keen sense of color and vivid detail characteristic of all her best work, but it is at least a question whether they do not lose far more than they gain by the polyphonic manner. They impress the reader like a series of motion-picture glimpses in brilliant but changing color, each lasting but an instant, and fol-

lowing each other in such dazzling succession as to confuse and weary the eye without leaving any large complete vision in the imagination.

There is, however, no need of controversy on the introduction of new literary forms. If they tend to enlarge our means of expression for truth and beauty they are sure of ultimate acceptance. Nor, on the other hand, should some of us oldsters be criticized in too superior a fashion if, having enjoyed so long the old wine of poesy, we cannot straightway say the new is better. Time will decide between us. It is much more important to ask, What is the content of this new verse? Do these new writers represent more truly than their predecessors the genuine poetry of American life? What can we find in their work large, national, democratic, and yet so touched with beauty as to give it authentic charm and universal appeal? Let us see. Leaving aside lesser names, we will consider briefly the work of four new poets who have already won wide recognition—Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg.

In the poetry of Miss Lowell, in some sense the leader and sponsor of the school, it may be said at once that there is nothing distinctively American. Miss Lowell certainly has some noteworthy poetical endowments—brilliancy of detached imagination, vividness and sparkle of movement, ingenious felicity of phrase. She gives us pictures, incidents, moods, fancies, and she can tell a short dramatic story well. But as for any indication of American quality her poetry might all have been written in Paris. Her poetic forms are borrowed from France; the themes of her longer dramatic sketches are mostly foreign. We read her books through without finding much more of local color than such as is given in a picture of a Boston shop-window full of red slippers or of the dining room of the Grand Central Railway station, and for New England life and character we get some rather vulgar and painful studies of morbid sex psychology in a back New England town. It is fairly astonishing that a representative of a family justly renowned in New England for three generations should show such ignorance or indifference. Her dislike for what she calls Puritanism would seem to have blinded her to some of the most permanent

traits of New England character. We do not think any student of the social and moral ideals which have so largely dominated New England thought since 1620 will admit that the life of New England in 1920 can be represented by any poetry from which these ideals are excluded. Nor can such poetry be in any large sense American; we are not yet quite so far away from Plymouth Rock. And much more than this is true: Miss Lowell's dread lest she should seem to be guilty of any distinctively moral teaching shuts her out from the higher realms of poetry. To hold that "poetry should exist simply because it is created beauty" is to surrender at once the appeal to what is deepest and most universal in human nature. The title of her latest and perhaps most characteristic volume, Pictures of the Floating World, indicates not inaccurately the subject of most of the work; the "floating world" of fancy, of dream, of fleeting sensuous beauty, hardly touched by moral emotion at all. But it is not in any such world that the highest poetry can live.

In the work of the other New England poet of the group there is certainly no lack of local color. Mr. Frost is in the best sense a realist. Any reader who has ever lived in the hill country of eastern New England will recognize every one of the pictures in his North of Boston, from the "Pasture Spring" on the first page to the "Deserted Woodpile" on the last page, as absolutely true. They are not merely descriptive; they render the object and its very atmosphere. We are set at once in this New Hampshire country, high and bare but with an austere beauty of its own; remote and isolated by day, yet more lonely when the dusk of evening is pierced only by the faint light from a distant farmhouse, and the almost painful stillness broken by the dolorous note of the whippoorwill. But the charm of Mr. Frost's book does not depend principally upon his gift of description, vivid and faithful as that is. The North of Boston is, as he has called it, "a book of people." And no more real people have been put into any American book than these homely New Hampshire folk. They are not young—the younger generation have mostly left the hill country for the towns, or, if some remain, they are lonely and vaguely restless; there is little softness or romance in their lives, no wide-ranging curiosity

or desire. They are of that pure New England stock that still clings to the ancestral farms, hardy, intelligent, with a vein of humor, and possibilities of deep-lying pathos. Their life is toilsome and lonely, sometimes, especially for the women, almost beyond endurance. Such poems as "A Servant of Servants" and "Home Burial" are painful in their utter truth. Yet the life depicted in this poetry, though it has a certain grimness, is not often morbid or depressing; it is rather stern, with the strength of steadfast habit and the love of common things. Without troubling himself much about theories of verse Mr. Frost has the art to make these men and women speak for themselves, with perfect truth and yet with the charm of genuine poetry. They do not talk in dialect —dialect is always half caricature—but their speech befits their character and their place. To read one of these poems is to stand in the healthy open air and to hear the natural voice of a plain man speaking some homely truth of his own experience. Now this is really something new in American poetry. We have had sketches of rural life, humorous or pathetic, well done in prose, as, for example, in some of the early stories of Miss Wilkins; but Mr. Frost is the first of our poets to give us in such sheer simplicity the elemental thoughts of plain people in impressive natural surroundings. The phase of social life he depicts is, to be sure, provincial, not national, and it is liable to change in the next generation; this is only in a limited sense American poetry. But the truths of human nature in it are as changeless as the hills; they are the stuff out of which lasting poetry is made. Mr. Frost's later book, A Mountain Interval, shows no essential change in subject or manner. It is possible that the range of his work may not be much widened in the future; but he must be credited with an original and permanent addition to our poetry.

Some of the most striking examples of the new poetry have been produced in the middle West. It was in 1911 that Harriet Munroe founded in Chicago her magazine, Poetry, to encourage new ventures in poetic form and subject. In the first two or three years the little monthly printed a considerable body of verse, mostly very amorphous, and gave a warm welcome to the first two volumes of Mr. Vachel Lindsay. But it was in 1915 that Edwin Lee

Masters made the most striking contribution to the new poetry in his Spoon River Anthology. The volume excited immediate attention, and has been widely read. The verse form seemed strange, not, however, because it was new, but because it was so very old. Mr. Masters is a Greek student, and his verse form is simply a bold transfer of the form of the Greek anthologists. The entirely classic manner may seem strange upon the lips of the common folk of a crude Illinois town; but there is nothing slipshod or careless about it. On the contrary, one surprising thing in the book is its power of vigorous, condensed expression. More than two hundred citizens of Spoon River, now deceased, looked backward to make, each in some twenty or thirty lines, a posthumous estimate of the outcome of life. There is not much dramatic variety of style in these auto-epitaphs—if I may coin a word—it is as if each had made his confession to Mr. Masters, and he, as recording angel, had set them all down in his own manner. But it is impossible not to admire the keenness of analysis and the variety of character in the series of portraits. No two of them are alike, and every one seems to put his finger on the determining cause of strength or weakness in his own career. Yet the effect of the book is depressing. The tone of private and civic morality in Spoon River cannot have been high. Of all the two hundred and fifteen speakers not more than about a dozen seem to have proved life worth living. The rest record the failure or futility of their lives with emotions ranging from bitter disappointment to utter contempt or angry denunciation. Some fifty of the poems are concerned with various forms of conjugal infelicity—suspicion, jealousy, infidelity, divorce, ending sometimes in suicide or murder. Others record mean political rivalries and disappointments, and still others a bitter and angry protest against some fatal accident of birth or circumstance. The life depicted in nearly all of them is narrow and unintelligent, its passions sensual and vulgar. It is to be hoped that such poetry does not faithfully represent even a small Illinois town gone to seed; certainly it does not represent anything large or dominant in American life. And it must be said that Mr. Masters has not found the stuff out of which genuine tragedy or even genuine satire can be made. It is not that the life he portrays is homely or

familiar; the truest poetry may be found in the humblest circumstance. But real tragedy always implies a contrast with some high ideal. There is nothing deeply pathetic in the failures of these Spoon River people, because there would have been little heroic or beautiful in their lives if they had succeeded. And even if Mr. Masters intends his book as a satire upon the low social and political morality, the indifference to everything but material values doubtless too often seen in our American life, yet his satire fails of effect from the same lack of a moral standard of comparison. Mere realistic description of weakness, ignorance, or evil is not satire. Mr. Masters seems a pessimist with a fatal keenness of perception for the elements of failure in human life. The two later volumes, The Great Valley and Toward the Gulf, show no real growth. The field of observation is wider but the analysis is less acute and the manner less vigorous. Instead of concrete and vivid portraiture we have long, diffuse narrative. The types of character presented are still too often vulgar or in some way unhealthy. Some of the longer poems are an exhibition of a kind of mysticism suggested by morbid sex psychology. Character and scenery are drawn only in part from the middle West; it certainly cannot be claimed that Mr. Masters has yet given us any clear and truthful expression of general American life.

Of all our new poets no one is so defiantly regardless of all conventions, poetical and social, as Carl Sandburg. Here is a man of the common people, but not a common man. He was born in Galesburg, Illinois; his father was a Swedish immigrant, a worker in a railway construction gang. After getting a little common school education young Sandburg during his early teens did various odd jobs in his native town, and when he was seventeen spent two or three years mostly on the prairie, some of the time as a railroad hand and longer on the wheat fields of Kansas. He went through the Spanish-American war as a private in an Illinois regiment; then, after trying unsuccessfully for admission to West Point, resolved upon some further form of education and worked his way through Lombard College in Galesburg. After graduation he found employment on a Chicago newspaper and has been engaged in some form of journalism ever since. Perhaps no early

career could have better fitted him to be a representative of the millions of all races, social and economic conditions that make up our vast American democracy. Here is a voice from the restless, toiling masses; a voice rude, often angry and unjust, sometimes brutal and profane, but always plangent, commanding, and indubitably sincere.

Mr. Sandburg doesn't care much for poetry as a fine art. Perhaps it is only by elastic definition and grace of typographical arrangement that most of his writing can be called poetry; but, whatever you call it, you must admit that it has in it the stuff of poetry—emotion and imagination. He sees things clearly, and his language, even when it is largely slang, is always at the service of his imagination. He reminds one of Whitman; but Whitman's imagination, striving after something large, often issued in a vague nebulosity of verbiage, while Sandburg's image is always concrete and definite. Whether it be half a dozen navvies washing their feet in a brook, or the excursion boat coming in slowly through the dusk; or, in a larger scheme, the ever changing sights and memories of the wide prairie, the picture is always vivid and truthful. He does not, indeed, care much for æsthetic values, and his imagination is usually at its best when prompted by some primal sympathy or indignation; yet few recent poets have had a keener sense of the beauty of the world. He likes this beauty best in moods of calm strength which contrast with the human struggle; yet he can find it, not only on the prairie, but in some very unlikely city corners. But Sandburg's main interest is in men and women of the great laboring class. He is their poet, speaks their language, is eager to render their life, he has admiration and pride for their rugged strength and the tremendous material results of their activity. The title poem of his first volume, Chicago, is an apostrophe to the great city, which seems an embodiment of stupendous material force:

"Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight-Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders;
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half naked, sweating,
Proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation."

This is not pretty verse. Sandburg will not idealize his city, but show her in her titanic youth as she seems to the millions who know her best. In similar vein, but with a certain somber majesty, is the picture of the great sky-scraper in the moving heart of the city: "Men, women, boys and girls pouring in and out all day give the building a soul of dreams and thoughts and memories," but by night, standing silent over the sleeping city,

"It looms in the smoke and stars and has a soul."

This admiration for homely vigor and independence is seen even better in the brief sketches of individual workers scattered thickly through his pages—the dago shoveler, who keeps the track so smooth that the delicate vases do not rattle in the dining car that thunders by while he eats his bit of bread and bologna; Mrs. Pietro Giovanetti, who picks onions ten or twelve hours a day for Jasper on the Bowmanville road, not at all desperate about life for the joy of a child she knows will come to her in three months; the Italian shovel-man, working for a dollar six bits a day, "and a dark-eyed woman in the old country dreams of him for one of the world's ready men, with a pair of fresh lips and a kiss better than all the wild grapes that ever grew in Tuscany"; the Jew fish-crier down Maxwell Street, with a voice like a northwest wind blowing over corn-stubble in January, "who is terribly glad that God made fish, and consumers to whom he may sell his wares out of a push-cart." Such are the red-blooded folk that find joy in doing the work of the world. Not less striking are the numerous shore poems that show his sympathy for the inevitable hardships of our industrial system—the girls that say good-by to youth as they go inside factory doors never to come out; the weary faces on a Halsted Street car at seven in the morning "tired of wishes, empty

of dreams"; the shop-girl that sells silk or dress-goods or leather stuff for six dollars a week wages, "and when she pulls on her stockings in the morning she is reckless about God and the newspapers and the police, the talk of her home town, or the name people call her." The limits of this paper forbid much quotation, but the following lines may show at once the man and the poet pretty nearly at his best:

"Among the mountains I wandered and saw blue haze and red crag and was amazed;
On the beach where the long push under the endless tide maneuvers I stood silent;
Under the stars on the prairie, watching the Dipper slant over the horizon's grass, I was full of thoughts;
Great men, pageants of war and labor, soldiers and workers, mothers lifting their children—these all I touched and felt the solemn thrill of them.
And then one day I got a true look at the Poor, millions of the Poor, patient and toiling; more patient than crags, times and stars; innumerable, patient as the darkness of night—and all broken, humble ruins of nations."

It is not strange that with this intense sympathy with the working class Mr. Sandburg is often inclined to be unjust to everybody else. He is no advocate of social revolution, no Bolshevist clamoring for the level rule of the proletariat. He does not arraign the wholesome relations of life; he does not exploit or condone personal immorality, but he is impatient of any word spoken against "that great Dirty Mother, the People." He has flaming indignation against the men who seem indifferent to industrial hardships, or even desirous of widening the distance between social classes. All the poet in him protests angrily against the industrial conditions that

"Take little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmerings that play on the grass under the great sky."

He scowls fiercely at the owner of the stone house on the lake front who is putting up an iron fence, with cruel steel points, to shut off from his grounds all hungry men and wandering children looking for a place to play—

"Over the steel points go only Death, and the Rain, and To-Morrow."

It is easy to say that Sandburg's work, if poetry at all, is poetry of the sidewalk and the soap box. Certainly it is not the poetry of the study. Professor Phelps cannot bring himself to care much for a poet who hasn't learned to write. Miss Lowell, with characteristic distrust of the preacher, thinks his social and economic notions have little to do with poetry, and that he is flinging away a vision of beauty that might have been of more worth than all his philosophy. But when all is said it must be admitted that in the whole body of "new poetry" none is more spontaneous or impassioned than this. And more than that: for all its coarseness and crudity none represents more forcibly social and industrial conditions that are growing to be nation-wide to-day. It means something and it means it intensely, if narrowly and harshly. And our mid-Victorian, brought up on the finished work of the great poets, Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson and Browning, must think much of Sandburg's raw earnestness truer poetry than Miss Lowell's nice artistry devoted to the imitation of the sound of a girl's hoop trundled through the park, or an impressionist picture of the dining room in the Grand Central Railroad station.

What, then, do we find in the work of these four representatives of the New Poetry? Æsthetic fancies, curious moods, brilliant historic glimpses, set in novel and ingenious verse forms; truthful poetic pictures of a type of rural New England life now almost passed away; striking sketches of motive and work, success and failure, in a small Western town gone to seed; the restless strivings and angry protests of our great social democracy in its growing pains. It is all new, and, with the exception of Miss Lowell's work, it is distinctively American in subject; but must American poetry be either narrow in temper or provincial in theme? Where is the union of large moral truth, elevated feeling, and age-long music which marks the greatest poetry? Perhaps no American poetry has yet given us that; but does the new verse give us any better promise of it than the old?

C. J. Winchester

SIDELIGHTS ON JOHN WESLEY FROM BOSWELL'S JOHNSON

It would be hard to find two men more unlike than Samuel Johnson and John Wesley. In physical proportions, personal appearance, temperament, and manner of life, each was the antithesis of the other. Johnson was big, fat, and sloppy in the extreme. His clothes never fitted him, and his little dark wig was always threatening to fall off. When he walked, he didn't walk at all; he rolled. And when he laughed he laughed like a rhinoceros. He was choleric, inherently lazy, and afflicted with a vile melancholy. Throughout his life he was always going to be very religious—and never was. Every year, on his birthday or some holy day, such as Easter, he penned the most poignant regrets and pious resolutions, only to forget them a few days later. In his forty-seventh year "he formed some scheme of mental improvement." His Prayers and Meditations for that year contain one prayer entitled "On the Study of Philosophy as an Instrument of Living," and after it is the note, "This study was not pursued." Poor Johnson! His various and highly elaborate plans for moral and spiritual reformation never were pursued. Not for nothing did he make the widely quoted remark, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," and not without ample cause did he enter the following pathetic note in his personal records: "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving; having from the earliest time, almost, that I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." The little man who carried the Wesleyan revival in his heart was as far removed from all that as the East is from the West. In the matter of dress he was more than neat—he was immaculate. His quiet manner and carefully modulated voice were aspects of an absolute self-control that amazed and cowed even the drunken boors who sought his life. At twenty-three he wrote to his brother Charles the well-

known statement, "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other," and he never had reason to withdraw or modify his words. As Winchester aptly puts it, "They never again came near enough to even form a speaking acquaintance." He lived by the clock for the love of immortal souls. Punctuality was a part of his religion because the time was short. After he began his work in God's out-of-doors he wasted no time in bootless regrets or baseless forebodings. With an almost supernatural commingling of intensity and restraint he filled the everlasting Now with holy living and unselfish service.

In spite of these astounding differences—or was it because of them?—the big, petulant, brusque lexicographer developed a genuine liking for the famous evangelist. "John Wesley's conversation is good," he said, "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." At another time, he burst out with the exclamation, "I hate to meet Wesley. The dog enchants me with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." Now isn't that delicious? Shy as one may be of that word, it really seems that no other describes the situation. Ursa Major tamed by the quiet little preacher! Saul hypnotized into admiring silence by the music of David's voice! The master conversationalist of eighteenth-century Great Britain, the man upon whose most casual utterances a group of admirers were always hanging, confessing himself charmed by the plain talk of a busy Methodist preacher! And doesn't the whole situation reveal Wesley just as he was? He *could* talk. There is not the slightest doubt about that. Scores of homes where he was entertained bore testimony to his charm as a guest. But his talking was never allowed to interfere with the real business of life. He had other use for his legs than folding them under a table while he chatted interminably with congenial companions. Old women's souls—in fact, any soul at all—outweighed in importance either his own pleasure or that of England's chief literati.

No record of those friendly tilts was kept—more's the pity. It must have been—and other evidence bears out that conclusion—

that Boswell was not present. He has left us an account of a meeting between Johnson and Toplady, a dinner at which the author of "Rock of Ages" seems to have been content to remain in the background, and one can read, if he wishes, an elaborate account of an Easter day dinner at which Mrs. Hall—Wesley's favorite sister, Martha—played quite a prominent part, but of those times when Wesley enchanted the Jove of English literature there is not a word. What wouldn't one give to know what the talk was all about!

Another comment of Johnson's on Wesley's genius for conversation led to a rather lengthy discussion of the subject of ghosts and to a meeting between the persistent Scotsman and the founder of Methodism. Johnson remarked that Wesley could talk well on any subject. "Pray, sir," asked Boswell, "what do you make of his story of a ghost?" "Why, sir," replied Johnson, with his usual air of finality, "he believes it, but not on sufficient authority. He did not take time enough to examine the girl." [Evidently the whole case had been thoroughly aired in the public press.] "It was at Newcastle, where the ghost was said to have appeared to a young woman several times, mentioning something about the right to an old house, advising application to be made to an attorney, which was done; and, at the same time, saying the attorney would do nothing, which proved to be the case. 'This (says John) is a proof that the ghost knows our thoughts!' Now (laughing) it is not necessary to know our thoughts to tell that an attorney will sometimes do nothing. Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story. I am sorry that John did not take more pains to enquire into the evidence of it."

That may have closed the case for Johnson, but it did not for Boswell. He was still "desirous to examine the question closely," he says, "and at the same time wished to be made acquainted with Mr. John Wesley: for though I differed from him in some points (!) I admired his various talents and loved his pious zeal." His assiduity had its reward, for some time later his "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend" gave him the following letter of introduction:

To the Reverend Mr. John Wesley. Sir:

Mr. Boswell, who has long been known to me, is desirous of being

known to you, and has asked this recommendation, which I give him with great willingness, because I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other. I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM JOHNSON.

Armed with this effusive and highly commendatory note, Boswell made bold to call upon Wesley while that peripatetic preacher was in Edinburgh. Evidently his visit was not so satisfactory as he had anticipated it would be. "I was very politely received," he writes. Of course he was. John Wesley was a gentleman always. But "his state of the evidence as to the ghost did not satisfy me." Probably not. Without any doubt Wesley was credulous. He believed in ghosts and witches and several other things with unscientific simplicity. And he does not seem to have cared in the least whether his beliefs became the topic of common conversation. Moreover, he was no Pharisee. To the last he looked upon himself as a brand plucked from the burning and upon all men as objects of the love of God. That was a vital element in his extraordinary power over multitudes and individuals. But neither his interest in ghosts nor his Christian courtesy extended far enough to lead him to hob-and-nob with "babbling Bozzy." It may have been that his penetrating eyes beheld something of what Carlyle suggests in his smashing words:

In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow creatures, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure and scent it from afar; in those bag cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dewlapped chin: in all this who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough?

It may have been that, to him, the sentence, "worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other," smacked of persiflage and insincerity. Or, it may have been that there were more old women to be called on, more souls to be looked after. Who knows!

In 1777 the publication of a most curious book, entitled A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies, by John Rutty, M.D., stirred the risibilities of the critics and called the attention of the literati to

the keeping of diaries in general. Johnson and Boswell had a merry time with the poor old Quaker's self-analysis and recorded flagellation. "A little swinish at dinner and repast" and "mechanically and sinfully dogged" sent them into roars of laughter. Boswell says:

> He thought the observations of the Critical Reviewers upon the importance of a man to himself so ingenious and so well expressed, that I shall here introduce them.

And then he records at some length the sayings of the critics. The final sentence, with its inclusions, is what makes them of interest to us:

> We may reduce the egotists to four classes. In the *first* we have Julius Cæsar; he relates his own transactions; but he relates them with peculiar grace and dignity, and his narrative is supported by the greatness of his character and achievements. In the *second* class we have Marcus Antoninus; this writer has given us a series of reflections on his own life; but his sentiments are so noble, his morality so sublime, that his meditations are universally admired. In the *third* class we have some others of tolerable credit, who have given importance to their own private history by an intermixture of literary anecdotes, and the occurrence of their own times the celebrated Huetius has published an entertaining volume upon this plan, *De rebus ad eum pertinentibus*. In the *fourth* class we have the journalists, temporal and spiritual: Elias Ashmole, William Lilly, George Whitefield, John Wesley, and a thousand other old women and fanatic writers of memoirs and meditations.

"Old women and fanatic writers" is good. It is a phrase that sticks. And, undoubtedly, it expressed the best judgment of the time on Rutty's A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies and John Wesley's Journal. There is no wonder that Johnson thought it ingenious and well expressed. But time has great fun with the literary judgments of the critics. The best sellers are not always the best lasters, and every generation keeps busy taking out of the waste-basket-valuable manuscripts which previous generations had thrown there. Just what has become of the personal records of Elias Ashmole and William Lilly I do not know. I must confess, too, that I am not sure whether George Whitefield's diary is in print. But I do know that just one hundred and forty years after the Critical Reviewers published their elaborate classification of

the egotists, I pulled down Caleb T. Winchester's Life of Wesley and read,

> Wesley's own journal certainly does not lack much of being the most interesting social document of the eighteenth century.

And then, with just a touch of the non-angelic spirit, after noting again Johnson's approval of the Critical Reviewer's observations on a man's importance to himself, I opened Boswell's Johnson and turned to the words "He (Johnson) told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life, but never could persevere."

For the preaching of the Methodists in general Dr. Johnson expressed the greatest admiration. For that of Whitefield he had nothing but the most violent abhorrence. In fact, he held up the field preachers as models of pulpit eloquence, while he denounced the famous evangelist as a mountebank. Even after Whitefield's death he exploded in another denunciatory outburst. "Whitefield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does," he said. "He did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head upon a horse's back he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt; I believe he did good. He had devoted himself to the lower classes of mankind, and among them he was of use. But when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art, and elegance, we must beat down such pretensions." Now the great lexicographer's claim that Whitefield's usefulness was limited to the so-called lower classes was, of course, pure buncombe. It was as wide of the mark as were his definitions of Tory, Whig, pension, oats, and excise. The plain truth is that in one way Johnson's mind was remarkably like that of the ordinary woman; his conclusions were born of his prejudices rather than of his reason. A man who could captivate the imagination and sway the emotions of two continents, who could rouse unnumbered thousands to righteousness, and who could induce a tight-fisted philosopher like Benjamin Franklin to empty his pockets on the collection plate was surely no mountebank.

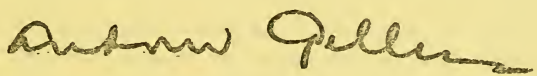
Furthermore, as every student of Christian history knows, Whitefield did not attract crowds because he did that which was strange, but because he had a genius for the dramatic and was filled with the spirit of God. The fact remains, however, that he was the Billy Sunday of the eighteenth century. And the very characteristics which drew multitudes to him drove certain classes and individuals from him.

Strange as it may seem, Johnson never passed judgment on Wesley's preaching. At least there is no record of his ever having done so. His silence, however, seems to have been due, not to any lack of knowledge or opinion, but to his profound and unaffected admiration for the man. In his thinking, the God-filledness of the preacher bulked larger than the manner or matter of the preaching. That fact was brought out in a conversation with Maxfield, the lay preacher who was at one time assistant at the Foundry. To him Dr. Johnson observed that "the established clergy in general did not preach plain enough." Their polished periods and glittering sentences "flew over the heads of the common people without any impression on their hearts. Probably," he said, "the new concomitants of Methodism might have the desired effect. They might be able to excite the affections of the common people, who were sunk in languor and lethargy." And then he went on to declare that "whatever might be thought of some Methodist preachers, he could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man who traveled nine hundred miles in a month and preached twelve times a week; for no adequate reward, mere temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labor."

Those bravely honest words, so different from Johnson's usual bombast, constitute the summing up of his opinion of Wesley and reveal the real cause of his admiration. It was not the conversation but the conversationalist, the man behind the talk. Another case of "what you are thunders so loud that I can't hear what you say." After all, though Johnson was a rank formalist and professed himself perfectly satisfied with the religious condition of his generation, down deep in his heart he knew that things were wrong and felt the need of a leader who would set them right. He would not and did not go so far as to acknowledge Wesley as that

leader. He was too much of a worshiper of the establishment for that. But he did rise high enough to make hearty acknowledgment of the unselfish itinerant's Christian sincerity and invaluable service to the common people.

It is easy to see, then, that the Wesley of this inimitable biography is not the real, the total Wesley. He lacks the heroic proportions attributed to him by biographers and later historians. In fact, the finicky devotee is apt to recoil from that almost two familiar exclamation, "The dog enchants me with his conversation." But the thoughtful and discriminating reader will take the glimpses granted here and rest content. He will remember that they are but glimpses and, moreover, that the medium through which they are secured is very imperfect. In fact, it will be very apparent to him that Boswell's Johnson is not a part of Christian history but a delightful and altogether entertaining cross-section of eighteenth-century British psychology. It is a study in the intellectual and spiritual reactions of certain important types of contemporaneous Britishers to the early Methodist movement. And so he will prize his captured glances at this Wesley of Johnson and Boswell: this little, busy, credulous human man; this man who could charm England's socio-literary lion with his casual talk and grip him with his selfless sincerity; who could compel even the truculent Boswell to admire his pious zeal. And at the last he will feel that every added ray of light thrown from every side but makes the real John Wesley more attractive and noble, if not, indeed, more lovable. The comments of his contemporaries but make one feel that, in spite of his seeming austerity and superlatively methodical ways, it would have been great to know him.



THE WORKINGMAN'S FOES

Fifty years ago it was comparatively easy to define one's neighbor in the same country. The people were mostly of one race and kind. There are certain conditions that make the definition easy now: nearness of residence in a neighborhood, intimacy of friendship, social relations, or the broad principles of a fellow being.

The old conditions of homogeneity and proximity have passed out by a marvelous change wrought in two generations. We are living in a new world. Fundamental laws of nature remain the same: fire burns, water drowns, gravitation weighs, electricity energizes or devitalizes, the light is transparent. They are the same from age to age. The air is unchanged, but it is found to have another adaptation and ships float upon it as upon a new sea. The inventions of man, his explorations and discoveries within the realm of space and force would present to our fathers a bewildering world, but to us they have passed into the commonplace. Many of the startling things in the headlines of our daily papers to-day become our habit and practice to-morrow. These vast changes all have their place in a most rational and accommodating way. They excite no friction. They are welcomed in our business and given a cordial place in our homes. We make new machinery to apply their efficiency to our shops and factories. Franklin's kite and key drive our express trains and light streets and homes of every metropolis. We rejoice in an age in which unfathomable mysteries have been penetrated to such inner secrets that faith in the future of time and eternity is made plain and simple. But the perplexing and difficult problems are man's adjustment to changing estates. He takes care of everything but himself. He can measure the forces and make them serve him. He can put a harness upon the lightning and apply chemical force to commerce. He compels water and food to yield the secret of their distinctive bacteria and he changes the character of the metals. He brings millions of wealth out of the by-products that were thrown hope-

lessly into the refuse heap. There is no limit to his capabilities and facilities to turn all things to his use. But the adjustment of himself is an endless and unsolved puzzle.

Study the philosophers who are busy with problems in all their phases, from eugenic to hygienic, from pre-natal to psychic, with every possible domestic economic solution in the development of citizenship; the slow progress, the failures, the revisions, the hopeless tasks. The man will not stay placed. You are not dealing with natural force or substance or law. There is nothing fixed about him but his restlessness. He is changing oftener than the moon its phases. Like a child, what he sees he wants, and what others have he thinks belongs to him or is held by the possessor in some unjust way, and he becomes the victim of every jealous and dangerous secret purpose. It is that mind, that passion of ambition and desire, appallingly active or equally stupid, which eludes us and which cannot be put into amperes and kilowatts. And it does not dwell apart, an isolated particle. The great mistake has been in reckoning with it as an impotent unit, standing alone, and in failing to appreciate the cumulative force of these small personalities as they gravitate under a common impulse and become a collective and consolidated energy. The solitary socialist amused us. The soapbox orator, who assailed our government in a jargon intelligible only with difficulty, excited passing curiosity.

A train leaves the New York Central station for up country. Along the Hudson River a solitary snowflake strikes the smokestack of the locomotive and is as quickly gone. Only the engineer sees it. The passengers give it no attention, if it passes the engineer and strikes the car window, for it melts away. Others follow in increasing numbers. They attract attention and excite passing remarks. At Albany the station platform is covered and the roofs of the buildings. The track is white as the train pulls up the grade. Through the Mohawk Valley you cannot see across the narrow river. At Utica the smokestack is covered with snowflakes; they come faster than it can melt them. At Syracuse a snow plow is sent on ahead. The next day the trains are stalled along the road. The snowflake was joined with others and together

they became a storm that blocked the mighty railway. The solitary flake that melted on the smokestack was a symptom, a forerunner, a menace. Are we in the midst of a gathering storm? It has been brewing a long time. Are we creators of the storm? Can we command it to cease and be calm? Are we wise to let it rage and send out our plows—powerful rotary plows? Is it wise to increase our storm and trust to our devices, our politics, our free land, our industries, our commerce, our philanthropies, our churches and universities, and let the storm rage?

Our solitary malcontent did not melt. He did not even fall into the melting pot. It was not heated for him. While he was outside, unassimilated and increasing his discontent, others joined him, and to-day, when we look about at this strange condition of surging discontent in a contented land, we find the conditions unfriendly to our attempt to be neighbors with thousands who live in the same neighborhood. But they live in Adullam's cave. They have organized their discontent, and they have insisted upon political recognition. They are not strong enough to rely upon their votes to form a new national party, but the politicians reckon with them, and, without votes to command a controlling place as a political party, they take advantage of the free country they curse and assert their protests with bombs. It is no longer a snowflake of feeble, solitary protest or of collective energy. It is a bomb. It is death. The more respectable and law-abiding protest by strikes, by which business is paralyzed and enormous losses are incurred by strikers and stricken, and judgment is often compelled without regard to justice. And the national administration opens the inner door to the representative of this tyrannical form of government within the government, and increases wages millions beyond the earning capacity of the business to pay, and debts mount up to billions of dollars, and strikes are kindled in every part of the country. It was the policy of increasing the storm and trusting to the rotary plow.

Has there ever been such widespread and universal discontent? And the blind continue to lead the blind. The elements of discontent are used to create discontent. More snow, more shovel. But it is our snow and our storm: more high cost of living

and more wage; more pay for less work; more envy, less satisfaction, it is the endless circle into nothing. It is two dollars now, but two dollars are worth less than one. And the man who inquires for real and permanent remedy is not a neighbor. He is met with epithets, and he will be fortunate if his home is not bombed or a bullet put through his brain, not by the men at the head of this organized unrest, but by the victim of insane spasms who takes too literally the speeches which attack builders, and contractors, and the defenders of a country founded upon the doctrine of equality of privilege under law, and only under law. There must be a common interest to establish neighborliness; not a common estate, but an interchanging relation and a recognition of mutual dependence. But we are widening the separating space, not in dollars but in opposite theories of government and privilege. Men to be neighbors must work to a common end for a common good. It would be logical and consistent if those who have the same concept of a land and country would join themselves together to secure their ideal. If they cannot adopt the principles with which millions are content into whose country they come, why seek to destroy that country, overthrow its institutions and scatter its property by a destructive communism? Such men can establish no claim upon tolerance. It is gigantic impertinence for them to attempt to assert any right or privilege. A hundred and fifty years pass with a government that has excited the amazement of the greatest statesmen of modern times and that has been the shelter of refugees from all parts of the world. Its developments of national resources are fabulous. Its progress and successes have excited the emulation of all lands. Suddenly there appears among us an outbursting flame of enmity and wanton destruction. The clamor is not for a better government, but for none. The demand is for a return to conditions of the tribal forces which welcomed the first white man to these shores, with abandonment of all of the fruits of civilization which they attempt to overthrow.

Our country provides an orderly way for the revisions of the government. If a sufficient number agree they can proceed to change the constitution by amendment and substitute changes in those parts where men are oppressed. Great latitude of speech

is given while the work is in progress. If that is hopeless, discontented men have a second choice; to return whence they came or content themselves with the conditions as they find them. If they seek to destroy the loyal and consecrated subjects of a republic founded for free men by free men they should be treated as wild beasts upon the throwing of the first bomb. Our government has been too careless of such raging beasts. It is our country while we protect it. We owe no man anything who seeks to overthrow it. He should not be sheltered an hour where he incites others to join him in his effort to tear that shelter into pieces. Our presumption upon our security, our mistaken devotion to the cause of human freedom, has cost us two of our greatest Presidents. In no country do its foes presume so safely upon the indifference of the loyal people to attacks upon their governmental institutions. The confidence of loyalty is mistaken for supineness. The time is past when we can treat the menace lightly. The great men of our people are too absorbed in their pursuits, the country offers them too many opportunities, to permit them to stop for any serious thought of the socialistic ranters. Adullam's cave is a rendezvous for all kinds who have any real or imagined ailment to be cured. Anything that promises cure will have a large following, for while there is variety of complaints the desire for a physician is common to them all. To the well none are sick. To the loyal none are traitors. And one day, when all are happy and it is a gala day, there is a terrific explosion among women and children and scores are killed and maimed. When the carpenter is at his trade and the artisan is pursuing quietly and contentedly his calling, a fiend in some infernal cellar or attic is compounding his fatal explosive, and when the little children are being dressed for the pageant and are starting from home with gleeful voices the fiend, whose heart never knew pity, is loading death into his crude shell and placing with a grin of satisfaction the time fuse. It is an unsuspecting multitude. Why should they be suspicious? They know that there is no reason or remote excuse for anyone to harm anyone in that company, much less the women and children. The mothers and children of the poor are there. It is not a company that ever oppressed any people. Their fault is that they

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are happy and their homes are clean and wholesome. The men have a day off from their work; they are workingmen, the clerks from the stores, the mechanics and artisans, the young women from the telephone and telegraph offices. The wives of the industrious, released from care, have a day off with their husbands and the children. To-morrow they will be back cheerfully at the toil that makes their happy homes. An awful blast! Scores of those women and children lie dead and scores have limbs torn off and eyes extinguished, and that gala throng is wailing in agony; ranks are broken. The whole country feels the tremor of that worse than earthquake shock for a day—until the next day's papers spread out in double-leaded type the next sensation and we forget what was done to the innocent that happy morning, and, worse, we forget what was done to our beautiful land and country. We leave it to a small group of prosecutors to bring the offenders to justice and make it difficult for them to succeed; invoking the national administration, mustering preparations of sympathetic strikes, and raising volumes of questions as to the possibility of wrong convictions in the face of all available courts and executive reviews.

We have a sure way in our land of making it comparatively safe for this fiendish business. If we were smaller it would shake the circumference more quickly and more mightily. Before the victims are buried soap boxes are mounted in distant cities by apologists for the dastardly murderers. It did not slack our pace. But in the cellar and the attic the fiends are working with black curtains drawn to-day. Meetings are being held all over the country, in considerable cities, at night without lights. A flash of lightning, if the shutters were not closed, would reveal the startling company of a thousand malcontents, the lumber out of which they make fiends, who had come in with the padded tread of a tiger. And they slink away to their lairs with the poisonous infection of hate without cause, to be wrought upon they care not whom—if it may only fill hearts with terror and tear them away from loyal devotion to the country whose freedom their sires bought with their priceless blood. We present a strange spectacle to the world. We were pioneers of freedom. Because of his tomahawk and scalping knife we drove the Indian back from our frontier farms, and he

had some justifiable excuse for his attempt to exterminate the invaders of his lands. They were destroying his hunting grounds and damming back the waters of his fishing streams; he wanted to be friendly, a neighbor on common terms. We have resisted invading foes and shown a remarkable strength of self-defense. We have had no difficulty in fighting our foes in the open. It is passing strange that we should be so impotent against the enemy who lurks in darkness. He defies us. He harangues us in our streets and murders us in our patriotic celebrations. Is there no element of fear restraining us, no patriotism among us? The homes of our mayors are torn into pieces by mysterious explosions. Bombs are set off against the residences of judges. The incendiary torch is applied to our stores and factories. Should our methods be less aggressive? Shall we be charged with cowardice? What are we? is a practical question. Why do these marauders go about with impunity? Here and there a man and a woman, so notorious as to compel resistance if a modicum of self-respect is to remain to us, receive a short prison sentence and plan to return to their old stamping ground. There is a spasm in a legislature, and an appropriation of a few thousand dollars to put down foreign Bolshevism, and the wave subsides. There will be a report of a junketing committee, but no round-up of bomb throwers. Secret meetings will go on in darkened halls. The secret propaganda will flourish.

Is America unable to protect herself from her most insidious and perilous foes? Are we without resources of protective enginery? Is detective energy a past art and name? Are we to be beaten at the game of secretiveness? These are questions that relate to the morals and safety of the country. The country is not independent and free while these things are so. We make a boast with a victorious foe ambushed in all of our precincts. We are not protected when defiant threats are made against courts which condemn criminals, and when business is menaced by men who claim the right of force to redress their fancied wrongs by the destruction of property or by the death of the builder of that property. It is a great thing to furnish shelter and protection to the persecuted and oppressed, but it is equally great to protect

ourselves, our business and our homes. We may as well reckon that this is imposed upon us as a first obligation. Bombs, lynchings and incendiarism do not belong to advanced civilization and there can be no apology for them. They belong to a crude and undeveloped condition. It is with small pride we point to our vast territory and the limitless resources of mineral and productive wealth, to our mines, our prairies and forests, our commerce and manufacture, while we are threatened and terrorized in our cities and towns by a raw and savage element which we can neither control nor expel.

The strength of a people is in its self-control and in the mastery of all opposing elements. The force of this control is not in police assertion, an artificial and hired protection which itself joins the foe, but in the resident energy of moral endowment—a country in which such things find no congenial root, nor the possibility of secret growth. It is true that the same soil will produce weeds and corn, but which shall grow depends upon the farmer. It is not a flattering discovery that we have millions of adults among us who can neither read nor write when the condition of alien citizenship is the ability to read the Constitution of the United States. We have discovered that it is not enough that tens of thousands communicate with each other and with those of their own kith in language which we cannot understand. They must know an interchanging tongue and language by which they shall be reached by the country. They must have a language with which they may know our laws and our history as well as our current thought; a language by which we may know them. The greatest source of our peril is the ignorance of the common mind. Upon them is imposed the wild teaching of fanatics and self-seekers. We do not forget that out of our college faculties have come some of the most dangerous foes of America. They have learned much, but they have never learned that freedom and restraint go hand in hand, and that law and personal liberty are not in conflict if one wishes to be lawful. Such men, however, are not especially dangerous. They stand out and are seen and known. Some of them are in Atlanta, or the verdict of the university is pronounced in expulsion from its faculties, but their pernicious teachings are

in the air, like the Scotch thistledown, borne into all countries. The ignorant who leave their thinking for others, and who take their positions at a dangerous premium, are as easy victims as the fish to which the bait floats down on the stream.

It is told that a transatlantic ship landed Pat at a New York dock, who came striding down the gangplank with his little all in a bandana-bound bundle hanging from a shillalah over his shoulder. The ever-ready small politician representing the big politician received him with cordial welcome: "What party do you belong to, my friend?" Pat replied, "Be gorry, I don't know, but I'm agin the government." That is the answer of the overwhelming majorities who land on our shores from European monarchies where from childhood they have been taught that the ills of their parents, the squalor of their apologies for homes, the scant food and clothing, the difference between their poverty and the nobilities' riches, is the government, and that when they should reach this Eldorado they would themselves be able to overturn the government and make one to suit poor folks. That it is unlike the one they have left is unknown to them. They enroll for their novitiate with the thought that they are to overthrow something and set up a better something. Left without instruction except from the partisan forum of the crudest form, and excited, as has been too true in past generations, by the arguments of the saloon, you have the dangerous citizen.

While the immigrant comes to much here that is promotive of the highest citizenship, he finds among us much that is removed from that calm contentment that argues a serene and confident life. We are a restless people. We never seem to have reached a goal. We are in a state of constant exploration and venture. We restlessly change from one form of business to another, and have for a common center, in which all may speculate, exchange of stocks and bonds where we follow up and down the shifting scale of prices. While it is true that much among us is stable and fixed, it is also true that moving in all business forms is a restless, discontented multitude. They answer you with examples of "get rich quick." That they pass over fortunes at their feet does not change the nature of this restless animal. His highly wrought

nervous energy is contagious. He returns to view lost opportunities and plunges on again. He makes great fortunes, and so do those who inherit the by-products of passing enterprises. It is a great venture to launch out, but it takes courage to remain and seize the things that are left. In a Maine lumbering village of my boyhood the time came when the great pines had yielded to the ax. In that village were three prominent lumbermen. There was also a sturdy Irishman who drove the little locomotive that hauled the lumber four or five miles to the seaport from which it was taken to Boston and New York. There was no promise in the small timber of spruce and Norway pine that remained. The three men sought their fortunes in California and Oregon. None of them greatly increased his estate in the new vocation, though all were men of large ability and enterprise. The Irishman who had worked at monthly wages and had saved all beyond a bare living, bought, at a very low price, the forsaken, worthless land, which promised no large return for investment of capital and labor, as fast as he could pay for it. He ventured to borrow some as his credit increased. He soon owned the mill site. Demand sprang up for spruce and Norway pine. Small white pines grew rapidly, released from the lumberman's ax. The contented and frugal Irishman lived to see himself worth a million dollars, a vast fortune in those days. He came with nothing but his hands. He could have bought out, when he died, several times over, the three men whom he had envied in his young manhood. But he was an exception. It is true that not all who are content with the old life are so successful in the accumulation of property. The greater the misfortune that the restless spirit is not often content within spheres of enterprise and progress, but consumes itself in envy and accuses fortune and the order of things with being unfriendly. It apologizes for its failure by charging it to the unjust and dishonest competition of successful neighbors.

Cornelius Sullivan, to whom I have referred, makes no impression as an example; he is an exception; there is no law proved, you say. With such answers your malcontent goes on to stimulate his grievances. And if merely reaping the aftermath where other men have wrought is all of life disappointment would not be surprising.

But our malcontent seems to have no objective. Everything is wrong. Nothing pays. Everyone is in better fortune and there is nothing for him but to know the pain of his own heart. He is made unhappy by the happiness of others. The great trouble is that such men have not made a study of themselves. It is a problem. There are many who do not master it and many more who have never thought of it as a problem. They think with their eyes and with their ears, and having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not. Having no resources within themselves they turn to other men, who have what they covet, and having no solution it never occurs to them to improve their own estate and place in life; the shortest and plainest answer to it all is to blow up the land that fosters partial and unequal prosperity. They pass out of the genera of men and become beasts, to destroy for the love of destroying. The law is a barrier to be removed. The officers restrain by artificial authority and are enemies of mankind. All restraining government should be overthrown, not because they have not been given a chance—they never have sought one; not because it got in their way—they never sought a way. They want only to obstruct everything that made a way, an open way, for the enterprises of men who, while seeking their own, were building for others. It is a strange *genus homo*. He stands on two legs, that is all. If he were down upon four legs we could recognize him. We would not make the mistake of thinking too late that he was a man.

It all seems a species of insanity—and yet a responsible insanity. But it is impossible to predicate the actions of such people upon sanity. Nothing could be more useless in securing the end attempted. The world never has yielded the slightest return to cowardly murder. There is nothing that appeals to any noble instinct. Darkness does not create light. It must be dispelled by light which comes into it from without. Darkness would not generate light in a million cycles. Darkness is the absence of light. Hate does not beget love. They are at opposite poles in everything. They have no resemblance at opposite poles. There is some radical defect which seeks destruction instead of reform, if even reform is necessary. The mental deficiency, the utter lack of mental capacity, suggests the home for the feeble-minded. Never

a reason was given by a destructive lunatic that satisfied the astonished query of an intelligent man. If the whole creation of these murderous fanatics and cranks were in an instant swept off the earth, the sum total would not amount to a suggestion of the loss of a man, of one whole and sane man. They have never added the slightest value to the world's assets.

In the earth's structure there are spots that seem to serve no purpose of creation. But they do no harm, and sometimes the genius of man turns them to account and they prove to be a waiting value of the earth's varied assets. The destructive socialist serves no purpose. He has not the excuse for being a wild animal or a venomous reptile. He is a blighted, an atrophied, a disteraper ed, outrageous attempt at a man, the most deplorable and disheartening of all of God's works—if he is God's work, which we most profoundly question. Along some dim line he may have been, but the perversion has been so prolonged and persistent that all resemblance to God's work has long since ceased. He killed a child. He tore in pieces a baby brought by its mother into the sweet morning air. He set the torch to a house, a home built by a useful mechanic and his frugal, self-denying and self-sacrificing wife. Through years they were building it. In an hour this criminal fiend put it into ashes and the parents and the children perished in the home. He did it to reform the Government. Have you ever seen anything in God's work like him? Have you seen anything in the devil's work like him—so wicked, so hellish? He is not my neighbor. He is not a workingman. There is nothing in him of which workingmen are made. They make devils in hell of such as he. He cannot appeal to me. If he suffers I do not suffer. No! Not any more than I suffer when the wolf that destroyed my child suffers and is dying from the hunter's bullet. No flowers should be sent to his cell, no prayer should be uttered over his soulless body when it is about to be electrocuted. Had he a soul it was damned already. And such are to reform my Government by blowing into fragments its industries, by killing the innocent who live under it, by surprising into eternity those whose fate is not committed to them, but who have the supreme right to live! If they reach numbers to have a name, like the Bolsheviki, and

pretend to a government they will order instant executions—a criminal farce. They are I. W. W. murderers and cowardly assassins. They are in any form our foes to be exterminated. These reformers elected an addle-brained dupe to kill a McKinley, and excited with their crazy doctrines a dementia victim to slay a Clémenceau if possible. Has there been any pronounced friend of humanity who has not been classed as their enemy? Has there been any form of human or divine government that is not the object of their wrath? It matters not whether it be an absolute monarchy or the world's most generous and most democratic republic. Alike they curse the land of *lèse majesté* and the land of free speech, in which they sow sedition and curse its generous institutions.

The further one reflects, the warmer becomes his blood and the hotter his indignation that such fiends should presume to pass judgment upon the rule and authority of men. That there is lacking every qualifying element is apparent from the red socialist to the Bolsheviki who have intimated no constructive powers. When for an hour they have held sway, progress, manufacture, the arts, learning and virtue have fled in terror from them, and their own doctrines and diabolical practices have subdued them and overcome them. How long will the lethargy of conceit, the flattery of a false security, drug us into perilous soporific indifference from which we may wake too late! What are the riots of the whites and blacks in our great cities but symptoms of propaganda in secret and earnest operation throughout the land? These destroyers of our peace are upon the alert to stir the discontented who, for any reason, find their place in the body politic irksome or embarrassed.

The colored man is docile and peaceable. But he is coming to acquire some measure of power, in saved wage, in modest home, in small farm and trade. His children are educated. He is entering professions among his own people. The world never has seen such an emergence from bondage. But a class of them is easily excited. There are also workingmen loyal and safely intrusted with the community. They are partners in all of the progress of their town; the public schools, the libraries, the Christian and Jewish Association, and the most of them are in the churches and synagogues. They are the stability and hope of the country.

These people have a right to protection from the secret machinations of the destroyer that works in darkness. They can be made the greatest protective force of the country. They respond as one voice. They are a common and forceful sentiment. They have an investment in all that their town is, and a blow at it is a blow at them and their families. They will not listen to any doctrine of common property, soviet government, confiscated factories, common wives. They are clean; they have helped to rid the country of the saloon, the workingman's worst enemy. They furnish from their homes the students of the colleges; from them have gone out to the professions many of the ablest men in law and medicine, statesmanship, great business men and scholars of literature, the arts and sciences. The homes of the poor are the fruitful soil of the best citizens of any community. As a rule, they are contented in whatever lot they are, for they embody the element of true contentment and they make the world's earnest progress. They are the chief asset of any community. Whatever business comes, it fails if they do not come and if they are not contented.

These workingmen are our neighbors. They are the neighbors and helpers of every man who carries large enterprises. We need not fear with such men as our neighbors. They are our safety.

THE BIBLE AND THE CHILD

The theory of evolution or development has exerted its influence upon every department of science including the science of education, whose concepts and terminology have within late years been well-nigh revolutionized through the influence of biological and psychological studies—studies which have themselves been dominated by evolutionary conceptions. A favorite way, for example, of defining life nowadays, is as a process of adaptation of the organism to its environment; and education, in its turn, appears merely as a process subsidiary to the biological aim of adjustment in general, which all life might be said to represent.

The environment, moreover, into which the human being enters is of a twofold character. The child on entering the world does not, like the young of other animals, pass into an environment merely physical in its character, to whose forces he must adapt himself by such reflex and instinctive activities as he has inherited, and by new kinds of response gradually acquired and perfected in the struggle for existence. In addition to his physical inheritance of environment and of the mechanisms of response, which he possesses in common with the lower animals, he passes into a vast social inheritance, consisting of the accumulated wealth of science and invention, literature and art, customs, institutions, and religion. It is to this varied and significant cultural material that education, both the informal education of life and the more formal processes of the school, introduces the child. The curriculum of the school, in its various branches, is but the embodiment of the race's wisdom, organized into the most condensed, convenient, and transmissible form. The contents of the curriculum may, in turn, be grouped under three great heads corresponding to the three traditional divisions of the mind, knowing, feeling, and willing: (a) the sciences, containing the accumulated knowledge of the race; (b) the arts, the embodiment of the race's emotional experiences and products; and (c) human volitions as represented

by social and ethical institutions and norms moral ideals and customs, laws, institutions and religions.

The Place of the Bible in Education as a Whole

Where, in this vast range of educational material, does the Bible find its place? The answer most frequently given nowadays is that the Bible is a form of literature, and thus belongs, with the other arts, under our second head. A somewhat closer view of the matter would, however, reveal the fact that the Bible was written before scientific, historical, and literary motives and methods were definitely distinguished, and that it therefore purports to contain historical, moral and theological truth, as well as poetic allegory, myth, and legend. In this respect, however, it does not differ so sharply from modern literature as might be supposed. Viewed in this broad fashion the question still frequently discussed, whether education has any duty in regard to the teaching of the Bible, is seen to retain but little significance. In teaching the Bible, indeed, we merely obey the Herbartian law of apperception, regarded as so central in all education; the law that educational materials and methods must be adapted to the existing instincts, interests, and experiences of the child, the new ever being added to the old. The existing interests and acquirements of the child furnish the "jumping-off place" from which to make new conquests in his ever-widening world.

If, as the culture epoch theory teaches, the child repeats in his development the stages through which the race has passed, there is a very valid reason for the natural fondness which the child often exhibits for early poetry, legend, and myth, such as we find embodied in such profusion and variety of form in the Bible. The child is under the reign of the senses; sense experiences and images play an altogether preponderant part in his mental life. Good teaching, accordingly, as all modern pedagogy tells us, must proceed from the concrete to the abstract, from the experienced to the inferred, from facts to principles. The Bible meets all these conditions of successful pedagogy. Therefore, so far from being merely a book for grown-ups, a sort of theological encyclopedia for the use of the clergy, as many have seemed to

regard it, it is really universal in its interest, appealing to young and old alike. It is, indeed, the greatest storybook in the world. If one stops to analyze the qualities which account for the perennial and universal appeal of the Bible, they will be found to be various. Its material is concrete; its events have a definite setting in time and place; its personages, even its divine personages, are men and women of flesh and blood; the literary structure of its stories is transparent, and the language in which they are conveyed is sensuous, direct, and vivid; finally, the supernatural element contained in the Bible appeals strongly to the child, adding just the touch of mystery and strangeness necessary to awaken the sense of wonder in which, according to Plato, philosophy itself begins.

But the Bible is not a mere storybook, with entertainment as its object. All great literature has other than purely æsthetic merits, important as these are. It always seeks, in an important sense, to express the truth concerning life and nature and man's place in the universe. "No great art could ever live," says Edward Caird, "if it ceased to regard beauty as one with truth and goodness. No poet ever touched the deepest springs of human emotion who regarded himself as the idle singer of an idle day." The Bible, like all great literature, bases its claim to greatness upon the fact that its truth is expressed, not through the abstract conceptions of science and philosophy, but through the more universal medium of images and symbols, a language suitable to young and old, to learned and unlearned alike. As Tennyson says, where truth in closest words shall fail,

> ". . . the truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors."

The difference, then, between the best philosophy and the best literature is not that they have different ultimate aims; the difference rather consists in the form through which they express themselves, and the difference is perhaps merely one of degree. With philosophy the matter is of fundamental importance, the form in which its truths are expressed is of subsidiary interest only. Not so with literature, which, as a species of fine art,

must give the truth an ideally beautiful expression. Like Browning's artificer, who takes a "sliver of pure gold" and subjects it to

> "the file's tooth and the hammer's tap,
> Ere the stuff grow a ring-thing right to wear,"

so the poet takes the pure crude fact of life, "melts up wax with honey, so to speak," and forms it into a thing of power and beauty which is no sooner conceived than it glows and pulsates in the soul, raising its energy and swelling the tide of its life.

But a further and most important feature of the Bible is suggested in the conception that it is a species of religious literature. As such it contains not merely truth concerning the nature of things, but moral truth as well. Religion is not merely a theory of life, it is also a force in life. Its solution of the world problem is not theoretical merely; it is also practical. Religion is not merely speculative, it is remedial as well. It is an ethical imperative, a call to duty, a program of salvation. It declares not merely what is, but what shall be. Its emphasis is not on what is, but what ought to be; not on the real, but on the ideal. Facing the evil and ugly aspects of reality, it recognizes them only to condemn them. The poet, the prophet, is not so much a discoverer of what is as a revealer of what ought to be. His will and word are productive forces, making over the mind of man and, with it, the world.

A number of practical questions arise in dealing with the Bible in the education of the young, and with these we must deal briefly. They are mainly the following: When shall the teaching of the Bible be begun? What methods are best adapted to teaching the Bible to children? What should be the attitude of the teacher in the treatment of certain parts of the Bible, such as the merely genealogical and historical narratives, miracles, stories of cruelty and lust, common to early stages of society, and, finally, in dealing with the more difficult doctrinal elements contained in the Bible, like those of creation, the nature of God, the person of Jesus, the relation of foreknowledge and human freedom, future punishment, and the like. The answers to these questions have been to some extent anticipated in a general way in what has

been already said; but a few detailed points may profitably be discussed.

The question as to the age at which the teaching of the Bible may properly be begun cannot be dealt with very intelligently until the idea is firmly grasped that the Bible has a very composite origin, and therefore contains a great variety of material, and that materials which would be suitable for one age or stage of development would be utterly unsuitable for another. The generally prevailing practice, therefore, of preferring Bible stories, particularly the stories of the Old Testament, for the earlier stages of the child's religious education, and postponing the more abstract parts, like the theological discussions of the Pauline writings, to a maturer period, follows a sound pedagogical instinct. So also biography, appealing as it does to the taste for the concrete, as opposed to the conceptual and dogmatic, is always of first-rate interest and vitality for children and the young, and a good part of the early education of the child may properly consist in imparting to him first-hand knowledge, a knowledge through the Bible itself, of the great characters of biblical history. Just what selections are available for the first stages of the child's earliest introduction to the Bible is a question on which some difference of opinion might exist. The problem of selection has, of course, been greatly lightened by generations of experimentation and schoolroom experience, so that it is nowadays a fairly easy task, especially with the aid of modern child study, to construct a course of reading of first-rate interest and value for the child's literary and spiritual development. The embarrassment is that of superabundance, and the task perhaps most difficult of accomplishment is to eliminate the less valuable and interesting, so as to avoid the danger of overtaxing the ability and reach of the child's mind. The problem is, as Professor Francis Brown has well expressed it in his own book of selections, "to select and adjust the best material from the ample stock. Best here means, of course, best for the purpose, most suited to children's minds and appropriate to their moral range. The process requires delicate discrimination and great sympathy. It cannot be carried through without a knowledge of children and of the Bible, infused with

love both for the Bible and for children. Scissors and paste must be at the service of wisdom and warm appreciation. The peril of underestimating the mental power of children, and belittling their needs, is as real as that of straining their thought and setting a pace too trying. They may not comprehend God—who can?—but they may be attracted to him. They may not measure the whole duty of man, or appreciate the subtlety of temptation, but evil may easily be made hateful, and disinterested goodness shine with beauty."

In the preparation of books of Bible stories or in designing courses of Bible reading it seems important that the language of the Bible itself should be retained just as far as possible. So closely are spirit and form fused in the Bible that it is difficult to alter the one without affecting also the other. The language of the Bible cannot easily be improved upon, and the child will readily grow up to it where it seems somewhat beyond him. Here, as elsewhere, it seems a greater error to expect too little than to expect too much.

The question of methods of teaching the Bible is one which cannot be answered very advantageously in general. If the problem is one of home training, a judiciously selected book of Bible stories could be placed into the hands of the child, with the probable result that the wide-awake child, if his mind has not been ruined by the reading of frothy and worthless literature, will solve the problem for himself. Many a child has read such a book through again and again until its legends and characters are as familiar to him as anything in child literature. And such a method has many advantages over the forced and artificial methods, so deadening to the child's interest, so often employed in the Sunday school. If the "lesson" has to be formally taught, as, for example, in the Sunday school, it is important that the material treated should be treated as literature should be treated; that is, with minor attention to the mechanical details, the historical and antiquarian background, and with the main emphasis on the spiritual significance, the effect on the emotional nature of the child, and upon the tone and direction of his will. In nothing so much as in the teaching of the Bible is it true that

"the letter killeth." In a schoolbook intended for the fourth grade the following questions are asked with reference to Millet's painting, "The Gleaners." In the foreground are three peasant women; what are they doing? Describe their dress and tell how they carry the gathered grain. For what do you think they will use the grain when gathered? How will it be stored? For whom do you think they are working? How often has not the Bible been similarly treated, robbing its pages of all the significance and meaning that they contain! The fundamental fault lies here in the teacher himself, upon whom depends so much the success of any method that might be employed. His own attitude toward the life problem with which he has to deal, his personality, the dignity and worth of his character, the skill with which he is able, without sacrifice to scholarship, to elicit from the pages of the book their unique spiritual significance—these are of first importance in the final result. There are those rare characters among teachers under whose magic touch the most intractable and unpromising materials are transmuted into gold; and, on the other hand, no matter how full of possibilities the studies and the opportunities, they will fail of realization if the teacher is lacking in moral earnestness, insight, and teaching power.

It remains to speak briefly of the vexing problem of the parent's or the teacher's attitude on the question of the many elements in the Bible which are to-day regarded by many as of a controversial character. Shall the teacher treat as literally and accurately true the numerous accounts of supernatural agency, the dogmas of theology, on the interpretation of which the most mature scholars are divided? Are all parts of the Bible to be treated as of equal value for the child?

To begin with the last question first, it is clear that, in the words of Bishop Potter, "not all the Bible is of equal interest or utility." "What for the child can be only weariness, like lists of unpronounceable names and long descriptions of buildings and of elaborate ceremonies; or unintelligible like the intricate symbolism of obscure visions; or needless like the repetition of parallel narratives, or unprofitable for other reasons not hard to recognize," can be omitted without scruple or regret. The child

is only the gainer thereby. The question as to the teacher's attitude on controverted questions raised by passages in the Bible is more difficult to deal with satisfactorily. Here the great thing to remember, and to instill into the minds of the children, is that the Bible reflects man's developing, and always imperfect, conceptions of the great problems with which the Bible deals, mirroring the ever-widening experience and reflection of the race. Furthermore (and this is in a sense the corner stone of all good pedagogy) the child should never have this or that view pressed upon him, in utter disregard of the question whether it appeals to the child's own maturing judgment and conscious. How often we have exacted of children confessions, not of their own faith, but of the faith of some theologian long since dead. The only judgments which will have any degree of permanency or vitality in religion, as in science or philosophy, are the judgments which have been arrived at by the self-activity of the child in its own struggles for intellectual independence. The aim of the great philosopher Kant is said to have been, not to teach his students philosophy, but to teach them how to philosophize. So also in religion, the great aim will be, not to impose this or that religious dogma upon them, but to lead them to form their own opinions and beliefs, giving them only such guidance as will assist them in the process of self-discovery. The religious life not only should be, but to a large extent must be, the normal outgrowth of the various experiences, scientific, social, or otherwise, of life as a whole. A religious view of the world, if it is to be more than an external accretion, to be sloughed off at the first rude shock received at the hands of science or of reflection, must be in some genuine sense the result, not of dogmatic teaching or authoritative prescription, but of the ideas and experiences gained from the observation of nature and of men, from the study of literature and of science, and from the intelligent assimilation of these inevitable materials of our spiritual culture.

E. L. Hill

"THE ETERNAL IRISH PROBLEM"

Austen Chamberlain, in addressing the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform Association at Westminster, May 14, 1918, said that the Irish Convention had not, he was sorry to say, arrived at a solution of the Irish difficulty, and thus they were face to face again with the eternal Irish problem. Century after century this problem has been approached and left unsolved. It was an old problem on that day in the twelfth century when the mother of Dermot MacMurrough first looked into the face of her son. That son, when he was driven from his dominions "in one of the endless civil wars which distracted the island," was perplexed with "the eternal Irish problem." It was an old problem a thousand years before Dermot MacMurrough was born. One day, about the time when one of the greatest heroes of the age said "I have fought a good fight," an Irish chieftain, driven from his country in a feud when Britain was a Roman province, came to Agricola seeking a solution of "the eternal Irish problem," "burning for revenge, and persuasively urged that a small force would suffice to subdue Ireland." A volume presenting "the eternal Irish problem" in all its widely diversified phases for the past two thousand years would be a very large one indeed.

Revelations concerning the Sinn Feiners establish the fact that Germany and the Sinn Fein organization have been in negotiation from an early period in the war. November 6, 1914, Herr Zimmerman, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, transmitted through Count von Bernstorff, the former German Ambassador to the United States, a message from Roger Casement asking that a messenger, if possible a native-born American, be sent to Ireland with the message that everything was favorable. For fear of arrest the messenger was to carry no letter. Casement also asked that an Irish priest should be sent to Germany to work in prison camps and corrupt Irish prisoners. The priest selected for this work was the Rev. John T. Nicholson, an American citizen of Irish birth. He reached Germany safely. In January, 1915, we find him transmitting messages to America.

In the beginning of 1916 the plot ripened. The Easter Week rebellion was planned in cooperation with Count von Bernstorff. He fixed the date of the rising for Sunday, April 23, 1916. It took place the following day, and ended in complete failure, because the promised German assistance miscarried. From Berlin, a few days later, April 28, the news was flashed around the world: "All Germany is jubilant over the news of the Irish rebellion. Nothing in the whole war has elicited such a triumphant note from the German editors and caused such hilarious joy throughout the fatherland as did the report which was flashed over the telegraph from one end of the empire to the other: 'Revolution in Ireland.'" Another rising on a larger scale was planned for 1917. It broke down because Germany could not send the troops deemed necessary to success. A third rising, still more formidable, was planned to follow a successful German offensive in the West at the very point of time when Great Britain was likely to be drained of troops in order to meet the menace in France. A German agent landed in Ireland on the 12th of April, 1918, and was arrested. On the 18th of May the British Government also arrested the ringleaders in a terrible conspiracy. Among these ringleaders was Edward de Valera. The great aim of the Sinn Feiners was the establishment of German submarine bases on the coast of Ireland whence they might prey on the lives of American soldiers crossing the Atlantic to the battlefields of Flanders.

America has always been the friend of Ireland. Americans ought not to forget the course pursued by Nationalist Ireland in what President Wilson designated the "final war for human liberty," and will ever keep in view the historic fact that historians are a unit in asserting that in the American war for independence an exceedingly vital factor in bringing to a successful issue the great struggle that marked a new and blessed era in the social, political, and religious march of humanity, was the deathless bravery of men from Ulster, Ireland's northern province. These Ulstermen were "shut out by law from all civil, military, and municipal offices;" poor, and so closely robbed that they were reduced to poverty and distress, unable to pay the extravagant rent demanded by the landlords, appealing to the Irish Viceroy in such

burning words as these: "O that the cry of the oppressed might reach the throne of Britain," but appealing in vain—these men, disheartened because George III did not extend his care to the suffering Protestants in the North, determined at length to give their passionate sympathy for the revolted colonists and came to America, where their life-blood freely flowed to found the Republic of the West. Americans on the battlefields of France have had opportunity to know that the unconquerable heroism of a people who played such a part in the American Revolution gloriously asserted itself in the gallant heroes of the Ulster Division who fell in action on the 1st of July, 1916, and proved that the Ulster exiles who crowded to the standard of Washington and the Ulster volunteers who did their share in the gigantic fight for the world's freedom are worthy representatives of the men who manned the walls of Londonderry, and of whom Macaulay declares: "The whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valor, and stubborn patience."

Conscription was the only fair way that statesmen could devise to win the war. Liberty-loving people will remember that the Irish Nationalists and the Sinn Feiners declared that they would resist conscription with rebellion; that for this startling action they received the hearty support of Cardinal Logue; that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland pronounced the call on Irishmen to do their share in the war *an oppressive and inhuman outrage;* and called on them to meet in every parish and in the presence of their priest to pledge themselves to resist the law and to refuse to fight against the Germans. Nationalist Ireland and her bishops wished to enjoy the right of remaining neutral in the war and were perfectly willing that America should sacrifice her own children in order to maintain Ireland's right of neutrality.

Statesmen in all lands and in every age of all the ages to come will frequently call to remembrance what David Lloyd George on the 25th of June, 1918, said in the House of Commons: "The most serious part of the action of the Roman Catholic hierarchy was their challenge of the right of the Imperial Parliament to impose conscription. That, I consider, a very serious

matter. I think it was one of the most fatal mistakes they have ever committed, and I believe that every member of that church, outside Ireland, and a good many inside Ireland, feel that. There are many members of that faith in this country who are profoundly disturbed by it and wish to dissociate themselves from that action." Let it be remembered that the pope has not uttered a word of protest against the action of the bishops. Will not the effects of this action be felt for many years to come in the political life of Great Britain? Is this a question of faith and morals? Will Ulster Protestants permit themselves to be brought within the sway of a Dublin Parliament controlled, as it certainly would be, by the ecclesiastical power? This power increased the difficulties, not merely of the British government, but of the United States government, in conducting the war. The Sinn Feiners aided the enemy of the United States to use their most deadly weapon against the American army and navy. That weapon, if it had succeeded, would have paralyzed America's efforts and have strewn the ocean with America's dead.

There is a reign of terror in Ireland. The southern and western provinces are seething with lawlessness. The situation is growing worse. Nationalist Ireland is rapidly drifting into the same condition as Russia. The statesmanship of John Dillon and Joseph Devlin is revealed in their speeches. Devlin, in his Dungannon speech of May 26, 1918, came out as the leader of a new pacifist movement, and was cheered to the echo when he said: "Ireland can render great service to the world by taking up this question." Dillon, in his Ballieborough speech, on the same day, admitted that the leaders of the insurrection of 1916 did not deny that they were in league with the Germans, asserted that if no foolish thing was done he believed they were safe from conscription, and told in what his unshaken confidence for the future rested: "The unity of the Irish nation and the coming in of the church had shaken the government." Compare the deplorable condition of Ireland to-day with her condition after Mr. Balfour had removed legitimate grievances, and Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was able to declare in 1907 that Ireland had not been so quiet, prosperous and contented for seven hundred years.

A glance at Ireland's gains in a generation will throw a flood of light on "the eternal Irish problem." David Lloyd George, in a speech in the House of Commons on the 7th day of March, 1917, quoted from a deliverance by John Redmond at an Australian banquet in 1915. This quotation, Mr. Lloyd George pronounced "a better summary of what has happened in Ireland during the last thirty or forty years than anything I have ever read or seen." In this "summary" of Mr. Redmond's, referring to the condition of Ireland when he first visited Australia, we are told: "Only thirty-three or thirty-four years have passed since then, but what a revolution in Ireland has occurred in the interval! To-day the people of Ireland, broadly speaking, own the soil. To-day the laborers live in decent habitations. To-day there is absolute freedom in the local government and municipal franchise. To-day we know that the evicted tenants, who are the wounded soldiers of the land war, have been restored to their homes, or to other homes as good as those from which they had been originally driven. To-day we have a system of old-age pensions in Ireland whereby every man and woman over seventy is saved from the workhouse, free to spend their last days in comparative comfort." Attention has been invited to the fact that in 1915 it was affirmed by John Redmond that Ireland's progress during the third of a century culminating in that year was nothing short of a revolution. Does that progress continue? In a speech delivered in the summer of 1918 an Irish soldier, Field Marshal Viscount French, declared: "The war which has wrought such terrible havoc, desolation and misery in so many countries, has brought a far greater measure of wealth and prosperity to Ireland than she has ever known before," and from London, in the autumn of 1919, a correspondent of an American paper presents the increased prosperity in Ireland, due to the war conditions, in seven words: "Irish banks now are bursting with money." There is not a country in Europe, there is not a country in the world, that during the past thirty-five years has had so much done for it or has prospered like Ireland, and yet it is the land of all lands where we see exhibited an ungratefulness that would positively stagger the greatest of statesmen and the noblest of governments.

All lovers of civil and religious liberty will admire the marvelously temperate reply of the Prime Minister to Mr. Dillon's question: "What are you going to say to the Sinn Feiners who fight against your rule?" "I say to them, 'You can have self-government if you want it, but we will not put under your heel people who do not want your government.' That would be my answer to the Sinn Feiners." Mr. Asquith, the late Prime Minister, affirms that "several times" he has made the assertion: "The employment of any kind of force for what is called the coercing of Ulster is an absolutely unthinkable thing," and Mr. Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister, declares that the forcing of the Protestants of Ulster under Nationalist rule against their will would be "the curse of Ireland." When the moment—one of the most critical that the history of the world has ever yet known—arrived, the Loyalists of Ulster at once determined to do their share in fighting the great battle for human freedom. Nobly have they done it, to the great disappointment of the former Kaiser, the man who, in August, 1914, believing that Ireland was about to be plunged into civil war, and that England's hands would be tied behind her back, concluded that it was impossible for Britain to disturb his dream of world dominion. President Wilson's declaration in defense of government with the consent of the governed is certainly a noble declaration. It has been quoted in the House of Commons by John Dillon; but the Irish Nationalists, not satisfied with autonomy for themselves, want to rule the Irish Unionists also against their will. While Ulster will never submit to be placed under the heel of the Nationalists and the Sinn Feiners, yet her love of liberty is such that she does not object to these people being allowed to govern themselves. With the utterances of the President of the United States concerning government with the consent of the governed, and the utterance of the British Prime Minister concerning the stern resistance of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy to conscription, ringing in our ears, are we not justified in the conclusion that for her own good, for the interests of the British Empire, and for the world's comfort, Ireland must be governed by a firm hand?

A recent visit to Ireland, made by three American citizens,

is one of the most convincing proofs of the phenomenal restraint of the British authorities. If the American people have a correct report of the excursion of Judge Dunne, former Commissioner Walsh, and Mr. Ryan into Ireland, then the sober judgment of history will be that this excursion, as a striking exhibition of a lack of genuine statesmanship, is without a parallel. If before our Civil War three Englishmen had visited Richmond and there had expressed themselves concerning secession as Mr. Ryan is reported to have spoken in Dublin concerning the Sinn Fein movement—"This Irish Republic . . . was as yet a thing of spirit, but it was certain to conquer. As the mighty Cæsars had fallen before the apostles of old so would fall before them the might of England"—does any American think that these Englishmen would not have been promptly arrested and either punished or without delay deported? In the report made in Ireland by Edward F. Dunne, Frank P. Walsh, and Michael F. Ryan, and sent to President Wilson along with the demand that the Peace Conference investigate the Irish question, these delegates of Irish societies in the United States forgot that Ireland is not a nation, and found it convenient to ignore what former President Taft has said: "We must not meddle with the domestic affairs of England." At some vital things not even touched upon in this report it will not be amiss to glance. For instance, it does not mention that traitors in German pay started the Easter rebellion of 1916; that a shipload of arms was sent from Germany to Ireland to help the rebels; that the rebels murdered seventeen unarmed policemen and shot over four hundred British soldiers; that over one thousand persons were killed or wounded; that the finest street in Dublin was burned to the ground; that only fifteen of the rebels were executed for these crimes. Yet the Irish Nationalists complain of the brutality of the British government in punishing traitors. This report sees no wisdom in telling President Wilson that when conscription was found necessary for the winning of the war, Ireland was left out of the original act on account of Nationalist opposition; that all the Ulster Unionist members of Parliament protested against this, and all public bodies in Ulster Unionist districts passed resolutions in favor of Ireland bearing her fair share in the

war; that the Nationalists met in Dublin and passed a resolution defying the British government and calling on Irish people to refuse to obey the law or to help in the war; that if Ulster persists in her loyalty to the United Kingdom De Valera threatens her with the vengeance of the Nationalist majority; that in July, 1917, the Sinn Fein leader stated that "Ulster must be coerced if she stands in the way," and again, in September, he declared that if Ulster continued loyal "we will have to do with you what we wish to do with the power of which you are the garrison—and that is, 'kick you out.'"

An American citizen of Irish ancestry strongly urges "the fight for an Irish Republic," and yet, strange to relate, the American press does not record anything that this citizen did during the world war to induce the Sinn Feiners to fling themselves with fiery zeal into "the fight" that with every genuine lover of this republic was a life-and-death issue. What a refreshing thing it would be if John T. McCutcheon, who in his department is a genius, should see fit to give the American people the happy smile that overspread the face of the Ulsterman as he stood listening to the music that former Governor Dunne sent across the Atlantic, that "the fight for an Irish Republic must be kept up until the flag of that republic floats over every inch of Irish soil," and then, looking into the face of the man who is so confident about "every inch of Irish soil," he says with firmness and with kindliness, an unforgettable twinkle in his eye: "Now, Mr. Dunne, you do not agree with David Lloyd George that the coercion of Ulster would be the curse of Ireland, but you will agree with an Ulsterman when he comforts you with the assurance that the flag of the Irish Republic may float over a great sweep of territory after Macaulay's celebrated New Zealander 'shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.'"

Mr. Gladstone deeply regretted his unhappy utterance concerning our Civil War at a pivotal moment in the history of this Republic, an utterance that greatly embarrassed that noble American President, Abraham Lincoln. The English statesman ac-

knowledged, in a letter written in 1896, that he "declared in the heat of the American struggle that Jefferson Davis had made a nation," that that declaration was "most unwarrantable," "an undoubted error," and that he "did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a cabinet minister." One of the greatest guarantees of world peace and world freedom is a growing friendliness between America and Britain, and the soul of every sensible man in the British Empire will always be on stretch to promote the friendship between the United States and Britain, and the fixed purpose of all who love the Stars and Stripes will be a lodgment in their hearts forever of the recent declaration of Admiral Sims that Britain's grand fleet had saved America, and that "the two great English-speaking nations must stand or fall together."

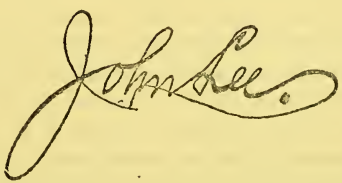
In one sentence I will present the best possible solution of "the eternal Irish problem": Edmund Burke, one of the world's greatest statesmen, in the last year of his life, after asserting "that the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well being, I had almost said, to the very being, of the two kingdoms," presented the outcome of the separation from England of the land he loved so wisely and so well in the startling words, "Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world," declared "that Ireland, locally, civilly, and commercially independent, ought politically to look up to Great Britain in all matters of peace or of war; in all those points to be guided by her; and, in a word, with her to live and to die," and then uttered a great truth: "Little do many people in Ireland consider how much of its prosperity has been owing to, and still depends upon, its intimate connection with this kingdom." Not in a century, not in a millennium, can there be presented a better solution of "the eternal Irish problem." But, says one, if the Irish Nationalists demand a government of their own, on the ground that they are a separate and independent section of the people of the United Kingdom, what then? and the response is: Then Ulster demands a government of its own on the ground that it is a separate and independent section of Ireland and loyal to England.

One of the greatest naval authorities of this Republic, the late Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, says: "Practically regarded, it is impossible for a military man, or a statesman with appreciation of military conditions, to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of Irish separatists, if realized, would be even more threatening to the national life of Great Britain than the secession of the South was to that of the American Union. The considerations that swayed the mind of the Civil War apply with peculiar force to the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. Had Ireland been conceded the substance of Mr. Gladstone's bill, or should she hereafter attain it, would not her power of mischief, in case of foreign war, make such demands upon the presence of the British navy as seriously to lessen its ability to protect commercial routes and colonies?" To similar effect is the argument, in a parallel case, of Abraham Lincoln in an address to the Legislature of Indiana, February 12, 1861: "On what rightful principle may a State, being not more than one-fiftieth part of a nation in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce a proportionately larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country, with its people, by merely calling it a State? Fellow citizens, I am not asserting anything; I am merely asking questions for you to consider." America's problem in 1861 was: If Virginia had a right to secede from the American Union, had not West Virginia also a right to secede from Virginia? Britain's problem in 1919 is: If Ireland has a right to secede from the British Union, has not Ulster also a right to secede from Ireland?

British statesmen might find it truest wisdom on their part to learn a lesson from the great American statesman by listening to his "Opinion on the Admission of West Virginia into the Union," December 31, 1862: "Can this government stand if it indulges constitutional constructions by which men in open rebellion against it are to be accounted, man for man, the equals of those who maintain their loyalty to it? Are they to be accounted even better citizens, and more worthy of consideration, than those who merely neglect to vote? If so, their treason against the Constitution enhances their constitutional value! We can scarcely

dispense with the aid of West Virginia in this struggle; much less can we afford to have her against us, in Congress and in the field. Here brave and good men regard her admission into the Union as a matter of life and death. They have been true to the Union under very severe trials. We have so acted as to justify their hopes, and we cannot fully retain their confidence and cooperation if we seem to break faith with them. In fact, they could not do so much for us if they would. The division of a state is dreaded as a precedent. But a measure made expedient by a war is no precedent for times of peace. It is said that the admission of West Virginia is secession, and tolerated only because it is our secession. Well, if we call it by that name, there is still difference enough between secession against the Constitution and secession in favor of the Constitution. I believe the admission of West Virginia into the Union is expedient."

Americans, remembering that the deathless bravery of Ulster heroes made American independence a possibility, are sincerely hoping that Great Britain in her treatment of Ulster will reveal statesmanship worthy to stand side by side with that of Lincoln; statesmanship calculated to command the respect of the oncoming generations; statesmanship that will not hesitate to speak the truth to "men in open rebellion"; statesmanship that will place a proper value upon the "brave and good men" who regard their union with Britain "as a matter of life and death"; statesmanship that will cheerfully acknowledge that "there is still difference enough between secession against the Constitution and secession in favor of the Constitution"; statesmanship that will calmly say concerning the heroes who "have been true to the Union under very severe trials": *To "break faith with them" is a thing that Britain will never do.*



PASTORAL EVANGELISM

This means special religious services under the direction of the pastor. The expression used to be "Revival Services." Now it is "Evangelistic Services." No matter, we understand what is meant: the church, out in the open, on an active campaign. Trench warfare has, for the time, been abandoned. The church has taken the field—that's where victories are won—and the minister is in charge. My opportunities for observation and for experience in revival services have been, perhaps, rather above the average. Wishing to make some contribution to the promotion of special revival services in our churches, under the leadership of their pastors, it has occurred to me that this might be done by recording some experiences of a minister with whom my acquaintance has been quite intimate for a number of years. There is nothing startling about this record; that is one of its claims to the attention of busy and harassed ministers. Neither is there much to awaken particular interest, except, possibly, in the minds of some ministers who have been rather disappointed with their personal efforts to promote revivals in their own charges. It is in the hope that some of these may be encouraged to try again, in good heart and with a fresh hope, that these lines are written.

It is altogether desirable to effect such a result if possible. The time is not far distant when the Methodist Episcopal Church had the finest corps of *pastor*-evangelists the world ever saw. In that not remote day it was expected that every preacher-in-charge would conduct special revival services in his own church. Those men were trained to such activities, and they were skilled in it. Whatever trifling criticisms may be made of their work, at the very least this may be said in its favor: those were not the days of declining membership in the church, nor when her Conferences reported no candidates for her ministry, nor when the altars in her family circles were overthrown, nor when the world could be indifferent to her message. It is surely desirable that the church should regain her former-time preeminence; not for the sake of the distinction itself by any means, but in evidence of the fact that

she is making creditable use of a matchless power right at hand. Let it be noted, without discussion, that this power was lost to the ministry. It could be lost to the church in no other way. If the church ever regains the power forfeited she will recover it through her ministry. It can be restored through no other instrumentality. Therefore it is most desirable to encourage our preachers to believe that any one of them who has been called of God can do creditable revival work in his own charge if, perceiving the importance of it, he really sets himself to the task. Any revival of evangelism that does not reach the ministry, and work through the pastors, will be evanescent, disappointing, and, ultimately harmful to the church.

The Rev. John Smith—that is not his name, and that is the very reason he is so called in these pages—began his ministry with a good personal experience of saving grace and with a clear sense of duty leading to the ministry of the Lord Jesus. His ideals were rather high as to ministerial standards, and he had certainly at least quite the average expectations as to fruitage in his work to begin with. His desire for results in the transformation of human lives under his ministry grew steadily until he longed for this as a famishing man craves food. Each year, as the season usually devoted to extra services approached, he prepared himself for the work, planned it carefully, and faithfully went into the campaign. He spared neither himself nor his active people in the church, nor failed to implore divine interposition in guidance and in all possible aid. For some time he believed that each year would furnish the occasion when he would see the desire of his heart realized in the awakening and the conversion of some people. In the third year of his ministry, in a small village on a circuit of ten appointments, he held a meeting in which there were a number of conversions. Much good was done by this meeting, and he was greatly comforted by it, but this proved to be a rare exception. For eight years thereafter there was nothing more in the way of conversions to cheer his heart or to encourage him to expect that his would be a ministry blessed with the joy of harvesting. Is it strange that, within the first six years of his ministerial career, he had lost hope of any creditable results in this direction, had settled

himself down to the task of instructing his people, confirming them in the faith of the gospel and in the promotion of stalwart Christian character? Is it strange that he had actually reached the point—shameful to say it, is it not?—where he dreaded to see the time for special services coming? This was natural at least, for he had so often failed in promoting revival services that he had lost hope and, though he continued faithfully to try, yet he would begin the special services with a sense of defeat, would continue them hopelessly, and invariably conclude them confirmed in the opinion that he had frittered away energies that might better have been otherwise employed. I wonder if any other Methodist minister ever had a like experience! Strangely enough, he never lost his faith in God, nor his firm conviction that, for him, duty lay in the way of the ministry of the Lord Jesus. No doubt he was saved from utter wreck at this point by the fact that, in some other ways, his ministry was fruitful, beyond question.

At the end of his eleventh year Brother Smith was appointed presiding elder on a hard district in Southwestern Indiana. The charges on the district were poor, and just one third of them were manned by "supplies" who were able to provide a part of their own support. When the Annual Conference met at the end of that first year on the district Smith found that there were a number of young men present for "Admission on Trial." He succeeded in getting hold of enough of them to man all but one of his "supplied" charges. These young men, without exception, were full of zeal, and at the same time they were both godly and resourceful. That second year there was a flaming revival in every charge on the district but one; so that all through the winter and the early spring whenever the presiding elder went to a quarterly meeting he stepped into a red-hot revival. Those young preachers were like Taylor's volunteers in the Mexican War. General Taylor had in his army of invasion both "regular" and "volunteers." He declared—not without profane emphasis—that the "regulars" knew when they were defeated and that then was the time to quit fighting; but he said the "volunteers" hadn't sense enough to know when they were whipped, but went right on fighting as though nothing unusual had happened. So it was with those

young preachers; they just pushed right on and didn't recognize defeat when they saw it! Of course there could be nothing left for them but victory! A like spirit of consecrated enthusiasm was shared by the older men on the district, and so the interests of the Kingdom prospered, for the men had a mind for the work. It was a great year, distinguished by a genuine work of grace from the Lord. There was very little of what the fathers used to call "wild fire" in this revival. The spirit of the preachers was genuine, their reliance was upon God, and their methods were wholesome. This was, for the presiding elder, a school of revival methods; and he profited greatly by it.

After two years' service as presiding elder, Smith was returned to the church from which he had gone to the district. His successor in that charge had done two years of most excellent work in preparing the ground and in sowing the seed of gospel truth, but he was not permitted to reap the harvest. That joy was reserved for Smith. Therein the saying was fulfilled, "One soweth, another reapeth." Special services were begun quite early in the winter, and they were continued for eight weeks. At no time, save on Sundays, were the congregations large, the services through the week being held in the lecture room of the church building. Just how many were converted in the meetings is not now known, but on one Sunday morning eighty-one persons were received into full membership in the church as a result of these services, and smaller companies on different occasions following. Following this meeting the probationers were divided into classes of from five to twelve, and a leader was appointed for each class. It was the leader's duty to have a general oversight of those under his care—to see that they were present in the church services, to counsel, to encourage, and to keep in close touch with them. Each probationer was provided with a Probationer's Manual, and in addition to the general services of the church they were all expected and urged to attend probationers' classes formed for the purpose of preparing them for full membership in the church. Some of the leaders had to be changed; but for the most part they were faithful and capable and they did a most valuable work.

His experience on the district worked a complete change in

Smith's ministry. Though he did not invariably have revivals in his charges following this experience, yet it would be fair to speak of his subsequent work as a revival ministry. For one meeting which he held after returning to the pastorate he had been preparing the way during several months by making all the regular services of the church bear in that direction, though making no public mention of the special services which were to follow. As a part of his self-preparation he had outlined and worked out enough sermons and addresses to cover the first week's extra meetings when they should begin. When the time seemed to have come he announced on Sunday that special services would be held each night of the week. In that church there were a good many people who had been members for some time, good, stanch, faithful people, ready to do any work they could to promote the Master's kingdom, but they were without any satisfying experience of personal acceptance with God. It was in Smith's plan to give an address the first night particularly adapted to their condition. This he did. He had intended to follow it with address number two on the second night. But before the first meeting was over a theme in continuation of the first delivered was suggested to him. Convinced that this was the Spirit's leading, he threw aside his prepared discourse and, after the best preparation he could make, he used the recently suggested theme. The result was that not another one of the discourses prepared was used. Through that entire series of meetings the discourses were prepared from day to day along the lines of suggestions received in the services. Risky and slipshod? So it would seem. But it is rather safe to follow the Spirit's leadership in his own work, and following him one will not usually work in any disjointed way nor acquire slovenly methods. For the first two weeks of the meeting it seemed that nothing would be accomplished except the bringing of a number of faithful souls into a gracious sense of personal salvation. Then the range of the meeting extended and numbers of irreligious people were brought to Christ.

One thing connected with these meetings is worthy of special mention. At the close of an evening meeting early in the series of extra services the minister said, "To-morrow evening I expect

to be in that class room for ten minutes of quiet prayer before the public meeting begins. I shall be pleased to have any others, who so desire, join me there at any moment when they can come. There will be no speaking, nor singing, nor Scripture reading; only prayer. Those who are a moment late will find whoever are present already on their knees." Thenceforward, to the end of the revival, that meeting for silent prayer was a part of the regular service. It was lengthened to twenty minutes, after a few meetings, because of the manifest interest and profit of it. In that series of revival meetings there were occasions, in the public services, when persons came forward without any invitation and bowed at the altar. All the way through the meetings were characterized by unusual displays of the Divine Presence.

A word needs to be said about Smith's personal work in the meeting just mentioned. The details of the meeting were carefully planned, but the plans were flexible—they could be brushed aside when any new developments occurred or any new suggestion was presented. Committees were carefully chosen, and lists were made of persons to be seen or written to. All the organizations in the church that could be used were enlisted in one way or another. The minister's mornings were devoted to outlining and developing the theme that may have been suggested in the run of the meetings at any point. In the afternoons he visited any people to whom his attention had been turned and wrote letters to those who could better be approached in any way. After the evening meal he lay down for needed rest, for close thought in final preparation of his theme of discourse, and for that self-abandonment to God which is the most important part of any minister's preparation for preaching at any time. This was hard work. Ordinarily it would be going at the pace that kills. The concentration of purpose and of energy upon one point was tremendous, and under such conditions one might easily realize that power had gone out of him. But his weariness was that of one who was achieving his coveted desire and hence he labored in good hope. It was therefore labor and weariness, to be sure, but stripped of anxiety and disquietude. The great point was that labor and weariness were relieved by a keen and most delightful sense of Divine guidance and cooperation.

Among many other things learned in the conduct of special revival services in one's own charge the following may be noted:

1. That the most necessary and at the same time the most difficult thing which confronts—confronts is used advisedly—the minister in preparing for revival services is to get himself ready for the task. Most ministers who have had experience in this work have found that, while they longed to see people brought to Christ, and while they supposed themselves to be always ready to conduct meetings expressly for that purpose, yet when it came to the test they found themselves quite unready for it. Many an earnest and faithful man has had to take himself in hand and by self-examination, humiliation, confession and earnest supplication to God for mercy and for help, bring himself to where he could really feel the ruin of sin and the need of complete reconciliation with God before he could lead his people in an active campaign for the rescue of men from the power of Satan. It is very humbling to admit such delinquency; but such confession (to one's self at any rate) is a large part of the price one must pay for genuine results in such work.

2. That either in the run of the extra services or as preparatory to them—and preferably the latter—a number of discourses will need to be delivered dealing with the full range of human delinquency, human responsibility, the peril of sin, God's power and obligation to deal with it, the abundance of divine provision for putting it away, the certainty of divine help in human emancipation from it and of divine guidance and aid to live the life of faith, and the certainty of full salvation for all trusting souls. These are the themes that deal with the alienation of man from God and with their reconciliation. These themes, variously stated, comprise the gospel of human salvation. There can be no real work of grace without dealing with them plainly and with emphasis.

3. That a simple, straightforward, usually brief message from God, unadorned save with the passion for the rescue of humans from the guilt and woe of sin, unhindered by jokes and funny stories—they do hinder—and whoever deliberately introduces them is either ignorant of the deepest truths about human thinking or he is willing to risk the great objective before him for sake of the

semblance of power over men—such a message, reenforced, on occasion, by the testimony of people whose lives justify their words, is the best means that can be publicly used for the promotion of revival work.

4. That solos and Christian testimony and visiting ministers must be used with great discrimination. They may be helps—they are never *consciously* anything else—but they may be hindrances.

5. That a large attendance is not at all necessary to an outstanding work of grace. Sometimes a rainy night, or any other such apparent obstacle, is to be coveted as a time when faith is under test, so that the liberty much to be desired in such meetings is secured.

6. That when the stage of the meeting has been reached where a number of people are awakened, an evening given up to Christian testimony may be more helpful than a sermon, if such testimony in individual cases may be restrained as to length.

7. That if one does not purpose to shirk, or to spare himself any labor or responsibility, he may confidently depend upon the guidance and the help of the Divine Spirit. This statement is made upon the assumption that one is transparently sincere in his motives in conducting such services. Great care is needful at this point. Unconsciously to ourselves our motives get sadly mixed, with a tendency of the unworthy ones to rise to dominance.

Two things only remain to be said:

I am indulging the hope—not without prayer—that some pastors may be encouraged to believe that God will bless them in their efforts to lead their people in the most important and most delicate work a Christian Church has to do; and that, so believing, they will push right in, with humble reliance upon Him who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

It is matter of very little concern, perhaps, but it may protect some brother from a responsibility he should not bear, if I say that Smith's experience was my experience.

H. J. Talbott

NEMESIS IN HAWTHORNE'S "SCARLET LETTER"

The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, is preeminently a study in Nemesis. It is a mapping out of the way in which "the deed returns upon the doer and how character determines destiny." In the first chapter the moral law has been violated, in the last it stands vindicated. While Nemesis plays such a large part in The Scarlet Letter it is likewise present to a greater or lesser extent in all literature. In the novel, in poetry, and drama —in Shakespeare, in the Bible, in Greek tragedy—is the ever-recurring principle that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Every man goes to his own place. Fate is that principle or force within the man which impels him toward his own. Nemesis opens the books and everyone is judged according to his purposes and deeds whether they be good or evil. This is the extreme definition of it.

However, as Dr. Moulton, in his study of Nemesis in Shakespeare, takes pains to point out, retribution is not an invariable principle. The deed only may return upon the doer, and character is only one of the forces determining destiny. For proof that this does not always obtain we have but to turn to literature, which is replete with illustration: Greek tragedy exhibiting the good man crushed to earth; Cordelia, brave, generous, unselfish, but imprisoned and hanged; Romeo and Juliet in the hands of untoward circumstances over which they have no control; Pearl, the daughter of Hester and Arthur, innocent in herself, yet exposed in infancy upon the scaffold of shame and followed through the years by the blight of an hereditary Nemesis. The classic illustration, and the one emphasized by Dr. Moulton, is that of the Patriarch Job. Job was a righteous man, and one who feared God. When he lost his all—possessions, family, and health—three false friends attempted to console him. They told him that suffering was the result of sin. Job was suffering. Therefore Job had sinned. But Job riddled their syllogism, declared that a man might suffer for a higher good, and made this confession

of his faith: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Likewise the three Hebrew children found themselves in the fiery furnace because of their righteous convictions, not because of their sins. They hoped for an intervening Providence—"But if not, we will not bow down."

We see at once that The Scarlet Letter has no place here, but rather belongs to that other realm of literature where Nemesis is untrammeled and predominant. In the Introduction there is a suggestion of hereditary Nemesis, where Hawthorne says that he felt it almost a destiny to make Salem his home where so much of the soil was akin to his own mortal frame, and again where he imagines that one of his stern and black-browed Puritan ancestors would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins that at last the family tree bore such an idler as himself. "What is he?" murmurs one grey shadow of his forefathers to another. "A writer of story books! What kind of business in life—what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation—may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" This is the suggestion of a Nemesis that did not fall. We may well believe, however, that there is an ancestral Nemesis stalking down the genealogical line "visiting the sins of the parents upon the children even to the third and fourth generation."

We now turn to the story proper. There are certain significant sayings which constitute prophecies of the Nemesis to come. The first of these is in the conversation between a townsman and a certain stranger who is described as a man small in stature, with a furrowed visage and a slight deformity. This stranger observes that the sentence passed upon Hester seems to be a wise one, but is irked that the partner of her iniquity is not beside her on the scaffold, and adds, half to himself, half aloud, "But he will be known!—he will be known!—he will be known!" The second of these prophecies comes from the lips of Arthur Dimmesdale himself in his charge to Hester to speak out the name of her guilty companion. It is more than a prophecy, it is an outline of all that follows; the terrible suffering of Arthur, his weakness, his hypocrisy, and the final outcome. From his high place among

the rulers of the colony he thus addresses Hester on the scaffold of shame: "I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer! Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for, believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life. What good can thy silence do him, except it tempt him—yea, compel him, as it were—to add hypocrisy to sin? Heaven hath granted thee an open ignominy, that thereby thou mayest work out an open triumph over the evil within thee and the sorrow without. Take heed how thou deniest to him, who, perchance, hath not the courage to grasp it for himself, the bitter but wholesome cup that is now presented to thy lips!"

All this suggestion of coming events is further elaborated in the conversation between Roger and Hester in the prison. Roger says, "I shall seek this man as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares. Sooner or later he must needs be mine! He bears no letter of infamy wrought into his garment, as thou doest, but I shall read it on his heart. His fame, his position, his life, will be in my hands. Beware!"

This becomes yet more pointed at the Governor's house, where Arthur has pleaded almost passionately that Hester and Pearl be not separated; and Roger Chillingworth looking at him remarks, "You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness." Again at the same interview, when Pearl in an unusual confidence caresses the minister's hand and is in turn kissed by him, we have this observation from Roger: "A strange child! It is easy to see the mother's part in her. Would it be beyond a philosopher's research, think ye, gentlemen, to analyze that child's nature, and from it make a mold to give a shrewd guess at the father?"

Strange are the intuitions of a little child! Pearl by the guidance of some inner prompting connects the scarlet letter on her mother's breast with the fact that the minister keeps his hand over his heart. "Mother dear, what does this scarlet letter mean?—and why dost thou wear it on thy bosom?—and why does the

minister keep his hand over his heart?" In the woods Pearl seems to have concluded to her own satisfaction that the black man has set his mark on the minister's heart, and inquires, "Mother, but why does he not wear it outside his bosom, as thou dost?"

At the meeting in the woods Hester says to Arthur, "She is a splendid child! But I know whose brow she has!" Arthur Dimmesdale with an unquiet smile replies, "Dost thou know, Hester, that this dear child, tripping about always at thy side, hath caused me many an alarm? methought—O, Hester, what a thought is that, and how terrible to dread it!—that my own features were partly reflected in her face, and so strikingly that the world might see them!" And this was the truth. "In her was visible the tie that united them. She had been offered to the world, these seven past years, as the living hieroglyphic in which was revealed the secret they so darkly sought to hide; all written in this symbol—all plainly manifest—had there been a prophet or magician skilled to read the character of the flame." That there was such a prophet we can well imagine from the dark sayings of Roger already reported.

The foregoing prophecies and suggestions of a Nemesis at work in the story constitute solid ground for the anticipation of a terrible retribution to come.

Our first introduction to Arthur Dimmesdale finds him an honored equal among the ministers and magistrates of the city under a clear sky. We then see the little cloud begin to gather over his head, at first no larger than a man's hand, and watch it grow with the development of the story until the sun is hid and all the horizon is blackened with the inevitable approach of the storm. We watch it break in all its fury upon his head. In a lightning flash at night we behold "the great vault brighten, like the dome of an immense lamp, and looking upward to the zenith behold there the appearance of an immense letter—the letter A—marked out in lines of dull red light."

Roger is the primary instrument of Nemesis on Arthur. He is destined to wreak vengeance on Arthur and in turn suffer himself. There are three main Nemesis centers and one sub-center.

Hester, Arthur, and Roger constitute the first three centers, while Pearl, the subject of hereditary Nemesis, is the sub-center. She is also used as a secondary instrument of Nemesis on both Hester and the minister by the probing questions she is wont to ask, questions that must have wrung the hearts of her father and mother, though she herself did not realize their significance. Two examples of this will suffice. In the woods Pearl looks up into her mother's face and asks, "Doth he love us?—will he go back with us, hand in hand, we three together, into the town?" It was the rightful demand of a little child that her father prove his love. Doth he love us? then let him show it, not in the depth of the forest, but on the city street. The night of the minister's vigil on the scaffold Pearl stands there beside him, with her hand in his, and whispers, "Minister, wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide?" "I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow."

"And what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great judgment day. Then and there, before the judgment seat, thy mother and thou and I must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting."

Pearl laughed again. At the foot of the scaffold stood an arch fiend who was to make that last assertion of the minister a lie. But in all his fiendish malignity Roger had no power to irritate the sore in their twain bosoms as did the innocent prattle and questionings of "a little child."

Of further Nemesis on Hester little need be said. When the story opens, her sin is already in the past. Nemesis has brought her to the judgments, and we see only the results: imprisonment, exposure on the scaffold of shame, an outcast from society. The difference between the Nemesis on Hester and that on Arthur is all summed up in the words of Saint Paul, "Some men's sins are evident, going before unto judgment; and some they follow after."

As we have seen, Roger Chillingworth is the self-appointed instrument of Nemesis on Arthur. He sets about his task in good earnest. The failing health of Arthur opens the way for a close companionship between the minister and the physician. Unwittingly, Arthur's devoted and alarmed parishioners forward the

dark schemes of Roger by lodging them in the same house. They take long walks in the woods together. In every way possible Roger Chillingworth seeks to enter into the thought and life of his patient. Like Judas, he kisses that he may betray. "A man burdened with a secret should especially avoid the intimacy of his physician; for at some inevitable moment will the soul of the sufferer be dissolved, and flow forth in a dark, but transparent stream, bringing all its mysteries into the daylight." Roger "now dug into the poor clergyman's heart like a miner searching for gold; or rather like a sexton delving into a grave, possibly in quest of a jewel that had been buried on the dead man's bosom." "The soil where this dark miner was working had perchance shown indications that encouraged him." "This man," said he, "pure as they deem him—all spiritual as he seems—hath inherited a strong animal nature from his father or his mother. Let us dig a little further in the direction of this vein."

Herein lies a tragedy: that Arthur, "trusting no man as his friend, could not recognize his enemy when the latter actually appeared."

In one of their conversations they discuss buried secrets. Roger's scalpel is cutting very close to the heart now. Arthur thus defends the position of men with a secret:

> "It may be that they are kept silent by the very constitution of their nature. Or—can we suppose it?—guilty as they may be, retaining, nevertheless, a zeal for God's glory and man's welfare, they shrink from displaying themselves black and filthy in the view of men; because, thenceforward, no good can be achieved by them; no evil of the past be redeemed by better service. So, to their own unutterable torment, they go about among their fellow creatures, looking pure as new-fallen snow, while their hearts are all speckled and spotted with iniquity of which they cannot rid themselves."
>
> "These men deceive themselves," said Roger. "Would thou have me to believe, O wise and pious friend, that a false show can be better, can be more for God's glory, or man's welfare, than God's own truth? Trust me, such men deceive themselves."

At the close of this scene in which Hester and Pearl have appeared in the graveyard below and have added color and weight to the conversation, the minister rushes out of the room with a frantic gesture. Roger soliloquizes thus: "He hath done a wild

thing ere now, this pious Mr. Dimmesdale, in the hot passion of his heart."

"It came to pass, not long after the scene above recorded, that the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, at noonday, and entirely unawares, fell into a deep, deep slumber, sitting in his chair." Roger Chillingworth came into the room. "The physician advanced directly in front of his patient, laid his hand upon his bosom, and thrust aside the vestment, that had hitherto always covered it even from the professional eye. . . . Then, indeed, Mr. Dimmesdale shuddered, and slightly stirred. . . . The physician turned away with a wild look of wonder, joy, and horror!"

So skillfully and subtilely did the avenger work that "the very inmost soul of the clergyman seemed to be brought out before his eyes so that he could see and comprehend its every movement. He could play upon him as he chose. The victim was ever on the rack; it needed but to know the spring that controlled the engine; and the physician knew it well. "Would he startle him with sudden fears, at a word up rose a thousand phantoms, all flocking round the clergyman and pointing with their fingers at his heart." Of all this there was an endless repetition and multiplication. Scarcely an event but what becomes a Nemesis. The very walls of his room are hung with tapestries representing the Scriptural story of David and Bathsheba, and Nathan, the prophet, as the woe-denouncing seer. For seven long years, by day and by night, Arthur's sin is ever before him.

Arthur assists Nemesis by the self-infliction of severe penalties, "more in accord with the old, corrupted faith of Rome than with the better light of the church in which he had been born and bred." In Mr. Dimmesdale's secret closet, under lock and key, there was a bloody scourge. The night of vigil on the scaffold needs but be mentioned. By "constant introspection he tortured, but could not purify himself. Sometimes in these night-watchings a herd of diabolic shapes grinned and mocked at the minister and beckoned him away with them; again, a group of shining angels flew upward heavily, as if sorrow-laden. . . . Now come the dead friends of his youth, and his white-bearded father, with a saint-like frown, and his mother turning her face away as she passed

by." Could any form of Nemesis be worse than this! For, with rare exception, it has been the experience of the profligate and the prodigal that, when the world cast them out, in their extremity they could always go back to the old home, find the paternal arms wide open, and hear the proclamation go forth, "This, my son, was lost, and is found, he was dead, and is alive again." But so inexorable was the retribution here that Arthur's own father carried a saint-like frown and his own mother turned her head as she passed by in the night! It matters not that they were only dreams. Nemesis is the ghost of sin. Its sting lies not in the physical force of the blow. So Arthur's friends and parents come to mock him by night. Could not Nemesis be merciful, and withdraw into the shades of the nearby forest at nightfall? And the answer is, No!

There remains another variety of Nemesis to be mentioned, and that in one of its most cruel forms. The veneration and love in which Arthur Dimmesdale is held by the public.

> It is inconceivable, the agony with which this public veneration tortured him. . . . It was his genuine impulse to adore the truth, and to reckon all things shadow-like, and utterly devoid of weight or value, that had not its divine essence as the life within their life. Then what was he?—a substance?—or the dimmest of all shadows? He longed to speak out from his own pulpit at the full height of his voice, and tell the people what he was. . . . "I, whom you behold in these black garments of the priesthood—I, who ascend the sacred desk and turn my pale face heavenward, taking upon myself to hold communion in your behalf with the Most High Omniscience—I, in whose daily life you discern the sanctity of Enoch—I, whose footsteps, as you suppose, leave a gleam along my earthly track whereby the pilgrims that shall come after me may be guided to the regions of the blest—I, who have laid the hand of baptism upon your children—I, who have breathed the parting prayer over your dying friends, to whom the Amen sounded faintly from a world which they had quitted—I, your pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a polution and a lie!"

Even the sexton of his church shared in this form of Nemesis. On the Sabbath after the minister's night vigil on the scaffold he handed Arthur a black glove—his own. "It was found," said the sexton, "this morning on the scaffold. Satan dropped it there, I take it, as a jest against your reverence. But, indeed, he was

blind and foolish as he always is; a pure hand needs no glove to cover it." The minister was startled at heart.

In the woods Arthur describes to Hester his life of torment.

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None—nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist—a man devoid of conscience—a wretch with coarse and brutal instincts—I might have found peace long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it! But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there was originally in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

"The people reverence thee," said Hester. "And surely thou workest good among them! Doth this bring thee no comfort?" . . .

"No, Hester, no!" replied the clergyman. "There is no substance in it! It is cold and dead, and can do nothing for me! Of penance, I have had enough! Of penitence, there has been none! Else I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend—or were it my worst enemy!—to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me! But now, it is all falsehood!—all emptiness!—all death!"

A man remembers how, when he was a little boy and had done something very naughty, he came into the room adjacent to the parlor where his mother was receiving callers and overheard her telling what a good boy he was. He never did this or that or the other thing, naming the very thing he had just done. His dawning child's conscience pricked him sore; he went out softly and cried. The thing that hurt was the violation of his mother's confidence. If she had only said he was a scamp and a rascal! It would have been comforting to have heard that he was a bad boy. He couldn't stand the other. Multiply this a myriad-fold. Here is a city's ideal of purity, a city's standard of holiness, the godly youth, the saint on earth, and yet bearing, not on his clothing, but on his heart, the Scarlet Letter—and you have the effect of this form of Nemesis.

Of the culmination and final triumph of Nemesis on Arthur we have hints and foreshadowings from Mistress Hibbins, the witch woman. She says to Hester in the market-place, "When the Black Man sees one of his own servants, signed and sealed, so shy of owning to the Bond as is the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale he hath a way of ordering matters so that the mark shall be disclosed, in open daylight, to the eyes of all the world. What is that the minister seeks to hide, with his hand always over his heart? Ha, Hester Prynne!" And to Pearl she says, "Wilt thou ride with me some fine night to see thy father? Then shalt thou know wherefore the minister keeps his hand over his heart."

The sainted minister in the church! The woman of the scarlet letter in the market-place! What imagination would have been irreverent enough to surmise that the same scorching stigma was on them both?

The minister stood, at this moment, on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Never on New England soil had stood the man so honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher! Such was the position which the minister occupied as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit at the close of his Election sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

At the conclusion of the service in the church the procession again formed to retrace its steps through the streets.

Arthur came opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester now, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause; although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward—onward to the festival—but here he made a pause. He turned toward the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms. "Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

The child with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne, slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will, likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd—or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that

as it might, the old man rushed forward, and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!" He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter. The crowd was in a tumult. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye that loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood, here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment from groveling down upon my face! Lo! The scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered! It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! And sad, because he missed heavenly kindred! Now, at the death hour, he stands before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you, that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! The minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!

"God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting I had been lost forever! Farewell!"

With all this there are several haunting questions. Was there actually imprinted in the flesh of the minister a scarlet letter? Had his sin done for him what the sinlessness of Saint Francis did for him in the matter of the stigmata? Was the triumph of the scaffold final? Had he paid the last farthing, or was there to be a "joint-futurity of endless retribution"?

It were too long to tell of the Nemesis on Roger. How this serious, sober, gentle student became first the instrument of Nemesis and then its victim; how under the influence of his avenging office "a terrible fascination, a kind of fierce, though still, calm necessity" seized the old man within its grip, and never set him free until he had done all its bidding; how when his task was finished all his strength and energy, all his vital and intellectual force seemed at once to desert him, insomuch that he positively withered up, shriveled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge; and when, by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it—when, in short, there was no more devil's work on earth for him to do—it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his master would find him tasks enough and pay him wages daily.

Hester, Arthur, and Roger—these three—they greatly erred, they deeply sinned, and suffered right mightily; but out of this maze of sinning, and suffering, and death, into which these lives were cast, we see arise in simple dignity and new majesty the moral law vindicated!

H. B. Hanson.

A NEW SOLDIER POET

Hundreds of soldier poets have turned their lyres to the tragedy of the last four years. Four supreme poems have come to the top. Two of these poems will ever throb in human hearts as the trumpet calls of those "who gave the last full measure of devotion," Alan Seeger's

> "And I to my pledged word am true.
> I shall not fail that rendezvous,"

and John McCrae's challenge, which is being recited and sung, as perhaps no other poem of the war,

> "If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep though poppies grow
> In Flanders Field."

The authors of the other two poems, after bravely performing their tasks over there, happily returned to us again. Robert W. Serviss sang the call, which is needed now as then, "Carry On! My Soul! Carry On!" and Harry Webb Farrington symbolized the deepest philosophy of the War in "Rough and Brown":

> "But men thank God that he sent sent down
> A Son whose hands were rough and brown."

I am not saying these are absolutely "the big four." I am not forgetting Kilmer, Devine, Middleton, and others in the long list of those who luted for us sweetly. Above all I am not presuming to the chair of literary criticism. I merely hazard, and my range is confined to this side the water, that no war songs are destined to stir America deeper or live longer than the four mentioned.

Harry Webb Farrington has not been known as a poet save to a favored few. Verses from his pen have appeared in print, from time to time, always good, but they were only occasional. It was in France that he was reborn, that he came to his fuller poetic

power. He has been too busy since his return to publish; but a few of his poems have appeared in the Boston Transcript, New York Herald, Literary Digest, and the church papers. Manuscript enough for a volume is before me. It is like a tonic to read, and, I think, gives promise of much, very much. As I turn page after page I feel certain here is a comrade who will win a conspicuous place among our younger American poets. He is not "scholarly" or "classical," but pervasively human and deeply spiritual. He sings to the heart.

This soldier poet, sometime teacher of philosophy at Harvard, later a pioneer in religious education for children at Gary, Indiana, and New York city, wired the War Department, offering his services as chaplain, the day war was declared. He was persuaded to remain in educational work for a while, speaking at most of the Eastern camps. But he finally found his way across seas and through the Foyers du Soldat served 10,000 French soldiers as an athletic officer, having prepared for such a task on the gridirons of Dickinson Seminary and Syracuse University. As a result, he was given the unique honor of being made a life officer in the Seventh and Tenth Cuirassiers.

Farrington had no time to write poetry those busy days. But on the troop transport going and coming, and days in Paris, waiting orders, the muse burned and found expression.

James Tissot, the French artist, no more truly had a compelling vision of Christ in a French cathedral than did Farrington, soldier poet, on a fateful Easter Sunday. It was communion service in the American Church, Paris, on which occasion war bread was used. Farrington says of the hour: "In the striking contrast of dark brown bread and the silver service with snow white linen I saw the Jesus who refused to sit perfunctorily in the temple. I saw in all his glowing manhood his rough, sinewy, sunburned hand thrust out of his white tunic. Then I saw the Christ who ate the same bread with the soldiers, the only Christ they could comprehend."

Returning to his quarters elated, he transferred his vision to paper. The little poem was not printed until after peace was declared:

ROUGH AND BROWN

There walked the Son of God to-day,
  Along the altar of his shrine;
Men saw him as they stooped to pray,
  And felt him through the bread and wine.
The silver cup was shining, bright,
The linen cloth was clean and white;
But as the plate was handed down,
They saw the bread was rough and brown.

II

There came the Son of God one day
  To worship in his Father's shrine;
Men saw him drive the thieves away
  Who profited in doves and kine.
His righteous eye was shining, bright,
His seamless robe was clean and white;
But as he cast the tables down,
They saw his hands were rough and brown.

III

There walks the Son of God to-day,
  Along his world's last battle-line;
Men see him as they stop to pray,
  And find him human though divine:
His saddened eye is shining, bright,
His robe though torn is clean and white;
But men thank God that he sent down
A Son, whose hands were rough and brown.

Farrington has years ahead of him, and may write much of value, but I am willing to venture that "Rough and Brown" will ever remain his masterpiece—it comprehends so much in so few pictures. It is the sort of thing Tennyson did when he wrote "Crossing the Bar." And yet many of Farrington's poems may have a wider popularity for a few years, certainly will have in France, such as "The Face of France" and "Joan d'Arc," while "France Calls to Me" is bound to remain one of the most popular voices in his minstrelsy for Americans.

It is no small credit to this young American soldier poet, that his "Face of France" was chosen from a list of American poems, and read by the famous actress Madame Moreno of the Comédie-

Française, in the University of Lyons, in the presence of the Mayor, the American consul, and a convocation of American and French university students. This poem was a vision which came to the poet the night the armistice was signed. He sees France first as a maiden fair, then as a "widowed girl" marred and scarred by war, and finally, "tomorrow," France stands forth the "noble woman" who has "conquered wrong." It is a vital picture and splendidly done. But his Joan of Arc, which might be called a sequel, is even better. It is sweeter, simpler, more spontaneous in every way. The very titles he gives to Joan are limpid and unforgetable; "Delicate daughter of Domrémy"; again, "Martyred Maiden of Orleans," and finally "Virgin victorious of New Versailles." The subject is ambitious but exquisitely handled, and well climaxed in its final stanza:

> Virgin Victorious of New Versailles,
> Thy soul from the faggot still
> Flames in the sky;
> The living, with those
> Who on battle fields lie,
> Again for thy faith
> And thy leadership cry,
> To crown a New France, France
> That never can die;
> Virgin Victorious of New Versailles."

I have said Harry Webb Farrington found his muse in France. I do not mean to infer he had not well sung before. His occasional poems since college days gave his friends confidence of unused poetic powers. His Harvard Christmas Hymn, "Our Christ," was very highly praised by Professor Palmer at the time it was written and is bound to be recognized as one of the gems of recent Christmas hymnology. His "Three Gifts" and the "New Year Book" are also gems in their way. But even as he faced the voyage to France a new voice was ringing in his soul which poured itself forth in "France Calls to Me." It was translated and widely printed in French papers.

Farrington symbolizes in his own personality one of the high tributes paid the doughboy. He loves children. He is a capital story-teller. He has imagination. His art is simple. Some of

his verses just lilt along like a brook. Often his phrases are both picturesque and melodious, as in "When the Tides of the Sea Go Out," occur such lines as

> "Barnacled bowlders and sea-weedy stones,
> Queer crawling crabs and dead fish bones";

and again

> "Wind-wrinkled eddies, surf-born of the breeze,
> Quick-creeping currents and swelling seas,
> Cover the floor
> Of the unsightly shore;
> When the tides of the sea come in."

This soldier poet sees an apple stand in Paris; the apples are poor, gnarled, uninviting. Instead of turning away in disgust, he sees the history of France in those apples. A two-couplet poem tells the story:

> "Once the apples of France
> Had the red of the rose;
> They were kissed on the cheek by the sun."

After completing this picture he portrays the apples with "bruises of blood," "mangled and marred."

> "They had lived in the gloom
> Of the gas and the smoke of the Hun."

Our soldier poet stops in the Luxembourg Gardens one day, and sure enough there is the dreadful sign "Don't feed the birds with bread." It was during the bombardment of Paris, 1918, when every crumb was conserved. I think his interpretation of this sign one of his sweetest songs. One can catch the spirit of the whole poem in a single verse:

> "Little bird along the Seine
> When the warriors all are fled,
> Maybe I'll come back again,
> And I'll feed your children bread."

This is one of the best things in light story vein he has done, and with his story of the carrier pigeon, "Cher Ami D. S. C.," should, I believe, to quote a Columbia professor on the latter poem, find a place in every school book in America.

His poem at the tomb of Napoleon is noble. With splendid art he contrasts to the dead Napoleon the living voices singing in the adjoining chapel to the living conqueror:

"The choir in
The chapel sings,
'Jesus lives,
The king of kings.'"

So on goes his muse—nothing human seems to escape him, from "They Buried Her as a Soldier" to "Cigarette," or from "The Girl Back in Paris" to "We Rest at Chateau Thierry," or from "The Humming Bird" to "Lionel de Jersey Harvard '13."

Some of his quaint descriptions remind me of the pungent human lines of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, though without the grewsomeness that is one of the strange fascinations of much of Gibson's war verse. Here is one of Farrington's in such vein:

TEAM WORK

One day
I saw two poilus
A coming
Down the street:
One was
Pushing the other
In a
Wheel-chair seat;
The man
Behind was blind,
The other
Had lost his feet.

He has written many amusing skits of things seen in France, for he has a keen vein of humor.

"Old 'sais pas,' you are not so bad,
'Personne,' perhaps, a little worse:
But when 'demain' hands me his card:
By Heck, that's when I want to curse."

In bold if not shocking fashion he has treated under the one headline "Forgive" the three vices of smoking, drinking, and swearing. And in faith, sweet as a morning sunbeam, he reminds one of Oxenham when he sings:

INTERCESSION

I know
As sure as falls the night
At home across the sea
There kneels
A slender form in white
To ask God's care of me.

It is not often given a poet to get framed in the White House before his first volume finds a publisher. But such is the fate of Farrington's poem Pont Wilson, recited in the theater at Lyons at the dedication of the bridge, July 14, 1918, by a thirteen-year-old lad, Henri Brodin. It was the only English officially addressed to the American ambassador on that day. A picture of this bridge, named in honor of President Wilson, with the poem, was framed and presented the President. Here are the lines, and it is easy to see the bridge becomes to the poet a symbol of the League of Nations:

"These solid bonds of native stone,
Which span the currents of the Rhone,
And with the others bind in one
The many parts of Fair Lyon,
In silent symbol, represent
A Nation, through her President,
Which gave her wealth and soldiers, free
To span the currents of a sea;
And with her Allied Sisters, bind
In one, the hearts of free mankind."

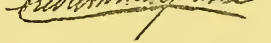
I have given you a taste of the sweetness of our new singer, but as I look at the pile of manuscript before me I see it is only a sample indeed, and I wonder if I have selected wisely. He shall publish them all and then you shall know.

Who is Harry Webb Farrington? Just a stocky, athletic rather than poetic looking young American, born on French Independence Day, July 14, in Nassau, British Bahamas. His boyhood was spent in Harford County, Maryland, his parents coming there when he was six months old. His first published attempt at poetic flight was dedicated to General Botha. It appeared in the Piedmont Herald and took sides against the British in the Boer War.

In college days at Syracuse University, and later at Boston University School of Theology, and Harvard, he wrote college songs and not a few Negro dialect poems, which he always recited with captivating humor.

Mr. Farrington was not in a strict sense a soldier—he had the unusual experience, through the Foyers, of being physical director for over a year to thousands of French soldiers. So highly was his work for them appreciated that he was given the very high honor—which the King of Italy alone shares with him—of being elected a member of one of the oldest and proudest French Regiments, the seventh and tenth Cuirassiers, which uniform he is allowed to wear at his discretion. So after all I perhaps should be indulged the poetic license of hailing him our soldier—or should I say our poilu poet? Since his return Mr. Farrington has been getting his first volume ready for the press, and has only recently accepted a call to be educational pastor at Grace Church, New York, in association with Dr. Frederick Brown Harris.

America will receive Farrington. Like both Kipling and Riley, he has written largely of the commonplace without once becoming commonplace. America will thank Farrington for handing down the poetry stuff that's rough and brown.



ALAN SEEGER'S MEXICO

THERE is not a Mexico—there are Mexicos and Mexicos and Mexicos limited in number only by one's angles of vision. For example, there was the Mexico of my geography days: a Mexico ——, on the west by ——, on the south by ——, on the east by ——, on the west by —— (a blessed oblivion swallowed up the "bys" the day after examination and has kept them for me ever since); a Mexico of longitudes and latitudes and altitudes; a Mexico of flora and fauna; a Mexico which was a republic and had a capital city. I suppose that Mexico still exists somewhere. Somebody else may be "cramming" that Mexico this very minute with the mental reservation that it shall be un-crammed the day after to-morrow and relegated to Never-Never Land! That somebody else has my sympathy. But as for me, I am emancipated and I rejoice in my emancipation. I have discovered another Mexico and I want to announce my discovery.

I have always wondered why we don't let our poets in on our geography text books. At least we might let them collaborate with our dry-as-dust professional geographers. It might be good for all concerned. Now Mexico isn't all poetry. Far from it. But there's enough poetry in it to keep fifty real poets busy a lifetime and give fifty thousand more near-poets an eight-hour-day-with-double-pay-for-over-time job for at least half of their lives. And oh what a geography for the imagination they could give us!

Suppose, for our little journey into this other Mexico that isn't known to the geographers, we take a real poet for a guide (the journeymen poets are all right, but when we can have the best why not take it?) and let Alan Seeger show us his Mexico. He bounds his country too, and gives it latitude and longitude and altitude and flora and fauna and a capital city—all right! But his are boundaries that stretch and stretch to let in the sapphire sky, and altitudes that climb up snow-crowned mountains emerging slowly from their protecting clouds in the morning and drawing back into their retreat at night. For fauna we must follow where

"Soaring birds make their dissolving bed
Far in the azure depths of summer sky,"

or where we hear

"the merry tune
Of mating warblers in the boughs above,
And shrill cicadas whom the hottest noon
Keeps not from drowsy song; the mourning dove
Pours down the murmuring grove his plaintive croon."

For flora,

"Perhaps by some deep-shaded pool at last
My feet would pause, where gold-fish poise and swim,
And snowy callas' velvet cups are massed
Around the mossy snow-encircled brim.

. . . . . .

"Here the blanched lilies of the vale
And violets and yellow star-flowered teem,
And pink and purple hyacinths exhale
Their heavy fume."

As for cities—well, they were built to music like Merlin's of old and the music has never departed from them. It is an enchanted land, this Mexico of Alan Seeger's, and if you are a practical person who objects to enchantments, why, don't engage him as your guide or go along in his party. But if you happen to be of the number of those who have no special interest in keeping their spirits always tied tight to their bodies, why, come along!

First stop, this old wall that rambles along beside the highway. Now don't make the mistake of thinking it a transplanted New England wall—or even a first cousin to the New England variety. A New England wall, no matter how ravishingly unmethodical it may look, always ends up by getting somewhere. Not so with a Mexican wall. It never has a ghost of an objective and is just exactly the delightful gypsy it looks. You of the unloosed spirits are absolutely safe in following it.

"Here among trees whose overhanging shade
Strews petals on the little droves below,
Pattering town-ward in the morning, weighed
With greens from many an upland garden-row,
Runs an old wall; long centuries have frayed
Its scalloped edge—

. . . . . .

But here where little lizards bask and blink
The tendrils of the trumpet-vine have run,
At whose red bells the humming bird to drink
Stops oft before his garden feast is done;
And rose-geraniums, with that tender pink
That cloud-banks borrow from the setting sun,
Have covered part of this old wall, entwined
With fair plumbago, blue as evening heavens behind.

"And crowning other parts the wild white rose
Rivals the honeysuckle with the bees."

Native fauna and flora indeed! Say, rather, hybrids from the cloudbanks and the evening heavens!

"Tall and luxuriant the rank grass grows,
That settled in its wavy depth one sees
Grass melt in leaves, the mossy trunks between,
Down fading avenues of implicated green,
Wherein no lack of flowers the verdurous night
With stars and pearly nebula o'er lay;
Azalea-boughs, half rosy and half white,
Shine through the green and clustering apple-spray;

. . . . . .

"And under the deep grass blue harebells hide,
And myrtle plots with dew-fall ever wet,
Gay tiger-lilies flammulate and pied,
Sometimes on pathway borders neatly set,
Now blossom through the brake on either side,
Where heliotrope and weedy mignonette,
With vines in bloom and flower-bearing trees,
Mingle their incense all to swell the perfumed breeze."

Are Mexican winds subject to scientific laws, and are there ways and means of ascertaining direction, velocity, etc., etc.? Well, honestly I don't know; but I *do* know that

"the perfumed breeze
Comes up the valley where green corn-fields wave,
Ravels the cloud about the mountain crest,
Breathes on the lake till gentle ripples pave
Its placid floor,"

and what's the use of knowing anything more about it?

"Ixtaccihuatl—approximately 16,000 feet high." Now what is that to one who can look

"Far to the east, where billowy mountains break
In surf of snow against a sapphire sky,
Huge thunderheads loom up behind the ranges,
Changing from gold to pink as deepening sunset changes.
And over plain and far sierra spread
The fulgent rays of fading afternoon,
Showing each utmost peak and watershed
All clarified, each tassel and festoon
Of floating cloud embroidered overhead,
Like lotus-leaves on bluest waters strewn,
Flushing with rose, while all breathes fresh and free
In peace and amplitude and bland tranquillity."

As for the capital city—you approach with Alan Seeger by a road which, like

"a silver band
Through vineyard slopes above and rolling grain,
Winds off to that dim corner of the skies
Where behind sunset hills a stately city lies."

Capital of the Mexican Republic indeed! Capital, rather, of "that dim corner of the skies"—and richly do the skies pay tribute where tribute is due.

O bounded on the North Mexico must be, and on the South too —and the East and West! Lest it stay here no more, but float away and be at one with its sky-realm, we will grant it latitude and longitude as well. And altitude thrown in for good measure. These ought we still to keep—I suppose! but these others—color, light, fragrance, loveliness—oh let us not slight them for one minute! For when abide boundaries and measurements and beauty—these three—why, who shall deny that the greatest of these is beauty?

Helen Grace Murray

Mexico City.

THE SCIENTIFIC LEADERSHIP OF THE WORLD

The world which came to an end in August, 1914, has been replaced by one which is perhaps no happier, but is certainly much wiser. Here in America we have, at any rate, corrected our geography, recovered some history, acquired a large degree of self-reliance, and have learned something in the practice of economy and the avoidance of wasteful competition. Our perspective is wider; our sense of proportion is keener, and we all have an inordinate desire to know the truth. We are certainly less ready than before the war to accept men and nations at their own estimate. For most of us, the facts about Germany have a keen interest; and more than once the question has been raised as to whether a fair estimate of German science would give to that nation the preeminence of which she has long boasted. The following is an attempt to give a just answer to this question and one which shall be, as nearly as possible, impersonal.

To estimate leadership is a confessedly difficult problem. There is no unit in which to measure the value of any man's discovery, no standard with which to compare his originality. Yet on each of these questions most of us entertain an opinion, and could, if asked, give our reasons for thinking as we do. As illustrating the certainty with which such opinions are established, I presume no one would deny that when scientific leadership departed from Greece it took up residence in Egypt, that it later crossed with the Moors to Spain; and thence, about the period of the Reformation, to Northern Italy before coming to France and England. Has it since then turned as far east as Berlin?

A satisfactory answer to this question is at present perhaps an impossibility. Nevertheless, a certain impartiality of view, a certain self-detachment, may perhaps be secured by the following somewhat rough method: Take the period of experimental science covering only the last three hundred years. Select from the scientific achievements of this interval the most noteworthy discoveries relating to any single field of knowledge—say, biology or mathematics. In making this selection forget as completely as possible

everything connected with these achievements save their scientific importance. Having completed this part of the task, proceed to assign each of these discoveries to the nation which produced it. Such a solution is certain to invite criticism from every intelligent reader; for no two men will agree in weighing the various advances of the last three centuries. Nevertheless I have been prompted, mainly by my own curiosity, to make just such an invoice in the domain of physics, and the results are given in the following list. The water-tight compartments into which physics is divided for purposes of teaching are, as every one now knows, pure fictions. They exist merely as a matter of convenience. Each branch of physics—heat, light, electricity, etc.—is dovetailed into each other branch just as each of the experimental sciences is bound by connective tissue with each other science.

Here, again, these subdivisions are convenient; accordingly I have distributed some two hundred noteworthy achievements in physics under six headings. Each man's name is followed by the approximate date of his research and preceded by his nationality. On the right is given a brief indication of the nature of the discovery. For the specialist this mere suggestion will be ample; for the layman, quite inadequate; but every reader can form his own judgment.

MECHANICS OF SOLIDS

Dutch	Stevin, 1594	Principle of Virtual Velocities
Italian	Galileo, 1600	First and second laws of motion Modern idea of force
British	Gascoigne, 1640	Invented the Micrometer eyepiece
Dutch	Huygens, 1658	Centrifugal force Laws of physical pendulum
British	Hooke, 1660	Law of Elasticity
British, Dutch	Wallis, Wren, Huygens, 1668	Laws of Impact
French	Richer, 1671	Equatorial acceleration Variation of weight
British	Newton, 1687	III Law of Motion Universal Gravitation, Law of
French	Varignon, 1687	Graphical Statics
British	Graham, 1722	Mercury Pendulum
British	Harrison, 1726	Gridiron Pendulum
French	Guillaume, 1899	"Invar" Pendulum
French	D'Alembert, 1743	His Principle
French, British	Maupertuis, 1752; Hamilton, 1834	Principle of Least Action
French, French, British	Coulomb, 1781; Morin, 1834; Reynolds, 1883	Laws of Friction

French Lagrange, 1788—Summarized Mechanics in a single equation
French Poinsot, 1834—The Couple: The Central Axis
German Helmholtz
British Kelvin
German Mayer
British Joule
1847—Conservation of Energy

MECHANICS OF FLUIDS

Italian Torricelli, 1643—Law of Efflux. Barometer
German Guericke, 1652
German Sprengel, 1865
German Gaede, 1905
American Langmuir, 1916
Air Pump
British Boyle, 1660
British Andrews, 1869
French Amagat, 1880
Dutch Van der Waals, 1881
American Bridgman, 1914
Equation of State
Swiss Bernouilli, 1738
Swiss Euler, 1755
British Stokes, 1845
German Helmholtz, 1868
Motion of Liquids: Vortices
British Newton, 1687
French Laplace, 1799
British Kelvin, 1872
British G. Darwin, 1898
American Harris, 1904
American Michelson, 1917
The Tides
German Weber Bros., 1825
British Airy, 1845
British Stokes, 1851
British Kelvin, 1887
Surface Waves
British Jurin, 1720
French Laplace, 1805
British Young, 1805
German Gauss, 1830
British Rayleigh, 1890
Surface Tension
Dutch Buys-Ballot, 1851—Law of the Wind
French Cailletet, 1877
Swiss Pictet, 1877
Russian Wroblewski, 1885
Russian Olzewski, 1885
German Linde, 1896
British Dewar, 1898
Dutch Onnes, 1914
Liquefaction of Gases
British Rayleigh, 1894
British Ramsay, 1894
Discovery of the Nobel gases
American Langley, 1891—The Dynamics of Flight

SOUND

French Mersenne, 1636
French d'Alembert, 1747
Swiss Bernouilli, 1750
Laws of Strings in Vibration
Italian Tartini, 1754
German Helmholtz, 1853
British Rucker and Edser, 1895
Combination Tones
British Newton, 1686
French Laplace, 1816
Swiss Colladon, 1827
Swiss Sturm, 1827
French Regnault, 1853
Speed of Sound

German	Chladni, 1795	Theory of Organ Pipes
German	Helmholtz, 1863	
German	Kundt, 1866	
British	Rayleigh, 1880	
German	Toepler, 1867	Photography of Sound Waves
German	Mach, 1889	
British	Boys, 1890	
American	Wood, 1899	
American	Foley, 1912	
British	Rayleigh, 1880—Diffraction of Sound Waves	
German	Helmholtz, 1863	Physical Basis of Music
American	Miller, 1916	

HEAT

Italian	Galileo, 1613—First Temperature Scale	
French	Rey, 1631	Mercury Thermometer
French	Dalance, 1688	
German	Fahrenheit, 1714	
Swede	Celsius, 1742	
German	Lambert, 1760	Air Thermometer
French	Regnault, 1850	
French	Chappuis, 1900	
American	Rumford, 1798	First Law of Thermodynamics
British	Davy, 1812	
German	Mayer, 1842	
German	Helmholtz, 1847	
British	Joule, 1850	
French	Carnot, 1824	Second Law of Thermodynamics
British	Kelvin, 1848	
German	Clausius, 1850	
American	Gibbs, 1873—Thermodynamics of Fluids	
British	Kelvin, 1854—Absolute Scale of Temperatures	
French	Fourier, 1820—Conduction of Heat: Ohm's Law	
Italian	Melloni, 1831	Radiation of Heat
Austrian	Stefan, 1879	
American	Langley, 1881	
British	Boys, 1888	
German	Wien, 1893	
German	Planck, 1910	
American	Coblentz, 1915	
French	Le Chatelier, 1892	Pyrometer
British	Callendar, 1900	
German	Holborn & Kurlbaum, 1903	

LIGHT

Dutch	Snell, 1615	Law of Refraction
Dutch	Huygens, 1690	
Italian	Cavalieri, 1647	Lenses
British	Dollond, 1758	
American	Clark, 1888	
German	Abbe, 1890	
Danish	Roemer, 1676	Speed of Light
British	Bradley, 1728	
French	Fizeau, 1849	
French	Foucault, 1853	
American	Michelson, 1882	
American	Newcomb, 1882	
Italian	Grimaldi, 1660	Nature of Light
British	Newton, 1667	
Dutch	Huygens, 1690	
British	Young, 1803	

French	Fresnel, 1819	Nature of Light
British	Maxwell, 1864	
British	Rayleigh, 1880	
German	Wiener, 1890	
Danish	Bartholinus, 1669	Polarization and Double Refraction
French	Malus, 1808	
French	Biot, 1816	
British	Melvill, 1752	Spectrum Analysis
British	Wollaston, 1802	
German	Fraunhofer, 1814	
German	Kirchhoff, 1859	
German	Bunsen, 1859	
British	Huggins, 1864	
Swede	Angstrom, 1871	
American	Michelson, 1882	
American	Rowland, 1883	
American	Keeler, 1895	
French	Fabry, 1897	
French	Perot, 1897	
American	Wadsworth, 1900	
American	Hale, 1908	
Swiss	Balmer, 1885	Laws of Spectra
German	Kayser, 1892	
German	Runge, 1892	
Swede	Rydberg, 1895	
German	Ritz, 1903	
Danish	Bohr, 1915	
British	Thomson, 1919	
Dutch	Zeeman, 1896—His "Effect"	
British	Maxwell, 1864	Light Pressure
Russian	Lebedew, 1900	
American	Nichols, 1900	
German	Lambert, 1760	Photometry
French	Carcel, 1800	
German	Lummer, 1890	
German	Brodhun, 1890	
American	Rood, 1893	
American	Brace, 1899	

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM

British	Gilbert, 1600	Fundamental Experiments
British	Halley, 1700	
British	Gray, 1729	
French	Du Fay, 1734	
German	Kleist, 1745	Leyden Jar
Dutch	Muschenbroek, 1746	
American	Franklin, 1749—Identification of Lightning	
British	Cavendish, 1773—Dielectric Constant	
French	Coulomb, 1785—Law of Electric Force	
Italian	Galvani, 1786—Electric Currents	
Italian	Volta, 1799	Voltaic Cells
British	Clark, 1874	
French	Plante, 1879	
American	Weston, 1891	
American	Edison, 1904	
British	Carlisle, 1800	Electrolysis
British	Nicholson, 1800	
British	Faraday, 1831	
Danish	Oersted, 1820	Magnetic Effect of Electric Current
French	Ampere, 1820	

British	Faraday, 1831	Electro-magnetic Induction
American	Henry, 1832	
German	Seebeck, 1821	Thermoelectric Effect
French	Peltier, 1834	
French	Fourier, 1820	Law of Conduction
German	Ohm, 1828	
American	Bell, 1876	Telephone
American	Gray, 1876	
French	Savary, 1826	Electric Oscillations and Electric Waves
American	Henry, 1842	
British	Kelvin, 1853	
German	Fedderson, 1857	
British	Maxwell, 1864	
German	Hertz, 1888	
French	Branly, 1890	
Italian	Righi, 1894	
Italian	Marconi, 1901	
British	Fleming, 1904	
American	Rowland, 1876	Electron Theory
British	Crookes, 1879	
German	Helmholtz, 1882	
German	Goldstein, 1886	
Dutch	Lorentz, 1893	
British	Thomson, 1897	
British	Wilson, 1897	
British	Townsend, 1897	
British	Rutherford, 1897	
Swiss	Einstein, 1905	
German	Bucherer, 1909	
American	Millikan, 1910	
British	Moseley, 1912	
German	Gauss, 1832	Absolute System of Electrical Units
German	Weber, 1832	
British	Maxwell, 1863	
British	Kelvin, 1863	
British	Rayleigh, 1881	
German	Roentgen, 1895	X-rays
British	Barkla, 1905	
German	Haga, 1907	
German	Laue, 1912	
British	Bragg, 1913	
American	Coolidge, 1913	

This evidently incomplete catalogue may be summarized in various ways. If we give to each event the same weight, and reckon according to nations, the result is as follows:

SUMMARY

British	Discoveries	= 70	Allies	= 157	
German	"	= 48			
French	"	= 40	Central Powers	= 49	
American	"	= 33			
Italian	"	= 11	Neutrals	= 27	
Dutch	"	= 12			
Swiss	"	= 8			
Danish	"	= 4			
Russian	"	= 3			
Swedish	"	= 3			
Austrian	"	= 1			
	Total	= 233	Total	= 233	

The clarification of ideas and the acquisition of a proper perspective is a slow process, even for the best of us. In science as elsewhere the light comes slowly. An entire generation intervened between the discovery of the Voltaic cell and the invention of the telegraph: another generation lapsed while the discovery of the electro-magnet and the magneto were being combined into the dynamo. It requires a long time for a man to know his own friends; unless, perhaps, he is fighting with them in the front trenches or camping with them in bad weather.

It is not, therefore, surprising that we have been a long while in recognizing the fact that, while much high grade and fundamental work has been done by German physicists, they have acquired no such preeminence as their Prussian advertisers would have us believe. As regards chemistry and biology, I am not able to speak. The circumstances may be different.

Among the striking facts of this summary are the prominence of England and the fundamental character of English discoveries; also the highly respectable place occupied by our own comparatively youthful nation. Another arresting feature of this table is the rôle which the individual plays in productive research. One who will take the pains to examine the original memoirs will be impressed by the fact that these discoveries have not been made in response to any imperial fiat or to any legislative action or under any governmental direction. The man is the vital factor in research. Cooperation of individuals is not infrequent; but in nearly every case the essential idea is due to one man. Cooperation is especially possible in the larger undertakings of astronomy, geology and geodesy: but even there the method employed is that of some single creative genius.

The inference is plain. That nation which seeks "a place in the sun" of scientific achievement must encourage the exceptional man. No amount of institutional effort or federal machinery can hope to replace the support which belongs to the individual. The university is the natural home of research. One who will take pains to look up the positions of the investigators mentioned above will be amazed to find what a large percentage belongs to the class which the man of the street calls "dusty-minded professors."

There is great danger in identifying the building with the university.

The right of individual initiative is one of the things we have been fighting for. If the man of exceptional ability can be left free to pursue his own bent, then the outlook for American science is bright; for the lure of scientific research can be trusted to do the rest; and if in the future the endowments for our universities continue to come—as they largely have in the past—from individuals, of their own free will, then the outlook for American science will be brighter still; for this will indicate that American science has the genuine sympathy of the American people.

Henry Drew.

THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND LIFE OF GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS

"Religion is the earnest endeavor to do right—the constant desire to do right."

George Frederic Watts was not only one of the greatest creative and interpretative artists of the nineteenth century, he was one of the most vitally religious spirits of an epoch which produced such men as John Keble, John Henry Newman, Edward B. Pusey, Frederick Denison Maurice, F. W. Robertson, and Charles Kingsley—men whose distinctive vocation was religion. In very early life he was baptized in the Church of England, but neither its "service" nor its theology ever appealed to him, and he seems, even in his youth, to have quietly disavowed the vicarious obligations assumed by his god-father, whoever he was, and to have begun thinking on his own account long before he saw that he could never be a "churchman" even of the "broad" school. His biographer, Mrs. Watts, says that as a boy he was actually "shocked" by the gross appeals made to fear by some missioner in a black robe, and repelled by the bare and dreary forms which antedated the Oxford Movement. More than that, he became suspicious of the sincerity of his spiritual teachings, and bade fair to become a secularist of the most radical sort, had it not been for an innate reverence for the higher self, or the higher powers of the Spirit, which persisted in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of the fact, that he early realized the dissonance between his own nature and his ecclesiastical environment. Indeed, this reverence for the things of the Spirit became more and more profound, so that late in life he told his wife that he was always conscious of them—conscious of a Great Presence to which others gave the name of "God," but for which he found it inadequate. In a moment of sacred communing with her he said that he was constantly seeking to realize this Presence. "In my work I am always trying for it. Religion is nothing unless it is the music that runs through all life, from the least thing that we can do to

the greatest. We know we have a desire to live well, to love goodness, and to aspire after it: that is, for God; to live in love for all, and to do rightly toward all: that is, for man." There is only one great mystery—the Creator. We can never return to the early ideas of him as a kind, white-bearded old man—the "God" of so-called "Christian" art. Of course, he could never return to the "God" of the Hebrew Bible—the Yahveh—the tribal God of Jephthah, the awful God of armies, nor could he accept the "God" of Christian theology—the Father-Son-Spirit God of the Nicene Creed—but he never ceased to think about the great fundamental problems involved in any self-consistent, rational endeavor to understand, however imperfectly, the relations which exist between the individual human life and the universal order of things. His intellectual honesty, his feeling that he owed it to himself to think every question to its conclusion, made it impossible for him to be an agnostic—even a reverent agnostic—and though he agreed with the great illuminated and liberal thinkers of his age in repudiating the church's "God" as too small a God for the Cosmos, he worked out a theory, monistic or pantheistic, that the action, reaction, and interaction of life in its manifold phases were like the movements of a shuttle carrying the threads of great eternal, universal purposes to and fro, weaving a Vesture which he called God, Nature, or Humanity—either name expressing his idea. "If I were ever to make a symbol of deity, it would be as a great Vesture into which everything that exists is woven." But late in his career he attempted to make this "symbol" in a picture which he called "The Sower of the Systems"—the vision of a Figure impelled rapidly forward, while stars, suns, and planets fly from hands that scatter them as seeds are scattered—"an attempt to paint an unpaintable subject," his biographer says.

But, whether monist or pantheist, he held himself as rigidly to an ideal life as the saintliest saint in the calendar. Indeed, his repudiation of the orthodox theology, with all of its implications, his aloofness from the church-life of England, seemed to intensify his desire to live a life in which sense of personal responsibility should embody itself in conformity with principles

of perfect equity, justice, right. This meant that he should devote himself with hieratic or prophetic sincerity and enthusiasm to the perfect harmonization of his inmost impulses with the organic moral processes of the universe. Having excommunicated himself from contemporaneous religious life, he felt it more than ever incumbent upon him to demonstrate the possibilities of character and conduct animated by moral impulses wholly dissociated from those which spring from theology or the conventional church. At the outset of his career he formed this great purpose—he made this great consecration. "My great and ever constant desire," he said, "is to identify artistic outcome with all that is good and great in every creed and utterance, and all that is inspiring in every record of heroism, of suffering, of effort, and achievement." For he identified his life and his art when he defined religion as "the earnest endeavor of every moment." He never relaxed. "The only quality," he once said, "I can look back upon and say that I had to save me from being nothing at all is persistence: I never faltered." "All I have attained to is the result of strenuous and persistent effort." Strenuous!—he might have said scrupulous, if it were not that that word has a background of pettiness. Yet his wife says that he liked to have a great care in small matters: he required to have things done by his servants very precisely, just as a watchmaker likes to have great care in the smallest matter of watchmaking, because unless every part of a watch's mechanism is perfect, the watch will not keep perfect time. "Religion," he said, "is nothing unless it is the music that runs through all life, from the least thing to the greatest." "Waste of time was irreligious, waste of daylight, waste of any material possession. Order was religious; so were industry, cleanliness, punctuality, so that even the smallest duty well done became to him part of the religious life." John Wesley and he would have perfectly agreed in their love of system, order, method. His biographer-wife says that he never seemed to descend from one plane of activity or thought to another, as if one phase of life and action were inferior to another; all his life was lived on the same high spiritual level. All that he did, he did, not to the glory of "God," but for the purpose of living well and wisely, for the purpose of doing

the largest possible amount of good to his fellow men by the fullest exercise of his own capacities, faculties, and powers.

This singular loftiness of purpose accompanied an equally singular self-depreciation. "I wish I had done more with the long span of years,' he once said, with a sense of failure in his mind, a sense which often became depressingly acute, and which may be attributed to the fact that he had to find his own unaided way both in art and in religious philosophy. Perhaps no representative man in his century was more self-reliant than he. He held no diploma, he belonged to no church, he was not a disciple of any school of thought. It may almost be said that he owed no man anything. His religious opinions, like his methods and ideals in art, were the product of his own thinking, the result of his own mental and spiritual reaction upon the phenomena of life as he knew them. And yet he arrived at the same goal which the Puritan attained long before under the inspirations of what Renan calls "Biblism." "Religion meant for him the coming of the kingdom of God in the earth. The total activity of man was in duty bound to be a contribution to the coming of this kingdom. Family life must be ordered in the name of the Eternal Family. Human love must not be allowed to remain in the animal state, but must be transfigured through conscience. Business must be done in justice and in due respect to the humanity of man. Politics must not forget that it deals with the interests of man as a citizen of the commonwealth. Outside religion there could lie no human interest; everything that he did he was in duty bound to do as a Christian man." That was Puritanism—and Watts was Puritan in his sense of duty. It might almost be said that he was obsessed by the sense of duty were it not that his spirit was so serene in endeavor to do what he felt it his duty to do. There are religionists who discredit the religion of duty, but, if the Good itself in last analysis is that which ought to *be*, it embodies itself finally in that which ought to be *done*, and the good man will be he who does his duty—his whole duty. In his humility Watts claimed to do only his duty, but it was glory that he did *that* and that his motives were pure.

In that respect, again, his ethical motives and his artistic

motives were identical. He did his best always; even when he failed, as he sometimes did, he did his best; and even when he succeeded, in the judgment of others, he was not always sure that he might not have done better. He was less sure of himself as an artist than as a man. He was in no sense satisfied with himself, but he never depreciated his moral achievements as he depreciated his achievements as sculptor or painter. He was less sure of himself when he took up pencil or chisel than when he exercised his will in performance of a distinctively moral act. His great designs were perfected only after long periods of toil, his portraits painted with almost painful struggle; often he expressed regret that permission was given to let work leave his studio. But his inner life was never marred, so far as appears, by regrets, by remorse, or by bitter repentance. His moral instincts seem always to have been right. There was no discord between his conscience and his conduct; he had no radical defects, and there were no lapses in his life.

To pass from Watts's religious opinions to analysis of his moral practice, his moral technic, is not to diverge, because in Watts himself there was no distinction between practice and theory, between technic and principle. He was not only supremely consistent, but his consistency of life was consistent with the principles of his religious philosophy considered in itself. This cannot be said of all religionists, because the life of many a religionist is better than his doctrine of God. Watts's conduct of life was determined by his experience of life itself. He was self-sufficient; his own conscience accusing or excusing, his own soul a law to itself. If his life possesses any universal lesson for humanity, it lies in the fact that the moral world of cause and effect was for him the real world. To him that world was more real, more familiar, than London. The events in his career which meant most to him and mean most to us were those involving some great moral issue. For instance, he remembered after fifty years his deliberate removal of a feeling of resentment which he had held against some one who had wronged him, and he did this because the feeling consciously degraded him, reacting disastrously upon the moral fiber of his own nature. That, for him,

was sufficient motive for so radical an act of discipline, and the fact is significant that it occurred early in his life. It was spontaneous. Even then he knew that it was possible to control himself, to take himself in hand; his whole life from that time to the end was practice of the lesson that he then learned. This discounts the theory that the so-called "natural" man can do nothing of himself. The ultraorthodox discover in it nothing but a phase of total depravity—an example of "mere morality"—but Watts taught the great lessons of a universal ethic; and one of his master works hangs in Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, teaching a truth boundlessly larger than that formulated in the dreary creeds recited there by priests incapable of Watts' stern self-culture—his vigor, action, and noble simplicity; incapable of discerning the contrast between the cosmic elements of his philosophy and the incompleteness of a "faith" which mocks reason and a "hope" which taunts aspiration.

G. M. Hammell

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE ETHICS OF RIDICULE. II

Away back in one of the previous centuries a boy was born on Friday, the thirteenth, red-headed; thus triply hoodooed from his birth, like an infant reprobate under the old Calvinism, damned before he was born.

The hoodoo of evil omens he easily disposed of before he was full grown. He was reared in a Christian home in an atmosphere of faith and not of superstition. He was taught very early, not fear of hobgoblins and bugaboos, but trust in a living God, the heavenly Father of His earthly children. He laughed evil omens to scorn and defied their menace. As for Friday, he learned that Washington, and Gladstone, and Spurgeon, and many others of the great and good were born on that inauspicious day. He made Friday his favorite day, next to Sunday. He liked to be one of thirteen at a dinner table, and through life preferred, other things being equal, room number thirteen in hotel or sanitarium, whenever they dared put that number on a room. He made a habit of walking under ladders, spilling the salt, seeing the new moon over his left shoulder, and challenging every bad-luck sign he heard of. He wondered then how supposedly intelligent and even Christian people could be so superstitious, just as he wonders in these days at the statement in a reputable medical journal that "there are surgeons who will not operate on Friday, and will not ever operate with a red-headed nurse." To see Christians paying deference to such heathenish superstitions reminds one of Kipling's words, "A wastin' Christian kisses on a bloomin' idol's fut." The heathen in his blindness is scarcely more benighted than they in that particular. They are like children scaring themselves and each other with "The gobbeluns'll git ye, ef ye don't watch out." See them trying to dodge little devils, nailing up horseshoes and "knocking wood" like terrified pagans beating tom-toms to frighten malicious evil spirits away.

The handicap of his red hair the Boy could not so easily dispose

of, it being a fact and not a superstition. With this he had to worry along as best he could, and was part of the time able to bear indignities with meekness or at least in patient silence. When his father, at family prayers, read from the 119th Psalm, "The proud have had me in derision," the boy thought he knew how the psalmist felt. But he wondered then, as he wonders now, why the dark-haired folk should tote their haughty, unhaloed heads so high, as if they felt themselves to be the supermen. As years went on some consolations came to brace him. Once he got a helpful hint from the story of an Emir's son who was jeered continually because of his red hair until he went to his father and said: "Father, I cannot endure it—I must color my hair or kill myself." "My son," said the Emir, "you must neither dye nor die; but conduct yourself so that other fathers shall wish that their sons had hair like yours." The boy, reading this story, thought that if he behaved himself he might perhaps keep out of prison and live till he died.

Later other discouraging intimations came along to daunt his doomed and timid soul.

Astrology's horoscope was not the most propitious. He was not born under the luckiest constellation; zodiacal signs did not smile on him; so the stars in their courses were fighting against the hoodooed boy. This, in due time, he repelled with the reply, "It is not in our stars but in ourselves if we are underlings."

Also the Phrenologist came, felt of the bumps of his head and found some deficiencies, hollows as well as hillocks; but the Boy concluded on mature reflection that judging of a man's brains by the bumps on his skull is like guessing at the amount of money in a safe by feeling of the knobs on the outside.

Last of all came Physiognomy, envisaged him squarely and made its comments. Its salient and central doctrine seemed to be that a protuberant proboscis prognosticates power and connotes courage, a very ancient notion. Thousands of years ago the Hindu epics pictured gods and heroes with prominent noses. The Rig-Veda contains contemptuous allusions to "foes with no noses." Vyasa describes Battle-Strong, his hero, as having a terrible "monstrous nose." It is written, "Napoleon always chose men with big noses as his chief officers. His own nose was a good one, but he was finally vanquished by the owner of a bigger one." Phenomenal importance is attributed to the nose; it fills the foreground of facial significance and makes or mars a countenance. The nose most elaborately celebrated in literature

belonged to a certain Herr Wahl, whose egregious proboscis provoked the poet Haug, friend and classmate of Schiller, to publish in 1804 two hundred witty epigrams about that prodigious feature. A sore affliction is such a nose. Cyrano de Bergerac, in Rostand's play, was cursed with a nose which made life a tragedy of ridicule for him. Cyrano was a valiant soul, and when Death approached, would not lie down but stood erect with drawn sword to fight off the last great enemy, crying bravely, "Since Death comes, I meet him still afoot and sword in hand." But even Death made fun of poor persecuted Cyrano, who cries in anguish, "Why, I believe he, too, even he, mocks my nose. Ho! insolent fiend!" A famous world-financier carried the mortification of a nose which was "like the heel of a shoe," or "like a warty toad squat in the middle of his face." His friends say he would have given a million dollars to be rid of that affliction. But reconstructive facial surgery had not yet attained its present skill. To Fitz James O'Brien, poet and soldier, came an unexpected opportunity to have his nose remodeled to his taste. After one of his animated discussions he was obliged to resort for repairs to a surgeon, who gives this account of his patient: "He looked like Cruikshank's cartoon of 'the man wot wun the foight.' Never have I seen the human proboscis so completely comminuted. He was solicitous that I should make it slightly aquiline but avoid the Israelitish extreme. Romans, not Hebrews, was his favorite epistle." Presumably the O'Brien's new nose resembled that of Pet Marjorie Fleming's monkey:

> His nose's cast is of the Roman;
> He is a very pretty woman.
> I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
> So was obliged to call him woman.

The most striking feature in John Henry Newman's melancholy face was his nose, which Lecky, the historian, curiously describes as "very large and bending about a good deal in different directions to economize space." (Wouldn't that make it occupy more space?) An English observer in Paris during the Peace Conference noted that Woodrow Wilson resembled Joseph Chamberlain, the English political leader, and said: "The most marked feature in both is the challenging nose, that type of nose on which Hazlitt said, 'the younger Pitt suspended the House of Commons.'" Such a nose might signal to a Senate, "You be hanged!"

Unquestionably the prevalent idea about the promise and potency of the nose is fairly expressed in a homely versifier's picture of a father

coming home late at night, bending over his sleeping boy's crib and saying proudly, "Gosh! that's a capable nose. He'll make his way in the world." Our before-mentioned hoodooed Boy was early impressed with the importance given to the nose, the significance imputed to it. In his teens he read in reports of the battles of the Civil War that "Fighting Joe Hooker's" great fighting at Williamsburg, Antietam, and Lookout Mountain was credited to his powerful nose, while his defeat at Chancellorsville and failures elsewhere were blamed on his retreating chin.

The Boy, aware of his own defects, not having a chin like a plowshare nor "a nose like the prow of a ship," as Emerson describes Thoreau's, had misgivings as to his ability to face the world, and actually prayed to be saved from ever being a coward. One day in early manhood he got help in London. It was the day after Landseer died. After reading the accounts in the morning papers he went to the National Gallery and spent an hour with the collection of Landseer's paintings. Among them was "Wellington Revisiting Waterloo." There has long been a persistent legend about the phenomenal largeness of Wellington's nose. A popular essayist calls it "a conquering nose, able to crash through a world." In Landseer's picture the Iron Duke has ridden out upon his old battlefield and, halting his horse at a critical point on the scene of the great conflict, is pointing out with lifted arm and projecting forefinger to Lady Somebody, on her horse beside him, how the battle surged to and fro, and where the victory was won. The picture gives a side view of Wellington so that the profile of his features stands out distinctly. The Boy could not help noticing that the nose was like his own, and the angels did not laugh at him when a wild peradventure fluttered in his heart that if that nose plowed through at Waterloo, there might be a faint possibility that there was hidden somewhere in him unsuspected the ability to play the soldier, if need arose and the hour struck and duty called. Years later, when George Washington's nose came in to make a trio, the modest boy was in danger of dizziness. A picture of the famous field marshal, Viscount Wolseley, also gave encouragement, since, notwithstanding his weak chin, he was a resolute and rocky soldier whose daring got him pretty well shot to pieces by the time he was twenty-one.

> There's many a chin that sticks out,
> Aggressive, bony, and firm,
> At the base of the face of some lout
> Who hasn't the nerve of a worm.

As time went on the red-haired Boy learned that even that is not a fatal bar sinister. Some redheads have been fairly respectable; that was a gleam of light. Next to religion, the realm nearest this boy was literature, especially the supernal literature of the Book of books. He was born in a parsonage, in the next room to a library. In childhood he used books instead of blocks for building houses on the floor. In his father's study he tumbled over piles of the old Methodist Quarterly Review. The parsonage mind is much occupied with studying and thinking for the purpose of expression in speech or writing. Children reared in that intellectual atmosphere go naturally into authorship or professional life. In the nineteenth century three boys were born, sons of ministers, in middle New Jersey, not far apart in time or space. One of those boys, James M. Buckley, minister, author of books, edited The Christian Advocate thirty-two years; another, Richard Watson Gilder, in spirit a minister preaching all his life in prose and verse, was author of beautiful books, and edited the Century Magazine twenty-five years; the third, also a minister, author of books, edited the METHODIST REVIEW twenty-seven years. Such is frequently the tendency of ministers' children. Religion and literature are their native air. One of these three boys, roaming the realms of literature, began early to note notable redheads among the bright lights in the world of letters, and in the course of time had a convincing list of the lustrous illustrious. Conspicuous in fourteenth-century England was John Gower, a poet in three languages, Latin, French, and English, ranking in his day as the peer of Chaucer, who dubbed him "Moral Gower," on account of the ethical intent and urge of all his poetry, and who dedicated to him as a friend his own "Troilus and Cressida." He had "a grave face framed with long auburn hair." In the fifteenth century was Shakespeare, whose hair, one tradition says, was tinged with the tabooed taint, guilty of gilt. In the sixteenth century Sir Philip Sidney is painted thus: "A delicate Anglo-Norman face, soft blue eyes and flowing auburn hair." The seventeenth century was glorified by those two sublime seers and immortal dreamers, John Milton, with his blue eyes and auburn hair, and John Bunyan, who is described as "tall, large-boned, strong-built, with sparkling eyes and reddish hair." America's great friend, Lafayette, was in his school days "the big boy with red hair." In nineteenth-century England, various shades of red crowned the heads of John Ruskin, Elizabeth Barrett in youth, and the Duke of Argyle, author of The Reign of Law. Will H. Low describes Louis Steven-

son, getting off the Calais train in Paris in 1875, as "a figure unspeakably slight, a face delicate and sensitive, the high cheek-bones of the Scot, light hair with the sandy tint we associate with his countrymen."

Undoubtedly the most flaming and flagrant poll Britain ever saw among its literati was Algernon Charles Swinburne's. An old lady, who knew him in boyhood, remembered him as "a mischievous red-headed young varmint." His cousin, Lord Redesdale, pictured him as a puny, fragile lad with sloping shoulders that looked too weak to support that big bushy head whose tousled fiery hair stood off in all directions,—red, violently red, like burnished copper. Edmund Gosse likened it to a burning bush or a balloon on fire. "Swinburne of the Flaming Hair," a London paper headlined at his death. Henry James and Mr. Gosse furnish two vivid incidents. Mr. James had a portentous capacity for momentous moments. He experienced them more frequently than any other writer of his generation. He was subject to them and liable to an attack anywhere. He caught first sight of Swinburne in the National Gallery, London. While he stood gazing at Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne he suddenly discovered a man beside him whose uncovered head resembled a large, bright orange-colored chrysanthemum, and knew it must be Swinburne. That was enough to make the time and place momentous. Mr. James counted it "a prodigious circumstance" that he was standing at that lurid momentous moment in the presence of the two most famous exploiters of the glory of red hair, Titian and Swinburne, one the supreme artist of it, the other its most dazzling personal exhibit, the "most *chevelu* head in the world"—(*chevelu* applied to a comet means blazing-tailed). Mr. Gosse's incident tells how Swinburne's flaming, wind-blown hair once stopped a congregation on their way to church. Swinburne was visiting a country clergyman, and instead of going to church Sunday morning stood leaning over the fence in front of the rectory clad in a wrapper, his exuberant hair flaring in the sunlight like a roadside bonfire, a scandalous and glaring impropriety. The startled villagers halted and stood staring like frightened sheep at the strange fantastic apparition, until the sexton, wondering at the non-arrival of the congregation, rang the bell a second time; when the boldest man in town bolted past the danger-signal razzle-dazzling over the rectory-gate, and the rest of the flock stampeded after him.

America has none to compare with the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" in high-colored hair or high-colored poetry; but has had a few lesser literary lights. W. D. Howells refers to Mark Twain's

"splendid shock of abundant red hair in young manhood." When a reporter in Virginia City, Nevada, he was "a young man with twinkling, mischievous eyes and hair of a bright, sunny hue." Ridiculed in early life for his hair, he took a rough revenge upon mankind as jester-at-large, joking irreverently about nearly everything and everybody. He climaxed the jests of his mischievous, irreverent, sarcastic years, at a banquet of the literary elite of New England, by a lying yarn which made an alleged California miner give an account of an alleged visit to his cabin by Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, and Emerson. Mark made the supposed Californian describe Emerson as "a seedy, little bit of a chap, red-headed." Mark Twain's scurvy joke was not received by the Athens of America as wit, but as gross, bad taste and vulgar clownishness, taking audacious liberties with the Brahmin caste and with those whose guest he was. Mark Twain was only getting even with the world for ridicule heaped on him in his youth. Whitcomb Riley, in his latter years, told of the terrible time he had with his hair and his freckles: "The fellows and girls used to joke about them, and what they said hurt. You can't know how it hurts to have your peculiarities made sport of unless you have felt the sting." When this Laureate of Boyville made one boy say, "Mebbe I is redheaded and has freckles and warts, but I ain't twins and I kin be told apart," he was writing about himself. Spite of handicaps he endeared himself to all who were ever boys and to all who love boys. Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," winced under the ridicule heaped on his rebellious red hair, but became the pride of the Southland and the joy of millions. Once he spent several exclamation points thus: "Jimmy's hair is fiery red and *yet* he seems to be *happy!!!*" Emily Dickinson's latest critical admirer speaks of her "rich, gleaming, gold-auburn hair." White-haired, noble-faced Julia Ward Howe, whom we have heard recite with majestic dignity and quivering patriotic and religious passion "The Battle-Hymn of the Republic," was once a little red-haired girl living near the Battery in old New York. The brightest of American literary heads was T. B. Aldrich's, brilliant inside as well as outside, emitting electric flashes of wit. "Only touch him and he goes off like a Roman candle," said Dr. Holmes. When his puppy chewed one of its owner's manuscript sonnets that had fallen on the floor, Aldrich sparkled instantly, "How did he know it was doggerel?"

In the course of time the auburn-haired Boy, looking back through

history, caught sight of heights that flash and courts illumined. A venerable tradition says that Trojan Helen was one of the rich red-golds. With this hint a poet tells of a boy in school whose seat was by a window, and who, instead of studying his Homer's Iliad, sat looking out, rapt with the sky, and clouds, and trees, and birds. He did this so much that the teacher moved him to the middle of the room.

> He learned his lesson then for very gloom,
> Until came glowing to a near-by chair
> A little girl with sunset in her hair.

Then his eyes wandered from his Greek to that sweet vision. Her loose, sunset hair afloat upon her shoulders obscured bright Helen and the blazing towers of Troy. The dreaming boy was under a like spell with Poe, whose imagination was so entangled in Helen's tresses that he wrote it was Helen's "hyacinth hair" that drew him from "roaming on desperate seas" to "the glory that was Greece;" the same spell of beauty that made Emerson write of a "hyanciuthine boy for whom morn well might break and April bloom." What was "the glory that was Greece"? Her art was certainly part of it. The Greeks were the master-sculptors; some hold they still are. None will deny that they knew beauty. Their tutelary goddess was Athena, and of course their statues of her made her divinely beautiful. When the greatest artists had carved their conception of her in purest marble as a superb woman of majestic mien, there was only one thing they could do to make the goddess more beautiful than mere white marble could; and they did it. A British scholar tells us: "They painted Athena's braided marble hair that ruddy hue which later was vouchsafed to Queen Elizabeth." "Vouchsafed!" As if ruddy hair were the crowning favor bestowable by men upon a goddess or by gods upon a queen. Athena was not the only goddess to whom was given hair of the ruddy hue. Francis Thompson looks back to the time when the poetic Greek, beholding Apollo in the forefront of the morning, also saw Aphrodite in the upper air "loose the long luster of her red-gold locks." In these modern days an imaginative American at Santa Barbara looking out across the Pacific sees Venus Anadyomene riding in a fluted shell on the backs of tritons, and the lithe, slim goddess of the sea is "combing the tangled night-curls from her ruddy hair" to be ready for the coming of her lover, the young rising sun.

The palaces and thrones of history have sometimes flamed with

"foliage of vermilion hue." In English annals the most regal figure in the Guild of the Gilded is Elizabeth, the virgin queen, whose royal crown of gold rested on a nimbus of golden hair. During her brilliant reign hair like hers was so much prized that a court artist, painting the portrait of a queen's maid of honor, made her appear fairer than she was by giving a reddish tinge to her hair. When in 1837 the Princess Victoria, aged eighteen, was waked early on a June morning and came downstairs in a dressing-gown, with her auburn hair falling loose over her shoulders, to receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury and other august officials notice of her succession to the throne by the death of her uncle, the king, and the English crown rested again on the despised color, the ridicule of redheads ceased once more in Britain. According to Andrew Lang, Mary Queen of Scots had "bright russet hair and red hazel eyes." In Titian's time red-gold was so popular that the Venetian women to whom nature had denied that ornament acquired it by staining their locks with some vegetable extract, and then sitting in the sun for hours with their long tresses spread over broad straw hats from which the top of the crown had been removed. Eugénie Montijo's radiant hair "of just the shade that Titian loved to paint," was one of the charms that won Louis Napoleon's admiration and helped win what little heart a man with such snaky eyes and treacherous soul could have. And, during the years she sat beside Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little" on the throne of France as empress, auburn of every shade was "all the rage" in the French capital and provinces. At one time the most admired among European princesses was the Duchess Isabel of the modest House of Savoy,—a striking and athletic figure who held the brilliancy prize for the two-fold reason that she had the showiest head of carroty-red at any court of Europe, and also was champion gymnast and fencer, an imposing and formidable person surely.

The relative rank of different colors seems not generally known. The decorative value of red is known to magazine makers who report that it is the most effective color for front-cover decoration, darker colors being used to set it off; and to fashion-plate makers and window-dressers who know that no pictures of styles and no show-window groups are complete without one gold or auburn-headed figure. A famous creator of fashions says: "No type of beauty can be more strikingly lovely than the woman with vivid red hair. She may be as decorative as a mural painting." Advertisers know the charm of this type of beauty, and in subway cars, before Government

Railroad Administration took the beauty out of life, the loveliest panel was Phoebe Snow in robes of white upon the road of anthracite with her sunrise head of hair.

Poets and artists know the indispensable ornamental value of the female of the species, know beauty when they see it, and cannot keep house without the light of radiant-haired women. Shakespeare's Julia and Silvia have auburn hair, and the tresses of Milton's Eve are golden. In Tennyson's "Princess," his "sweet girl graduates" have "golden hair." The splendid lines,

> The red gold cataract of her streaming hair
> Is tumbled o'er the boundaries of the world,

seem not extravagant when applied to the brilliant beauty of Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen, in view of her influence on the fate of empires through her fascinating of Cæsar and Antony. Less fortunate is Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" when it lapses into exaggeration by making the lavish gold of Margaret's loose hair seem to diffuse a glory even in the dark! A Manxman mourns the belle of the region:

> The fairest maid in all our town was she,
> Light flaxen with a touch of marigold.

One poet's chief lament at a graveside is,

> Too bad to shut the coffin lid
> On the gleam of such golden hair.

In Aldrich's poem, "White Edith," the pictorial center is his word-painting of her in the fire-lit room and in the antique chair:

> That slight girl-shape,
> The auburn braid about the saintly brows,
> Making a nimbus, and she white as snow.

No more charming picture of a child has appeared in current verse than Mrs. Joyce Kilmer's Deborah, "Her hair a ruffled crest of gold." Instances like these have embellished poetry from the dawn of literature until now.

As for the artists, great painters have always known the artistic value of such colors; foremost among them, Titian, whose canvases often glow with the luster of red-gold auburn hair, crowning his superb women. This master colorist, the central figure of the Renaissance in Italy, was no dilettante æsthete, but a virile rugged individuality, never lowering his art to the level of voluptuousness; spiritual enough to picture the gentleness, intellect, and dignity of Christ as few artists

have. And he it was who perceived and exalted the æsthetic preciousness of rich red which the unartistic ignorant despise and hoodlums mock and jeer. The high charm of his great pictures still splendors Europe with brightness in the galleries of Venice, Rome, Florence, Dresden, Paris, London, Madrid, Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, unless the insane malice of German vandals has destroyed them. One of his pictures was used by a wise artist to comfort a little girl who was crying in a Venetian art palace because her brother kept calling her "redhead." Her mother said, "Never mind, he's only teasing you." But the artist knew a more effectual way. He lifted little Charlotte in his arms, held her up before one of Titian's richly colored paintings, and showed her that the bright hair in the picture was like her own. He told her it was by a great artist who admired that color most. "Do you mean it's pretty?" asked Charlotte. "It's beautiful. All artists think so. Don't ever cry again about your hair. It's beautiful," said that son of consolation, and saved that child then and there from torment, and lifted her above chagrin and humiliation for all subsequent years.

True artist-souls, like Titian, see beauty, whether physical or spiritual, when others do not, just as true poet souls see poetry unperceived by common eyes.

> The poem hangs on the berry-bush
> Till comes the poet's eye.
> The whole street is a masquerade
> When Shakespeare passes by.

Two other artists before Titian's time knew beauty, physical and spiritual, and saw both in a child and an old man. In Florence in the fifteenth century lived an old gilder, a master in his line, who shunned the light of day because his face was so disfigured by a nose that was covered with wartlike growths and discolored by purplish inflammation, that crowds of boys jeered at him on the streets. For this reason he seldom ventured out until late at night. One day a wealthy patron, calling at the old gilder's shop to order some work, was accompanied by a beautiful child, son of a princely house. The child was not repelled by the disfigured countenance, but rather won by the gentle soul which smiled from the good old man's face. Soon they were looking lovingly into each other's eyes, and presently the boy was nestling close to the old gilder, the two drawn together by the pure gentleness and sweetness of nature which they had in common. At that moment Ghirlandajo, foremost of Florentine artists in his

day, happened in at the gilder's shop, and seeing the spiritual unity under outward contrast, cried, "Saints in heaven, what a picture!" and having sketched it went home to put it on canvas. When it was finished Botticelli, looking at it, said: "Ghirlandajo, when your painted ceilings and your Saint Jeromes are forgotten this representation of the triumph of a beautiful soul over bodily disfigurement will be treasured as your masterpiece." The happiness in the old gilder's face was due to his seeing that the child with the heart and eyes of an angel did not notice his ugliness; just as old black Mammy's face shone with happiness and her joy was proud within her when the white child nestled on her neck and golden curls rippled over her shoulder, the child not noticing that she was black, not having yet wandered far enough from the Kingdom of heaven to be caught by barbed-wire entanglements of the hateful color line. Who was it said, "Except ye become as little children"?

Sir Joshua Reynolds sometimes imitated Titian. His well-known picture in the National Gallery, London, of the child Samuel listening to the voice of the Lord, gives the beautiful boy light auburn hair. Of painters in our time, Whistler came nearest to being a Titianite. In his pictures shown in the Metropolitan Museum, five of his eight little girls have light auburn or reddish chestnut hair. When he was experimenting in symphonic color-schemes, as against color-contrasts, he planned his famous "White Girl," a tall, slender, spirituelle figure in white gown, standing on a fur rug in front of a white curtain, her trance-like pose and rapt expression giving the beholder a sense of the spiritual world. The model Whistler chose for the painting of this in his Paris studio was a young Irish girl with magnificent copper-colored hair and cream-white complexion. In his picture, "The Gold Girl," Connie Gilchrist has gold bodice, sleeves and buskins, as well as gold hair. Noting the too-dark tendency of some monochromatic painting, one critic commends a recent monochrome by a blithe young Frenchman, "a little pink girl, warm and tender and gay, with blue eyes but pink shoes, pink dress, and pink hair." In the same museum the painting of "The Lady Lilith," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelite, is a picture of mystic poignant charm, in which the color-center is the copious rippling, red-gold hair which the fair woman is combing out. In the vivid painting by Henry O. Tanner, son of Bishop Tanner, of "Jesus in the Home of Mary and Martha," which hangs in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, both of the Bethany sisters have red or reddish hair.

From George Meredith's gay raillery against it, we learn of a modern renaissance of Titianism. In "Celt and Saxon" the portrait of Jane Mattock with her fiery aureole of hair on the wall of the breakfast room in the family mansion sets Meredith going in this fashion: "Jane's hair is of a reddish gold-inwoven tint that would have been labeled in her grandfather's time as carroty. The girl of his day, thus afflicted by Nature, would have been shown wearing it with some decent downcast sulkiness. The red truth would have been told with dextrous concealment—a rope of it wound up close as a bud for the tortoise-shell comb behind, and a pair of tight cornucopias plastered down flat to the temples. But what does our modern artist do with Jane's marigold hair but flare it to right and left, lift it wavily over her forehead, and flaunt its exuberance all abroad, as if he had sworn to make us admire it as a poetical splendor, against all our traditions."

The final answer to the coarse and ignorant ridiculers of red, and auburn, and gold is that those are the colors the sun loves best and glorifies most.

When Alice Freeman Palmer was teaching the girls in Boston slums and showing them how to be happy, she told them, for one thing, to look every day for something beautiful—a flower, or leaf, or cloud, or star, and to look at it long enough to say, "Isn't it beautiful." One day one of those poor girls was compelled to stay indoors and tend a sick baby. There was nothing pretty in the dingy, gloomy room, but a beam of sunshine came in the window and fell upon the baby's hair, and the girl saw it and cried, "Isn't it beautiful?" Mrs. Palmer went to see that baby and tells us: "You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the reds and the brownish golds which are seen in the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful." At all seasons the sun loves to shine into the squalidest tenement to gild with glory the slum-child's red-gold hair.

The summer sun loves to reveal on a morning hill-top the rich amber, deep-hid in a young girl's eyes, and, by the noon brookside, the brighter amber in her hair, an enhancing touch of color.

The winter sun of a Sabbath morning on a city street loves to glorify from head to foot a reverent maiden on her way to church. In a home whose hospitalities have earned it the name "Hotel of the Universe," the divine Artist arranged a color-scheme of rare balance and completeness by sending into it three little girls, one brown-

haired, one light flaxen, and one that bright auburn of which at times the sun makes a dazzling spectacle. Walking to church with that member of the Titian Tints Club one brilliant December morning, the glittering sunlight glorifying her bright purple costume and splendid hair, the visitor at her side said to her enigmatically, "I feel like the Assyrian"—not that the man ever "came down like a wolf on the fold," but that "his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold," like the Assyrian's. That daughter of a friend's home does not know that the visitor's private name for her thenceforth is "Cohorts," linked in his literary memory with Milton's "bright cohorts of the cherubim."

The sun can glorify such colors even to dying eyes. Michael Fairless makes the face of a dying man in a wretched garret in the East End of London light up with pleasure when "the sun stretched a sudden finger and painted the chimney-pots red and gold against the smoke-dimmed sky," making the dull chimneys look like high gate-posts to the House Not Made With Hands. Red and gold are the sun's favorite colors, nearest akin to himself.

Where now is the ridiculer with his insolent or idiotic grin? In the light of all the glory we see streaming from these Children of the Sun, how does the scoffer look, sitting up there in the seat of the scornful on the high terrace of his self-conceit? Is not he himself the most ridiculous of all asinine creatures? And does not any human face with a sneer on it belong in the Rogues' Gallery at police headquarters?

This tribute to the Titian Tints, a tribute woven of facts and not of fancies, is to gibbet guilty persecutors and to hearten with its culminating homage innocent victims, many of whom are the light of the world.

THE ARENA

SOME HIGH CHURCH MISINFORMATION.

Our High Episcopal brethren are carrying on an aggressive propaganda for proselytes from what they call "Protestant sects." By books, pamphlets, papers, etc., scattered far and wide, loaned or given to persons whom they think open to their offers, they are most diligent in undermining other churches and winning over their ministers and members. A book of this kind has been handed me with the request I answer some of its points. It boasts of success in this mission, says that Protestant churches (remember it always calls them "sects") are dying, and gives

a list of figures of the numbers of people and ministers who have joined the Protestant Episcopal Church from other churches. When we consider the unique advantages that a body with vast wealth and high social standing can offer, especially to hard-working and poorly paid clergy, and the fact that other churches are deficient in inculcating loyalty, being much more concerned in building the kingdom of God than in directly fostering devotion to their own cause, we are surprised that these proselyting efforts won from say 30,000 Methodist ministers only 88 between 1888 and 1897 inclusive. The prestige of Anglicanism is imposing, and it is no wonder that those who are not trained to weigh her high claims are taken in, outside of the many practical considerations which break down resistance. Besides, while Episcopalians are carefully instructed as to their church, Protestant ministers but seldom speak of these things, and their people are ignorant on questions of church polity and history.

It is impossible in a brief paper to do justice to the hundreds of half-truths, untruths, exaggerations, in this book of 369 pages (paper 50c.) which in 1916 had sold 19,000 copies! With such a sale no wonder our High brethren are rejoicing over their proselytes. Just a word on a few points, as I come to them in the first half of the book:

"No Protestant sect teaches as if it held a commission to teach its own creed by the authority of Christ through a special historic commission." Just the contrary is true. Every Protestant church believes that the authority of Christ is behind its doctrines, and that it has a historic commission to teach. That is involved in the very existence of the evangelical churches. "No Protestant sect can say, 'If you refuse to hear my teachings, you oppose our Lord himself, because he sent me to teach you.'" We hold that ministers are sent by Christ to teach, and that if they teach Christ's words, those who refuse to hear them, oppose our Lord. Protestants are quoted as saying that Protestantism "originated as a protest against formalism in religion, and to vindicate the right of private judgment." Protestantism originated from a variety of historical causes, of which those mentioned were probably not in the minds of its founders, though there is a certain truth in what is said. "Personal religion," according to the "sects," "is the object of Christianity, and forms and sacraments are non-essential and are apt to interfere between the soul and God." Much besides personal religion is the object of Christianity, and all Protestant churches use forms and sacraments and consider they are essential in their place and time. "The true church, according to Protestants, is invisible." They teach it is both visible and invisible. We hold "that forms and organizations are of no consequence," whereas Protestant churches have contended for forms and organizations in many historic controversies, while the Anglican or Episcopal Church says distinctly in Article 34 that ceremonies and rites may be changed. Think of the battles between presbytery and prelacy, between Congregationalism and both, and Methodism has defended its polity in several books. No Protestant "sect" "claims to give any necessary sacramental grace," whereas Protestant churches claim that the sacraments they administer

give as much grace as the most ritualistic service in any so-called Catholic church, though they teach that that grace only comes in response to faith, which is not far from Article 28 of the High Church. "Protestant theory involves enormous waste in maintaining three or four churches in a town where one would be sufficient." Sometimes true, but there are few towns so overrun by churches but that the Anglican priest is ready to support and build another. Other churches are ready to unite, but never a Protestant Episcopal. "Protestantism cannot maintain discipline, because other churches will take the offender in." Only in the case of ecclesiastical offenses, not immorality. "Take all Protestant sects together, and they agree hardly on any one article of faith." A score of churches, more or less, entered the Evangelical Alliance, and they agreed on nine articles of faith or about eighteen doctrines. More churches still are in the Federal Council, and they agreed on several fundamental points. "The Protestant has no fixed standpoint from which he can say that any creed is erroneous." He can and does apply three decisive tests to a creed, Scripture, Reason and History. "Protestantism is a matter of individual views, with nothing positive or permanent." Of course one's views must be his own, but the value of association and general consent is not denied, and there are Protestant truths which have lasted for some centuries and are still vital. So far as rationalism is concerned, that is not peculiar to us. Catholicism in France and Italy has plenty of it, and the Anglican Church itself has nourished hundreds of men of that type. "The way Protestants and the way the Bible speak of the church are entirely different." On the contrary, Protestants have prided themselves for centuries on the biblical character of their idea of the church. "The Protestant believes that the church became hopelessly corrupt after apostolic days." He believes that the church did deteriorate and lapse from the full purity of faith, but he holds that even in the corruptest period of the middle age there was Christian truth and there were Christian saints, and Protestant historians have done ample justice to both. "Protestants have been teaching for a hundred years that there is nothing supernatural in the origin or organization of the church." Protestants have taught that Christ and the apostles founded the church, which is so far supernatural and divine, but that they did not give it *any one special form of organization as alone valid.* The "logical step" of Protestantism is that "it makes no difference whether a man holds any creed or believes anything." This is a colossal slander. The very essence of Protestantism is that we must obey God rather than man, truth rather than convention, and for that reason thousands of Protestants in the sixteenth century suffered death. "The logical result of the Protestant system is either indifference or despair." That's interesting. But ask the leaders, say Wesley for the Methodists, Chalmers for the Presbyterians, Robert Hall for the Baptists, whether Protestantism led them to indifference. Therefore, says our author, "the great bulk of America's teeming population are not Christians in any sense." There are, of course, bad men in America, but after two centuries of Anglicanism in England there were some bitter complaints made of the lack of Chris-

tianity in that country, and after say 1,400 years of Catholicism in France we were told that most of the educated were infidels and most of the uneducated were superstitious.

The author states the "Catholic theory of the church" in twelve numbered paragraphs. But most Protestants could assent to all these paragraphs except 10, 11, and 12. Every Protestant believes that "the church is not made up out of the Bible," but existed before the Bible, or contemporaneous with it. As to conversion, Protestants believe that while it does not in itself make one a member of the external church, it makes one a member of God's people. As to the Catholic Church existing from the beginning, we have to say this: In the second century the word Catholic was used in the sense of universal; in the fourth, fifth and later centuries in the added sense of a church holding to all the ecumenical creeds and bishops. The Protestant churches are Catholic in this latter sense, so far as they hold the historic faith and have an historic ministry. The antithesis that the Protestant church "comes up from man" and the Catholic church "comes down from God," is false. Every church comes from man so far as it is historic and human, and from God so far as it is Christian. "Protestants baptize children, keep Sunday and admit women to communion because they follow the tradition of the Catholic church." Not at all. They do these things because they are in harmony with the genius of the Christian religion, or with the example of the apostles. "Christ commissions the apostles to celebrate the Eucharistic sacrifice." Where? Those terms and ideas came in many years after Christ. "Confirmation was a universal practice from the first." Laying on of hands was simply a Jewish custom of blessing, and was taken over by the Christians as a matter of course, but had not at all the meaning of the Catholic rite of confirmation. Protestants "believe that the New Testament recognizes no church." False. They believe that the New Testament recognizes the Christian church, and that their own church is that church, so far as it embodies the spirit and teachings of Christ and the apostles. And they also believe that if this book represents the Protestant Episcopal Church, their own must be far nearer that spirit and those teachings.

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"THE DIVINE LAW OF RECUPERATION"

Upon the announcement of the discovery of any so-called new law of nature and the subsequent attempt to define it, there is a considerable group of well-meaning and sincere people who wait with great anxiety the more complete statement of the case. This is because they are unduly jealous of the position of God in the universe and they stand in constant dread lest some discovery be made which will so minimize his functions as completely to eliminate him from the direction of the universe or even from participation in its affairs. Thus we find through many

generations devout people who have stood squarely in the path of anything which resembled an innovation in the statement of the method and manner of action in the natural world.

Well intentioned and honest as these most conservative attitudes may be, they but serve to block human progress. Not only are they barriers to the advancement of the race, but they stand convicted of being wholly illogical. If we believe in a God powerful enough to have created such a world as ours, and friendly enough to have peopled it with beings who, in their best thoughts and highest aspirations, seek to build a civilization in which men shall be as brothers, then we need not fear the discovery of new ways in which any one of his divine laws may operate. Our God is a God of truth and the truth has nothing to fear from the most thorough-going study and investigation. Religion is true and nature's laws are true. Real truth never conflicts. We may not be able at all times to harmonize it, but that is due to our own limitations and not to any flaw in either religion or the laws of nature.

The more thoroughly natural law is understood the greater does God appear. A complete study and statement of these truths serves invariably to broaden our conception of God and to strengthen our faith in his omnipotence. And yet there were many who predicted that acceptance of the law of the conservation of energy would go far toward establishing proof of a system of never-ending cycles of an automatic universe in which God had a most limited function. But exactly the opposite has proved true. To-day we see in the light of the law of the conservation of energy a God infinitely more wise and potent than we could previously discern. There were sincere religious people who feared that the law of cause and effect would so lay bare the workings of the world that we could not possibly maintain our exalted conception of the Deity. But it has only served to reveal the hand of God in all the ways of life. The law of the survival of the fittest was viewed in the light of all that was felt to be objectionable in the Darwinian theory, and it seemed to be but a step toward escorting God to the edge of his universe and then bowing him out of existence. But this very law has shown how that which is good and true must persist, and how the race is steadily moving on toward that new age which we call the Kingdom of God.

There is one law which operates in nature and in human experience which so perfectly reveals a powerful and a good God that it is surprising that we hear so little of it, and that intelligent religious people have in the past given it such scant consideration. It is the law of recuperation. It has, from the very beginning of things, been in operation in the physical and the spiritual universe. After a long period of drought, when all vegetation appears to have been burned out, a day's rain or even a few hours' shower completely transforms the appearance of the earth. It is merely the law of recuperation operating in the physical realm. In mid-winter the trees and shrubs appear to be dead, and if a man were to see them only in this season of the year he would be quite justified in so regarding them. But with the coming of the spring

there are evidences of an awakening, and soon the fields and woods are a garden of green. Nature has experienced what we call a rebirth. The law of recuperation has operated. There are analogous phenomena in the realm of human experience. If a man is sick, it is not necessary for him to remain sick all the rest of his days. He may become well. If a man is physically and mentally tired, he may become rested. If a man is bad, he may become good. Our thesis is that the natural trend of the universe is toward that which is healthful, and good, and true, and that it is the law of recuperation which best illustrates this trend.

If a man has received a severe bodily wound it is the surgeon's chief desire to secure an aseptic condition where there is a minimum of danger from infection, and then to "let nature take its course." This is merely trusting the issue to the divine law of recuperation. When a bone is broken, all that the doctor can do is to set it so that the ends are in contact, and immediately it knits together. Nature has taken its course. When a person contracts a disease it is the physician's policy to do all within his power to remove or counteract the aggravating cause, and then he relies upon the myriads of red corpuscles to wage successfully the long battle of convalescence. Once more nature takes its course and health is restored. Everything else being equal, the balance is always in favor of health. Even such a common experience as sleep illustrates this law. How can it be that eight hours of insensibility can bring about a new birth of physical power and nervous energy? It is merely nature taking its course. It is the action of the law of recuperation.

There is a very direct application of this principle which may fairly be made to the world reconstruction which lies just before us. If we did not believe that it is altogether possible for the world to swing back from its regime of hatred and bloodshed to a state of affairs where peace and the ideals of peace shall obtain, then all the efforts of noble and unselfish people to bring to pass such a condition are useless. It must also be true that by the action of this same process we shall pass through the present period of industrial unrest and misunderstanding to that day when both employer and employee shall recognize each other as brothers, and shall seek the common good. If we abandon the promise that the law of recuperation can and does operate in social and industrial life, then it is but a short step to a fatalistic view where we may imagine all sorts of catastrophes to await us. Surely in just these days does God's law of recuperation operate in the affairs of the world.

It does not in the slightest degree minimize the importance of the sacrificial death of Christ, nor does it contradict the doctrine of the atonement, to contend that it is natural for a man to incline toward that which is good, or virtue, rather than toward that which is bad, or vice. It is but natural that the tendency in man should be to return to that condition in which God intended him to live. Any other view brings us dangerously near to being comrades with those who hold to the theory of the total depravity of man. A bad man is fighting against the whole universe, while a good man has all the forces of nature upon his side.

The man who is trying to do the right finds himself in harmony with nature's laws and he sees them operating as his allies. It is literally true that "All things work together for good to them that love God." A host of Christian men and women bear testimony to the truth of Paul's assertion. But that natural tendency toward that which is good is merely another way of stating the law of recuperation.

Back of this law there must be a good God who is acting in and through it. Any other conclusion argues for a mechanical universe. We have long ago passed the stage where we discussed the authenticity of the gospel miracles, presupposing that God temporarily set aside the laws of nature in order to secure independently a certain desired result. A miracle is not a suspension but a guidance and direction of the workings of the universe. We see now that God is at work in and through all his laws and not independent of them. We see, too, that these same laws invariably operate on the side of right, and that they favor the highest and noblest interests and aspirations of the race. As we then contemplate God's goodness and his love for men, let us not fail to have deep gratitude for his divinely ordained law of recuperation with all its attendant blessings.

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ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE OUTLOOK IN ARCHÆOLOGY

Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie, well and favorably known by his great service to archæological research in Egypt and elsewhere, has recently written a little volume, brimful of valuable suggestions, entitled "Eastern Exploration, Past and Future," in which he discusses most lucidly many points of great interest to students of biblical archæology. He gives a bird's-eye view of the principal excavations in Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine, and points out their importance for having afforded the world much light upon the civilization of these lands.

But great as have been the achievements of the past in the province of exploration and archæology, much remains undone. We are standing on the threshold of discovery, and we have every right to expect greater, far greater, results in the next few years. Conditions have never been as favorable as they are to-day, and the outlook for the discovery of antiquities never more promising. For now the territory in which such excavations are to be made, or are possible, has passed from under the control of the Ottoman government into more liberal and friendly hands. Though the Turk, up to the beginning of the Great War, had been, on the whole, friendly, nevertheless there were many handicaps. The obstacles placed at times in the way of successful research were all but prohibitive. And yet, notwithstanding this, great results have rewarded the efforts of the archæologist.

It is not strange that Christian nations have been in the vanguard of

excavations in Mohammedan countries. It is, however, strange that Mesopotamia, "the mother of our commerce and science," and perhaps the cradle of the human race, and Palestine, the cradle of Christianity, should have remained for so many generations under Moslem rule. But now, the war being over, the territory between the Euphrates and Tigris as well as Syria and Palestine, will all be open for scientific exploration. Learned societies from all lands will be welcomed by the authorities to carry on research in many localities hitherto unapproachable. Even if Great Britain and France may not be in supreme control of the territories wrested from the Turks, these countries will, certainly, have much to say in governing them. It is a matter of history that both France and Great Britain have always promoted excavations in these regions. What they have done in the past they will do in the future, and more abundantly.

Mesopotamia has been for many years the El Dorado of archæologists. Probably no other part of the world has left so many and as clear traces of its ancient glory and power. No wonder, for the territory between the two rivers has ever been a magnet to the eyes of many nations. Here Turks, Arabs, Romans, Parthians, Greeks, Persians, Kassites, Semites and Sumerians have, each in turn, held sway. Though some of these ruled Mesopotamia for centuries we are almost entirely ignorant of their origin, religion and even language. And yet they must have played an important role in the development of this fertile land. It was its fertility that enticed those from without to enter it and subdue it, and it was its fertility, too, that caused the downfall of more than one of its mighty rulers. It was its prosperity and fertility that made living easy, that promoted luxury, indolence, and self-indulgence, as well as their natural consequences—effeminacy, decay, and ultimate ruin.

Why do we know more of some Mesopotamian dynasties than we do of others? May it not be, at least in some cases, because successful excavations were made in some particular spot rather than in another? Be that as it may, the mounds of Mesopotamia have not yielded up all their secrets. It is the province of archæology to trace the history of all nations as far back and as accurately as possible. The best way to get at bottom of facts is through the ruins and mounds. The pick and the spade, directed by experienced and trained archæologists, have made wonderful revelations. The information dug out of the ruins of lost empires has furnished more reliable data than have the ancient chronicles, written by foreigners, who had subdued the lands and conquered the people of whom they write, as, for example, Greek and Roman historians. It will be readily admitted that what we get out of ancient ruins is, at least, more original and probably less biased than we find in the writings of later authors. First-hand information which we may hope for in the future regarding the earliest inhabitants of Mesopotamia cannot be had from books, but must be wrested out of the tels which dot its plains. If we are to learn any new facts concerning the Sumerians we shall have to thank the archæologist for the same. If we would know more of Parthia let us follow the suggestion of Petrie and excavate the

Parthian Palace at Hatra, for "its ruins will provide a full view of the Parthian art, unmixed with earlier or later work."

What may be said of Parthia and Hatra may be said of many another locality. There are numberless mounds which have never been opened or examined. Is it not possible, yea, very probable, that some of these may yield as rich a harvest as have the clay libraries of Nippur, Bismaya, and Nineveh, and thus add much to our knowledge of the ancient dynasties of the past?

Excavations on a large scale should be made at Persepolis and other Persian cities. We know too little of ancient Persia and its inhabitants. Why should not Persia contribute as much to archæology as Babylonia? It is a well-known fact, Persia was one "of the largest organizations that the world has even seen," famous for its public roads, royal postal service, its sanitary and monetary systems, as well as its general culture. Its contact with Greece must have contributed to its civilization, and *vice versa*. At any rate, we have every reason for believing that people of such power and influence must have kept valuable and numerous records of their various activities, and that many of these still lie buried in the ruins of some of their public buildings, and which some day may come to light. Not only have we reason to expect Persian inscriptions and various monuments of the country, but other objects carried away as trophies by some Persian generals or kings, as in the case of the Code of Hammurabi, Babylonian in language, but found, where least looked for, in Susa. The story of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets illustrates the same point. These letters, though written in various parts of Asia, were found by pure accident in an old Egyptian capital.

Take again the great Hittite empire. That it was, at one time, one of the world's great powers, cannot be doubted. It extended from near the Aegean to the Euphrates and beyond, from Armenia through Syria to Palestine and the borders of Egypt. Thousands upon thousands of their inscribed monuments have been discovered, but not deciphered. May we not hope for the discovery of something similar to the Rosetta stone or the Behistun inscription, in three languages, which may give us the key wherewith to unlock the Hittite mystery? Some bilingual tablets have already been found. Indeed, there may be now a complete key among the thousands of Hittite records piled up in the Ottoman Museum at Constantinople; if not there, some old mound in Asia Minor or adjacent land may yield up the longed-for document. Another fact worthy of mention is that much of the Hittite territory was in hilly countries, consequently many of their records are inscribed in stone still in existence.

This fact should impress upon us the necessity of going to work without delay. For in these days of reconstruction and commercialism many of the ancient ruins of the world will become stone quarries, from which material will be easily obtained for the erection of new buildings. Alas, what a multitude of such monuments have been ruthlessly destroyed by careless peasants and greedy capitalists in order to build houses, stables, and barns, or worse still, burned up in order to secure lime with

which to make mortar! What Bible land has not suffered from such depredations! Petrie mentions several such cases. The fine temple at Elephantine "was cut to pieces to build a powder magazine. Sugar works were built from the destroyed triumphal arch and colonnades of Antinoe. Roman marble columns were in request by the late Khedive for garden rollers."

The governments concerned must be appealed to, and that without delay, so that arrangements may be made for the preservation of the monuments already discovered, as well as for further work in exploring the sites most likely to contain antiquities. Such a system of conservation could not have been made under Turkish rule, when bribery and corruption played such an important role. It is clear, therefore, that no time is to be lost, but that students of history and especially archæology should be on the alert just now and should plan wisely and on a large scale for excavations and explorations in several Bible lands. It should be insisted that concessions to excavate should be granted wisely and to such only as have the interest of learning in view. None but experienced and trained archæologists should be permitted to carry on such work, and these never for private gain, but rather for the advancement of learning. Irresponsible treasure hunters or dealers in antiquities should not be tolerated in so important a work.

The late Sir Stanley Maude, commander-in-chief of the British Army in Mesopotamia, the richest of all lands in antiquities, had the right idea, as may be seen from the regulations laid down by him. These are:

1. The rights of the Ottoman Government in all antiquities are transferred to the new administration. 2. Antiquities mean everything before A D. 1500. 3. Information of discovery of antiquities must be given within thirty days, under penalty. 4. Anyone appropriating things discovered may be fined up to ten times the value. 5. Any negligence or malicious damage of any kind may be heavily fined. 6. No traffic in antiquities is allowed without license, without heavy fine. 7. All forgery, or sale of forgeries, is liable to heavy fine, and confiscation of stock. 8. On reporting discoveries the owner shall be duly compensated for the value, if the objects are taken; if not required by the administration a certificate will be given that it may be sold. 9. The chief political officer is the authority for this administration.

This is excellent and may serve as a model for laws or regulations wherever excavations and explorations are to be made in Bible lands.

Though much time and money have been expended in Palestine for excavations, the results therefrom have not been proportionate to the money and time spent upon them. This should not discourage the student of archæology, but rather stimulate him to greater effort, since there remains much to be done, and especially in Jerusalem. If we are not greatly mistaken, this ancient city has within its walls many treasures which will prove of much interest to such as wish to study the records of the past.

If a Jewish state is to be established in Palestine—the British government is committed to this principle—and should Jerusalem become

the capital of the new state, as, no doubt, it will when the project shall have been consummated, there must be a new Jerusalem. There will have to be many administrative buildings, and also many dwelling houses for the multitudes who will flock into the new city. Some enthusiastic Jews believe that Jerusalem, the new capital of the Jewish Republic, will have a population of one million in the near future. This may be a dream, but suppose there should be one fifth that number. That would be many more than could live with any degree of comfort or safety within its ancient walls. Old Jerusalem, but little more than two miles in circumference, or, as Petrie says, "This little plot of rock within the walls, less than two hundred acres, only a quarter of a square mile," is no place for a capital. And yet the secrets of the past, if revealed at all, must be dug out from under the crowded buildings of the old city. But who wants excavations under his garden patch, much less under his house in Jerusalem? The large number of buildings in such a small area, the narrow streets and the closely erected houses have hitherto rendered excavation exceedingly difficult, and, in most cases, impossible. This explains why so little has been accomplished in Jerusalem. Lachish, Gezer, Megiddo, and even Samaria, have yielded a richer harvest. In the last named place, Drs. Lyon and Reisner, working for the Harvard University, have made a number of important discoveries. Among them we might mention the foundations of three or more palaces, besides a number of inscribed articles. The palaces are supposed to have been those of Omri, Ahab and Herod the Great. The finds at the other places above mentioned have added materially to our knowledge of the history of early Palestine. In view of these things, we cannot conceive that Jerusalem, for so long a time a fortified town, and the capital of a long line of kings and rulers, among them David and Solomon, a city that had political and commercial relations with Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, and other countries of less importance, should not have, concealed in some hidden chamber, valuable treasures, and among them not a few inscribed tablets. It is well known that correspondence between Egypt and Palestine was carried on as early as the time of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets; six of these letters found in Egypt were from Jerusalem. Were there replies to these? If so what has become of them? Palestine, no doubt, in the course of a thousand years, corresponded with other countries besides Egypt. Was Palestine the only country that never received answers to its letters? Then the Hebrews, we know, had their own literature. Is there none of it preserved among the ruins of its ancient cities? Numberless inscriptions of one kind or another have been dug up from the ruins of Hittite, Babylonian, and Egyptian cities. May we not expect something similar when the debris of ages will have been scientifically explored in the old Hebrew capital? Have we not every reason for expecting that thousands of clay tablets or other inscribed articles, as well as many objects of historical value and archæological interest may, in due time, be brought to light in Jerusalem?

The time for such excavations is now here. An effort must be made

without delay to recover whatever Palestine, especially Jerusalem, has to offer us. Excavations under trained and skillful archæologists should be conducted on some of the more promising sites. Hitherto, as stated above, excavations in Jerusalem have been exceedingly difficult, as they would be in any crowded city.

But now, since a new Jerusalem is to be built, this, in the very nature of things, must be without and at some distance from the outer walls. "All modern notions of habitation and sanitation are against piling more on top of the ruins of Jerusalem." Not only should there be no more new buildings erected within the present walls, but most all the old buildings should be pulled down and the inhabitants should be induced, or, if necessary, forced to move out. The wealthier classes, regardless of creed or nationality, have been doing so for some time; the poorer people must do the same. This may seem too drastic, but sanitary conditions require that old sites, full of sewage, and the dirt of ages, should be vacated at once. Indeed, plans have been already made by competent engineers for such a change. One of these plans contemplates the forbidding the erection of any building for residential purposes. The new capital is to be built at least a mile or two beyond the present walls on the northern, northwestern and southwestern sides. The space immediately outside the walls should be made into a pleasure promenade, a kind of a garden with trees, shrubbery and flowers, in which no buildings should be allowed—something after the style of the spacious promenades dividing the new and old portions in many German cities.

Mr. Montefiore Hyamson, in an article in a recent number of The Quarterly Review, voices the opinion of the majority of intelligent and wealthy Jews, who, in the nature of things, must furnish the bulk of the money for the construction and development of their new capital. He suggests that the religious, sentimental, hygienic, æsthetic, and archæological interests should be sacredly considered by the authorities. Where repairs are necessary for the preservation of any ancient buildings, regard should be had in all cases to the ancient style of architecture. Not only should archæological treasures be preserved, but rigorous efforts should be made for the discovery of as many more as possible. As already stated, this can be realized only by the removal of many old houses. Or, as Mr. Hyamson says: "Tracts laid bare should be placed at the disposal of archæologists with freedom to dig at their will, subject to full regard being given to religious susceptibilities. Then we should have within the walls of Jerusalem a region half garden and half archæological preserve, open to the public as park, but no longer a place of residence. The Holy Places, the historic buildings, the mosques, the churches, the synagogues and the religious houses would remain intact; but instead of their being, as they are now, half smothered amid the abodes of squalor, each would stand by itself in a garden."

In short, old Jerusalem should be turned into a park, into a vast museum, with possibly a limited number of administrative buildings, but the new Jerusalem, with its business houses, industrial plants, hotels and all residences, should be located outside this beautiful park.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE PROBLEM OF METHODISM IN CENTRAL EUROPE

THE earnest and solemn appeal of the Methodists of Germany and Austria for sympathy and aid from the Methodists of America must not be disregarded. For here we shall be dealing, not with political and militaristic Germany and Austria, but with our brothers in the faith, even those of our own particular communion.

The war has left, it is estimated, about 20,000 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany and Austria. These Methodists have a great task and a great opportunity. We Methodists of America have a share in the opportunity and therefore we must not shrink from the task. A work that hitherto was impossible for the Methodists of Central Europe has become not only possible but also an urgent responsibility. The war has not been really won until Germany as well as the other nations is controlled by the spirit of universal brotherhood, which comes only through the gospel of Jesus Christ. We must anticipate "the next war" by making it morally impossible.

The new religious situation in Central Europe is a matter of enormous interest and moment for us all. Especially the free churches, formerly regarded as intruders and in disparagement called "sects" as over against the "church," are in a new situation. Church disestablishment is the logical outcome of recent political and religious developments. When disestablishment shall have become a fact, all denominations will be on the same footing. We do not mean that they should then set out on a policy of proselytizing the adherents of what had been the state churches. We mean that the immense tasks incumbent upon Christian believers are such as to require all the forces available in all denominations, and that there is in some of these denominations a religious vitality which now will have room for action. Among the churches hitherto known as "sects" German Methodism affords a peculiarly large opportunity and responsibility. It has a well-developed organization and has had long experience in self-direction independently of the state. Moreover, Methodism has a peculiarly firm hold on the gospel. All this makes it certain that Methodism is to bear a very important part in the reevangelization of Germany and Austria. We must believe in our Methodist brethren of Central Europe and must help them.

It must be frankly granted that hitherto Methodism in Germany has not exerted the influence upon the nation generally that one might have expected. The relative smallness of its success has been due to several causes. One of the hindrances, of course, has been the universal prejudice against the "sects." Perhaps an almost equally serious hindrance has been the knowledge that the Methodist movement in Europe was largely directed from America. Then the movements and activities of the "sects" were much more restricted by the state than were those of the "church"—though even the church was always seriously hampered by the government. But finally, the Methodists of Germany themselves

failed at a certain point. In spite of the ideal breadth of mind displayed by the earliest theological teachers sent to them from America (William F. Warren and John F. Hurst), the majority of preachers and laymen in German Methodism assumed an attitude of extreme distrust toward everything that belonged to the state churches. But now all these hindrances are wholly or largely removed. Even that traditional narrowness of the German Methodist is essentially a thing of the past. This change has been due to a variety of causes, not the least important of which has been the influence of Bishop Nuelsen, and of Bishop Vincent before him. On the side of the Germans of the state church there has been a growing appreciation of the good that there is in Methodism. The very broad-minded treatment that Loofs gave to Methodism in his famous article in Hauck's Realencyclopädie is only one of several notable utterances by German theologians in appreciation of Methodism. It is true, these men were speaking of Methodism in general rather than of German Methodism. Yet nothing can be more clear than that German Methodism enjoys vastly more favor among the people of Germany than it did at an earlier period.

It is not our thought that now is our opportunity to win a multitude of people to Methodism. To make this our aim would be unworthy the light of this new day. Our call is to stand shoulder to shoulder with all true believers to do battle for our common Lord. Those who choose to be numbered with us in the special denominational relationship will not be turned aside; but there is no room for the proselytizer in this new day. Let union, not division, be the watchword.

If now we hold aloof from our German brethren because we must distrust everything German, we do both them and ourselves a grave wrong. We ought not to make their full acknowledgment of the justness of all our judgments the inflexible condition of our resuming relations with them. Let it be enough if they show a sound general attitude of Christian humility and readiness to obey the truth as God gives them to see the truth. Thus far the Christians of Germany have disappointed us by their slowness to acknowledge the wrongs of their nation. Yet there have been some very impressive utterances from various quarters which show a spirit of humiliation and repentance. Some of our readers will have seen the words of Dr. Conrad, chief pastor of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church in Berlin, and a few other like utterances. During the whole war Friedrich Foerster, the very distinguished professor of pedagogy at Munich, kept telling the German people that a very large share of the guilt of the war lay upon Germany. Martin Rade was more reserved in his expressions in his *Christliche Welt*, but he was pronounced enough to have to suffer many reproaches from the readers of that journal. These men are not Methodists, but surely the utterances of Methodists have been peculiarly gratifying. We recently gave a short extract from the article by Dr. Otto Melle, of Vienna, which appeared in his "Evangelist" for January 1, 1919, on "The Answer to Prayer and the Issue of the War." Could anything be more Christian than his words?

In the issue of "Evangelist" for August 1, 1919, we read: "In German Austria we still wait for peace. In Germany it has already been signed. The conditions of peace are hard, fearfully hard, such as since the beginning of the Christian era were probably never dictated to any people, and it is humanly easy to understand that under the painful pressure of such conditions the heart shrivels up and proposals are heard that we, like the French after 1870, swear to and nourish the spirit of revenge, until it bursts the chains again. But would that be the moral greatness to which we wish to see our people lifted in these days of most grievous sufferings? The spirit of revenge brings blessing neither to the individual nor to an entire people, and the public policy that is controlled by this spirit becomes the veritable grave-digger of its people, no matter how great the apparent successes of such a policy may be. Whatever in the treaty of peace has been dictated by a spirit of revenge will of itself pass judgment upon itself. Therefore we can calmly leave the criticism of the treaty to the awakened conscience of the world. It is for us Germans now to show that out of the bitter experiences of the past years we have really learned where the true values, the greatest blessings of a people are to be sought. The German Foreign Minister, Hermann Müller, in his speech of July 23d before the National Assembly at Weimar, spoke a beautiful word that seems to me like the dawn of a new day: 'The practical love with which we set about the task of reconstruction, let that be our revenge.' That was spoken according to the mind of Jesus Christ." This passage, like the former, is from the pen of Otto Melle.

The following notice will be of interest as illustrating more than one aspect of our problem. On July 6 and 7, 1919, there was held in Vienna the first Evangelical Missionary Conference for German Austria. Until that time the Protestants of Austria were accustomed to take some part in other Missionary Conferences, but they had none of their own. That in that time of greatest discouragement they should have organized a new Conference is significant. Among the speakers were two theological professors of Vienna, Julius Richter, of Berlin, and Friedrich Würz, of Basel (both well known in missionary circles the world over), and our Methodist leader, Otto Melle. That a Methodist should be invited to speak is not without significance.

All American Christians recognize the fearful lapse of a very large part of the German people into an un-Christian philosophy of life. It is therefore all the more incumbent upon us that we do our utmost to counteract it. And in order that we do our part in this thing we must not fail to recognize the forces that are with us, even though they be intermingled with the champions of an evil cause.

If we Methodists are wise and patient, we can rebuild the bridges of communication with our German brethren. No doubt it will be well that they should become more autonomous than they could be in the past; but they should not be made to feel or even suspect an estrangement from their brethren. At present there is more mutual distrust than the real situation warrants. On one part, there is more genuine and

vital Christianity in Germany than some of us dream of. On the other part, there is far more of the spirit of fellowship in America toward the Germans than they dream of. Let us see to it that the smoking flax—if it be no better than that—shall not be quenched by us. We think of the seed that has been so patiently sown—we are thinking specially of the Methodist work in Germany and Austria—by the gifted and consecrated men whom we have sent thither—such men as Warren and Hurst and Vincent and Nuelsen—and of the no less faithful and efficient service of the Methodists of Germany itself, and we speak with much assurance when we declare that now is the season when we can either save or lose a great harvest from that labor. A little want of fellow feeling, a little harshness in judging, a little assumption of moral superiority, these might do much hurt. Let us hate the things that have proved so ruinous in Germany, and let us truly love our Lord who came to destroy such works, and let us establish a league, offensive and defensive, with all who love the same Lord and have espoused his cause.

Whether Methodism in Central Europe will be numerically an imposing factor in the future of Christianity there, this is of no great import. But that Methodism should play her part, that is a matter of incalculable consequence.

BOOK NOTICES

"*Songs in the Night.*" By MALCOLM JAMES MCLEOD. 12mo, pp. 192. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25 net.

ONE of the most helpful and enriching preachers and most faithful of pastors is Dr. McLeod, a devoted shepherd of the flock of Christ. A minister who once was the successful pastor of as prominent a church in New York city as Dr. McLeod's, and of important churches elsewhere, as well as author of notable books, said when J. H. Jowett was at the height of his New York pastorate, "I would rather hear McLeod than Jowett." This volume of twelve sermons has an appealing pathos and a poignant power because of the terrible crisis in the preacher's experience out of the depths of which these quivering but brave messages have come. Songs from the trembling lips of anguish. This is the victory that overcometh, a steady, unfaltering, dauntless faith. Dr. McLeod's son, a white-souled, beautiful boy of nineteen, enlisted early with eager patriotism and the enthusiasm of youth, but just before his regiment went overseas he suddenly vanished while with his fellow soldiers. No one saw him go. No one can give any explanation of his disappearance. Nothing has ever been seen or heard of him since. America and Europe and the seas between have been searched by all military and government agencies and methods without finding any trace. For over a year Dr. McLeod and his family have lived in the anguish of that heart-breaking suspense. Now, when such a man, in such a dire

ordeal says, "I want to say a word or two about the consolations of God," the rest of us want to hear what he has to say; and a kind of tender awe hushes our hearts while we wait for his words. Here they are: Listen!

Sometimes we are tempted to think that God's consolations are very inadequate. In Job 15. 11 Eliphaz is represented as asking the afflicted patriarch, "Are the consolations of God too small for thee?" Not are they small, as the old version puts it, but are they too small? Are they unsatisfying? Do they meet your need? Far back in patriarchal days we read the story of Rachel. "Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted." And no doubt the reason why she refused to be comforted was because the consolations offered seemed too small. They did not measure up to her sorrow. They did not really grapple with her grief. Whoever goes into houses of mourning, to-day, will find many distressed and desperate lives like that. They will find those who refuse to be comforted. Nothing that you can say, seems to appeal to them. I do not mean to infer that they try to be unhappy; it is simply that everything you suggest appears inept and petty. Nothing seems comprehensive enough and big enough to meet their case.

"Just to give up, and trust
All to a fate unknown,
Plodding along life's road in the dust,
Bounded by walls of stone;
Never to have a heart at peace,
Never to see when care will cease;
Just to be still when sorrows fall;—
This is the bitterest lesson of all."

And it is foolish to say to such people that they ought to be comforted. It is really not kind to tell them that they are committing a sin in refusing consolation, because consolation is too gentle an angel for any such cruel coercion as that. To blame a grief-stricken mother for continuing to be depressed, would be as inconsiderate as to blame a sick man for continuing to be sick. The doctor does not say to his patient, "Now here are my medicines, take them and they will make you strong; if they do not make you strong it is your own fault." That is not how the wise physician talks. The wise physician studies the case from every angle. He seeks for adequate causes. If one diagnosis is incorrect, he tries another. If one antidote fails he experiments with a new one. He does not come into the sick room to play the piano or to read an essay on Thackeray. He does not come to tell the poor fellow in agony how critical his case is, or, what is almost as bad, that there is really nothing the matter with him. He comes to relieve the pain, to repair the ravages of disease, to mend the broken instrument. He comes to cheer, to radiate health and hope, to stir up the elemental forces of recovery.

Many there are who find greater comfort in human friendship than in the great, divine Friend. When the blow comes and the spirit is bruised, they call in their dearest and closest confidants to see if they

can help in making the pain endurable. I would not for a moment belittle that. It is a beautiful and gracious thing. The love and sympathy of earthly friends is strong, and sweet, and heartening. Poor indeed and pitiable is the child of sorrow who has no kind heart to turn to in the hour of loss and trial, but poorer far the soul that has no divine companion to whom they can go and with whom they can converse on intimate and familiar terms.

Now, of course, there are many earnest people who do not need this message. I wish I could say that they never will need it, but I cannot say that. I cannot say it because it would not be true. Many of you are young and strong and happy. You do not need consolation, not as yet. Your time is coming, but the word has no meaning for you just now. It belongs to a foreign language, a language you have never studied, a language you have never thus far had any cause for studying. As Edwin Booth once put it, "Life is a great big spelling book and on every page we turn the words grow bigger and more difficult. We begin with the easy, then on to the less easy, and then on to the hard and the harder." What you need now is work, duty, progress, courage, tasks, service,—something to call out your powers of strength and sacrifice and endurance. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. . . . In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened."

It is to those who have been in the depths—to those who have been journeying through the valley—that I speak. Ian McLaren said towards the close of his life that if he were beginning his ministry over again he would make it more a ministry of comfort. A wise man once wrote a book upon the consolations of philosophy, but the trouble with his message was that only the philosophical were able to understand it, and anyway it was mostly conjectural. What we want is a voice that every man can hear, high and low, learned and unlearned; what we want is certainty; what we want is demonstration. What we want is something that can be tested and tried in the thin and thick of things. It is all very well to tell us to be philosophical about our trouble, "to grin and bear it," as the saying is, but there is precious little comfort in that program. A book might be written, too, on the consolations of Science, but it certainly would not be a very bulky volume. For science is grandly and haughtily indifferent to the cry of human misery. The stars are cold, the cyclone is merciless, the earthquake has no pity. In the presence of death, science is dumb. Scientists talk of a Cosmical Phantom, or a stream of tendency, or a universal It. I hope they understand what they mean, but I must say I very much doubt it. And a book could easily be written on the consolations of Fatalism. It had to be, so why worry over it? Just be resigned. In the physical world things are where they were meant to be, and what is going to happen is going to happen. And in human experience is not the same thing

true? When the bullet is fired with our number on it then there's no use trying to dodge it.

> "The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
> Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

But all this is cold stuff to the man who wants to know and do the will of God, and it is to those who desire to know and do the will of God that I speak just now. There are several ways in which the consolations of God come to us.

Think, in the first place, how God oftentimes consoles us by giving us *Compensations.* Samuel Rutherford once said, "Whenever I find myself in the cellar of affliction I always look about me for the wine." And no matter how sad and grievous our lot, there is always some gracious cheering indemnity. It is easy for us to linger upon our losses, but, then, we have gains and we ought to think more about what we have gained than what we have lost. We ought to meditate more on what has been left than on what has been taken. God sometimes takes one thing away to make room for another. There is a sermon by a great preacher on "the joys that are purchased by sorrow." Some of the sweetest joys in life are the joys that spring out of sorrow. Does not Browning say in Rabbi Ben Ezra that our joys are three parts pain? An old saint once remarked, "When I have most pain in my body, I have most comfort in my soul." Indeed Brother Lawrence says, "God often sends diseases of the body to cure those of the soul." Alfred Russel Wallace argues in one of his books that the fertile portions of the earth depend upon the deserts. He says that if there were no Sahara, there would not be a vineyard round it for a thousand miles. It is the dust particles flying in the air that make possible the clouds. Whether this be scientifically true or not, it is an undoubted fact that, sometimes, it is the desert tracts of life that prepare us for the richest harvests.

One of John Wesley's earliest memories was the fire that destroyed his father's parsonage. He tells us how, after his own narrow escape, his father finding all the family safe called them in for family worship. And the old man knelt down and thanked his Heavenly Father for His preserving mercies. He had lost his home, but his dear ones were spared, so he felt rich. And we all have something to be thankful for. If it isn't one thing it's another. There is always some leveling arrangement. Things are evened up more than we think they are. Never mind your list of negatives. Count up your column of positives. You say you were sick three weeks last year, but why not ponder over the forty-nine in which you were well? So count your blessings and be thankful. The back is always fitted for the burden. Oftentimes a darkening earth means a brightening heaven.

In giving medicine, our Father never opens the wrong bottle. Many a dying saint has looked up in helpless weakness and has been strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man. God does not always answer our prayers, but He does always pour strength into our souls.

Spurgeon used to say that love letters from heaven are often mailed in black-edged envelopes. When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes she wrote these words: "It sometimes seems to me as if I were a little bird which the Lord had placed in a cage and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart is full. The stones in my prison look like rubies."

Another way in which God consoles us is by giving us a truer *Sense of Values*. He teaches us what is worth while and what is not. He enables us to realize how relatively insignificant and petty some of the things are that we consider urgent and supreme. What a wonderful lesson that man has learned who has been taught to recognize a big thing when he sees it, and a little thing when he sees *it!* How few of us are experts in this matter of appraisement! How few of us are living our lives with a true accurate sense of proportion! How few are putting "first things first"! Some one has said that he who would speak to the times must speak from eternity. That is to say, the only interpretation of life that satisfies the heart of humanity is the one we get when we climb the mountain with God. Everybody admits we are not children of time. And this being acknowledged, does it not seem the sheerest folly devoting so much of our strength and energy to the amassing of treasure that cannot possibly be converted into the currency of the place to which we are traveling? The greatest moment in a man's life is when he gets the right view-point, when he sees things as they really are. Indeed that is what conversion is; the man is born again. There is a new orientation of life.

Thomas Chalmers preached for years before he made the great blessed discovery. Then came a day when he was stricken down with a serious illness. For months he never left his room. It was more than a year before he fully recovered, but from these months of profound and solitary musing there came a spiritual revolution. His whole past life looked like a feverish dream, the fruitless chasing of shadows. He found that his past could not stand the scrutiny of the sick room. A new ambition fired his breast. It was a spiritual epoch in his career. The whole man—body, soul, and spirit—was transformed, and he went back into his pulpit and shook Scotland with a mighty passion for God. It was said of a certain famous painter that he was noted for the great pains he took in his work, and when asked for the reason he answered, "Because I paint for Eternity." That was the key-note of all Chalmers's future ministry. He felt that he was henceforth preaching for eternity. He learned, too, that we cannot do good to others save at a cost to ourselves, that we cannot be real sympathizers until we are sufferers.

Some years ago a story appeared in one of our magazines. It was concerning an eminent surgeon. I have forgotten many of the details, but I remember it made an impression on me at the time. One of the nurses in the hospital in describing him used these words: "He has few friends but a host of admirers. As an operator he has no superior on Manhattan Island. To watch his hands while working is a perfect delight. They never stop, never fumble; the man is a genius and yet there

is something uncanny about him." "What do you mean, nurse?" she was asked. "I mean," she answered, "that professionalism seems to have atrophied his power of sympathy. For instance: an engineer was brought in the other day with his arm crushed. He examined it and told the man, bluntly, that he would have to have it amputated. Of course the poor fellow protested; at which the surgeon lost his temper and went away coldly, saying as he slammed the door that he would leave him to come to his senses and decide whether he preferred amputation or death."

That evening at dinner, the surgeon was narrating the incident to his sister. The sister had a woman's heart. "O well, John, the poor fellow has a family; his arm is all he has. Did you explain the gravity? Put yourself in his place."

The words evidently struck home, for that evening he went back to the hospital and the unfortunate engineer was wheeled into the operating room. But blood poisoning had already set in, and in servering the limb the surgeon cut his own finger, and it became so badly infected that in a few weeks his skilled hand had lost its cunning.

The great man was now in a kindred situation himself. Calling his sister he said: "Floy, it's the greatest game in the world. Nothing compares with it; it beats war all hollow. To master your work and love it. Just to look about you and see your assistants every one in his place, every one with his part to play—like regulars in gun drill. Not a word, not a hitch, only the clip, clip of the forceps or the low call 'sponge.' To feel the ligatures tighten, to see the tied artery throb and to know it will never slip. And then to think that I can never operate again. Floy, it's hard." The nurse did not understand when she returned later, but in a few days she noticed a change in the great man. He seemed to have a new point of view. He inquired every morning how the engineer was. He even shared his flowers with him. He was less of a surgeon, perhaps, but he was more of a man.

This is only part of what Dr. McLeod says of the consolation of God. Read the rest and the other eleven sermons in his book. We are moved to append some verses:

The Man of Morn came down the way
With laughter in his eyes of light;
He saw the world a sunny day,
He helped the world forget the night.
He took the care and took the grief,
And fled with them and cast them out,
And brought the world a new belief
And sang and rang a battle shout.

The Man of Morn was good to see
Because of smiles that decked his face,
He broke men's gyves and set them free
And made the world a sunnier place.
He grasped the shadow, rolled it back,
And put the vision in men's hearts,
And lifted them from off the rack
And swept old sorrow from the marts.

The Man of Morn came down the street,
And all the weary and the old
Turned young and gay and blithe and sweet
And traveled back from gray to gold.
He took the sighs and sobs and tears
And turned them into smiles and song,
And stayed the doubt and healed the fears
And steeled the right against the wrong.

He loved and suffered and was true,
He gave and served, and answered death
With spring, and on his trumpet blew
A challenge with his morning breath.
A piper of the peace of earth,
He led the legions, and they came
With dance and song and smiles of mirth
That sprang from his auroral flame.

Is not that Man of Morn some relation to Malcolm James McLeod?

Along the Friendly Way. By JAMES M. LUDLOW. 12mo, pp. 363. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $2.00.

"IF it gives an old man pleasure to think over the past, it may be profitable to others who are coming the same way that he should talk out loud what he thinks,

When all the landscape of our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish.

Let me have an understanding with any one who may read these pages. The book is not an autobiography. Such a book tries to tell what the writer was and did. But looking back over the years I do not find myself sufficiently interested in what I was or did to chronicle it. But what men and things did to me is a more important matter, and may be worth while telling. Let us talk of some of the scratches, indentations and shapings a man is apt to get as he tumbles along in the great common current." Thus the author invites us to jog with him over the road which he has trudged with the crowd of his generation, while he rehearses reminiscences of his more than seventy years. We find it delightful to listen to his talk, so candid, comradely, confiding, informal, effortless, so free from pose, pretence or pretentiousness. A gifted, genial and racy raconteur is Dr. Ludlow. We wish we might hear Dr. A. J. Lyman review this unique book for the Clerical Union. We enjoyed it so much that we forgot to criticize as we read, and now we have neither ability nor desire to criticize, as is supposed to be the duty of a reviewer. To many it will be more edifying than that pretentious, priggish and futile book, The Education of Henry Adams. But our readers prefer a taste of the book itself to any opinion of ours about it. Among influences that affected early years, Dr. Ludlow mentions two very different—one his mother, the other an ordinary schoolmate. About his

mother, whom he never saw, as she died in giving him birth, he says: "My mother is only an ideal to me. When as a child I visited my neighborhood playmates I would watch their mothers, and wonder if mine were anything like theirs; then go back to my home and cry because I could not see her whom I loved as truly as they loved theirs. We have never seen God. There is no verified picture of Christ. But surely David was honest and not merely making a Prayer Book when he wrote, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' And Peter rightly described hosts of Christians when he told of Jesus, 'Whom, not having seen, ye love.' . . . As I look back over my long life and recall my many waywardnesses, any one of which if persisted in would have been my ruin, and when I think of how gently I have been turned back to a better course, I wonder if my mother has not guided me, even as she would have done had she lived. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' Where do the blessed ones minister to men still on earth if not in the places to which their interest attracts them, and to the lives that were once—and doubtless are still—as dear to them as their own?" About the schoolmate who influenced him, this is Dr. Ludlow's story: "'What person has most influenced your life?' was passed around in a company of men representing various professions. All the magnates of history appeared in the various answers. I called to recollection my instructors in the university, the great preachers and lecturers that had charmed my attention or swayed my purposes, and the most notable books I had pondered. When it came my turn to respond to the question, I replied, 'Reddy Copeland.' 'Reddy Copeland?' queried the highbrows. 'And who was he?' 'One of my boy comrades before I was in my teens,' I replied. Reddy was not particularly brilliant, except for his red hair, which gave him his sobriquet. I cannot think of any single thing he ever said or did that was of any great importance. But he was one of those fellows who have a way of getting close to you; and, being a little older, a little stronger, a little wiser, a little more venturesome, of a little quicker initiative and a little more persistence, lead you on at least one step further than you had at first thought of going. If this cicerone should happen to be a vicious boy, woe unto you! If he is a good boy, thank God for having brought you two together. I do. I wonder if Reddy is living. He has made no flaring mark on his generation, or I should have known it. Would he recognize himself in my description? Probably not; for I presume that he was utterly unconscious of his leadership. The secret of Reddy's influence was in the fact that in age, studies, sports and disposition he was so near to me that I never lost his trail. There were boys of more talent and more virtue, and certain of our instructors were men of saintly character and much erudition, for some of them afterward became college professors; but they were too far away from me. I admired and reverenced them, but I did not feel them. I would con over the wise things they had said, resolve and perhaps pray over their suggestions; but when Reddy said, 'Come on! Let's do this!' he pulled me after himself. When he

wouldn't do a thing, he blocked my way also. I volunteer this hint to young people—Your greatest tempter or your best helper, especially in matters pertaining to character, is apt to be some one very much like yourself. Personal influences seem to have the same law as gravitation —the attraction diminishes with the distance. In respect to morals, the title of a lecture by a noted university president is significant: 'Education by Contagion.' It is the 'Power of the Touch.'" Of another of his schoolmates the author writes: "There was a boy in the school to whom I was greatly attached. Tommy ——— was a loving fellow. Like myself, he was far away from home, motherless, somewhat lonely; so we exchanged confidences. Tommy was suddenly stricken with fatal illness. With what muffled feet we walked up and down the long hallway past his room, and then went to our own rooms crying when the doctor came out of the sick chamber shaking his head! A few of Tommy's most intimate friends were permitted to enter his room just before the end came. On the bedside sat the village minister, a rough sort of sky-pilot, with a big heart and common sense. Tommy's eyes were fixed intently upon the minister's face, his own aglow with happy emotion, as when one listens to a charming story. The minister was translating the classic biblical description of Paradise into the language of familiar woods and streams where we boys had played together. He told of the wonderful change that had come upon the mother and sister whom Tommy had lost, now that they were in the light that is fairer than ever falls from the earthly sky. He spoke of Christ as if He were the big brother who waits to welcome us when we enter the higher-grade school called Heaven. The man's words and manner were utterly devoid of pietistic solemnity, and as simple and cheerful as if the two were speaking of a coming vacation. When the sick boy caught a glimpse of his playmates at the foot of the bed, he made an effort to raise his thin hand, and gave us his speechless salutation and farewell. His gaze trembled an instant, then seemed to be diverted by a vision of something radiant. So his soul passed. And this was Death. The face of Tommy, loving, ecstatic, reflected some sort of gleam from the very Soul of Souls, which we call the Unknown. That happy impression has stayed with me ever since. The site of the old academy is hallowed ground in the minds of some of us, now gray-headed, who sojourned there during the middle part of the last century. Although it was not under any strictly religious control, yet year after year the majority of the scholars were led to consecrate themselves to high spiritual ideals. That the influence of the spot was not limited to the creation of passing emotion is evidenced by the fact that among my comrades, say seventy boys, there were, as I have stated, more than a dozen who afterward attained distinction as preachers and leaders in moral and philanthropic movements. As in after life I have met these men, I have been impressed with the practical turn of their minds; though of evident piety they had an abundance of what has been called 'sanctifigumption.' Were we boys under a special spell of the place? Is there truth in the theory that a spiritual aura lingers over some spots, a subtle in-

fluence from the souls of those who have lodged there, which all the winds of the lower sky can never blow away? Did the fact that revivals of religion had in past years swept over our happy school valley perpetuate the tendency to their repetition? Did the knowledge that this spot had previously been sacred to so many consecrations awaken in us boys an expectancy which thus became a 'prophecy that fulfills itself'? I can think of but one tangible clue to this maze of speculation. There was, and had been for many years, in the little community a person about whom the religious interest seemed to center, or rather from whom it appeared to emanate. He was the local pastor, to whom I have referred—a man of no special learning; of exceedingly crude, though rather lurid, rhetoric; but of a wonderfully deep sympathetic nature, and a common-sense shrewdness in talking to boys. He played football with us. He taught us the tricks of the wild game in the woods, and also the tricks of the devil in preying upon us 'young kids.' He knew the hidden springs of motive in a boy's soul. If sanctification is only double-distilled refinement, and morals is only *mores* or manners become second nature, as some affirm, our pastor was certainly no saint. He was unread, except in the Bible, and that he had studied just as he studied garden manures, to get quicker results, and to put stiffer stalks into the souls of his parishioners. Of the strange but powerful influence of this almost backwoods pastor, I may give a telling illustration which I borrow from some ten years later. In my early manhood my path was crossed by that of a very brilliant young German. He had graduated from a famous university, had traveled much and read enormously, written learnedly on philosophical and other topics. He was a thorough German, and evidently believed himself to be a fair specimen of what a superman should be, although that word had not yet ambiguously climbed into use. He claimed to have outgrown Christianity, except as an archæologist never outgrows antiquity. Religion was to him only a study in the history of psychological science. I think I had never met a man who was more 'able to give a reason for the *un*faith that was in him.' As my German friend needed a rest somewhere among the high hills, I recommended my old school neighborhood. I had some misgivings in introducing him to Pastor ————; for a greater contrast between two intellects could scarcely be conceived. My friend's first letters to me after his arrival were full of polite contempt for this 'Yankeefied John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness.' A little later he expressed a liking for the rough diamond in the man; after a while a real fondness for the big soul and genial comradeship, 'better than any doctor's medicine, for there is a healthful ozone about the dominie.' Before the season was over my proud scholar and philosopher wrote me a letter that would not have been more pathetic if tear stained, in which he confessed himself an humble soul-satisfied Christian. His comments upon the pastor were substantially these: 'Philosophers think; this man has felt.' 'Scholars talk about the humanities; this man talked about myself and himself, and he seemed to be expert in both fields.' 'There was something solid in his experience; mine was only vacuum

or suds.' 'He was no theological visionary; but he seemed to have seen that greatest of all visions, the face of Jesus Christ.' Who directed this self-sufficient German sceptic and made him turn at the proper cross-road? Well! A 'tender-foot' who has lost the trail will learn more from an Indian than he will from a commission of map makers." Of his own religious experience at the school, our author says: "My soul simply wouldn't melt into the molds of experience which were set for us by the approved revival methods of that day. For instance, much used to be made of what was called the law-work in a soul; a deep sense of sin; a recognition of the justice of God should He be inclined to damn us for our transgressions. I knew that I was as full of faults as a sieve is of holes. But I couldn't feel myself to be a 'damnable' even of the pigmy sort. So I accepted the divine grace with no great sense of relief, for I realized no great need. It seemed to be even more natural that God should forgive me for my worst offenses than that he should damn me. I was sure that my father would have done so if I had asked him. And I was sure that Mr. ————, one of our junior instructors, who let me sit on his knee when he corrected my Latin exercises, would have done so, too. Indeed, that teacher really did know of some of my graver faults, and never even reported me to the principal. He gave me, I fear, a clearer idea of grace than I got out of the Catechism. For a year I was a rebel. Possibly I would have grown up outside any church had it not been for a venerable clergyman who told me that, as a child, I could no more assay my own experiences than I could analyze the philosophy of the Westminster Creed. He advised me to attempt neither. Then I joined the church. Was it wise? Did I know enough? Had I felt enough? Was I good enough? No. But I think I was honest. I believed in God's goodness. Did I not see it everywhere? So I said to myself, 'God will never go back on you. Trust him, and go ahead. You will get awfully muddled if you don't.' That, by the way, is about the most clarifying judgment I have ever achieved in all my moralizings and all my religious lucubrations." Of his days after leaving that school, he says: "I felt a strong drawing of my feet toward the great highway where so many wander without definite purpose until they lose all power of personal initiative. As I recall those doleful days, and bless Providence that had not really forgotten me, I put my gratitude in the words of Charles Kingsley after a somewhat similar experience: 'Saved—saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of scepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me. Saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse.' From casting myself adrift, I was saved by several agencies. First was my remembrance of the old academy to which my affection turned warmly. The ideals there inculcated had left in me something like an inheritance. Then I received letters from my brother, almost a generation older than I—letters written from a far Western mining camp, in which he begged me never to yield to the vagrant impulse. Besides, I thought of my early religious consecration, an almost infantile act, the wisdom of which I sometimes questioned,

but the power of which I never ceased to feel: I still believe that that seemingly blundering boyish act was among the wisest things I ever did. I *couldn't forget* that once I had closed my eyes, and reaching out toward that great Something we call God, I *had said 'I will!'* The echo of that resolution has come back to me a thousand times, *'I must!'* " Thus it is clear that what really saved that young man from going adrift and gave the world a gospel minister was that early self-dedication when he hardly realized what he was doing. This is one of the author's early recollections: "That I did not grow up to become an anarchist was not due to my first school teacher. She was a lovely woman, soft-eyed, soft-cheeked, soft-handed, soft-spoken, all because she was a soft-hearted creature. She was a rigid disciplinarian, according to her code, but not in administration. She was perpetually inflicting punishments that didn't punish. When she scolded, which she thought she was doing vehemently, she was like Bottom as the lion, who would 'roar you as gently as any suckling dove.' I had done something wrong, and was made to hold out my hand for the due reward of my deeds. A tiny whip of the size of a broomwisp and the weight of a shoestring fell thrice upon my flesh. I was disappointed. I thought a whipping was of more consequence than that. I felt that my teacher hadn't credited me with pluck. She ought at least to have made me wince, stiffen my lips, and grind my heel on the floor. I was underrated, insulted, and that in the presence of another little fellow who thought he had licked me the day before. I watched my chance to merit a heavier punishment, something one could feel, and be willing to talk about afterward if only he didn't cry. I perpetrated some awful, horrible, atrocious bit of naughtiness—the adjectives describe my purpose, not the deed, although I have forgotten what it was. Reformation through corporal punishment having so signally failed in my case, the mistress endeavored to shame me out of my wickedness. She threatened to make me sit in the next room with the girls. Through the open door I caught a loving glance from one of the little misses who happened to live next door to me, and of whom I was very fond. The glance was, as in more classic instances, my undoing. I at once repeated my crime, and had a delightful half hour holding the hand of my inamorata under the fold of her frock. I was at that time laying the foundation for my ideas of government. The 'powers that be,' such as kings, policemen, generals and schoolma'ams, it seemed to me were ordained only to break the monotony of other people's lives by providing them with new sensations—the first plank in the platform of my political economy. I was encouraged by my experience to pursue further the investigation of this great problem. I committed another offense. Now I was to be visited with the utmost severity, put through the final degree, until my soul should be racked into submission. I was shut up in the dark closet! Had I ever heard of the saying I should have expected to read over that dungeon portal, 'Abandon hope ye that enter here.' I anticipated the solitude of ear-splitting silence; but the cheerful voice of a darkey mammy singing in the adjacent kitchen prevented that catastrophe. I set out to explore

with my hands my unknown environs. What awful recesses, deep caverns, ghostly bats and unimaginable things ought to be in the dark closet! Suddenly my fingers slipped into something soft. I smelt the stuff. Goody! Pumpkin pie! I was incarcerated in the pantry! Never was a mouse happier. I did not ask to see. Touch, smell, taste, were all the senses I needed. I only feared that the mistress would relent of her cruelty to me before I had scraped the bottom crust. I served my time in the pantry cell, and was led out into liberty. My sleeve, with which I had wiped my mouth, presented the annals of a solitary confinement with which the story of Silvio Pellico in the Spielburg and that of Picciola and his flower do not compare. But the eyes of my teacher were so full of tears over my sufferings that she didn't notice the sleeve. This method of imparting to a youngster proper ideas of law and order, due respect for authority, and a wholesome realization that 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' might do for the training of rabbits, but not for young hyenas and foxes, to which ancestral races most of us humans seem to belong. That school might have been a preparatory to an after course in the university of Blackwell's Island. In spite of modern theories, and judging from my own case, a better discipline would have been a series of sound spankings laid on by a masculine hand; thus imparting intelligence and discipline by what the scientists would call the process of induction, or which the metaphysicians would, perhaps, regard as a practical application of the *a posteriori* method." Dr. Ludlow records an incident that occurred during his college days, the remembrance of which had a lasting influence upon him: "In the latter part of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln made that eventful journey from his home in Springfield, Illinois, to Washington, for his inauguration. A group of fellow-students went to a neighboring city to see and hear him. Notwithstanding he had been for months in the limelight of the political campaign, and that every attainable fact of his biography had been paraded by partisan favor or prejudice, he was still an almost unknown man. His ability as an executive statesman had not yet been revealed, and was doubted by many. While listening to his brief speech, I looked up at his tall form as the impersonation of the riddle of American history. Was he of presidential timber? I was prepared either to disparage or to applaud. But Mr. Lincoln said nothing to provoke criticism. Was he a prophet who carefully shrouded his foresight as in the hooded mantle? Or did the 'rail splitter' still predominate in him? While the few words he said did not display his genius, they awakened confidence in his character. The listener felt that the manhood in him was true and strong and consecrated to the great issue before the country. Was he homely? I do not know. His face was so full of intelligence, kindness, and patriotic intensity that I thought only of the soul that illumined it. Was he awkward? Were his arms too long, and his trousers bagged at the knees? I don't know. The grace of his sentiment was in every movement, and that gave him a kind of gracefulness which no goodliness of form and no art of gesticulation could have imparted. For instance, seeing a group of ladies gazing at him from an adjoining balcony,

he saluted them as courteously as Lord Chesterfield could have saluted the Queen—'Ladies, we're inspecting one another, and I am sure that I have the advantage.' I remembered that somebody had said that 'the gentle soul is the mistress of gentle manners.' This incident of seeing Mr. Lincoln has a place in my biographic recollection because it started a line of thought which has strongly influenced me in all my reading of history and observation of passing current events. How the great movements of the world hinge upon individuals, their peculiarities of mind and disposition! And how often these men owe their pivotal positions, not to themselves, their ability, or their ambition, but to circumstances, such as their availability in certain emergencies, the balance of parties, their chancing at a certain moment to be at the spot where the limelight happened to fall, so they became known; or, it may be due to a fact that might seem to indicate their unfitness, namely, that they were comparatively unknown when others in prominence had excited special animosities, which prevented their being chosen for leadership. We speak of the 'philosophy of history'; but who on earth understands that philosophy? The hazards of history are more mingled and startling. This line of thought might lead one to pessimism, were it not that the subsequent career of Mr. Lincoln suggested a diviner Providence guiding human affairs, and that great men are made wiser than they themselves or others knew." Here is an experience after the Civil War was over: "In the winter immediately following the war I was a passenger on a small steamer going down the Potomac. A sudden cold snap had blocked the river with ice. As we could not go forward, it was necessary to keep the boat in a constant side-swinging motion, else we should be held fast in the rapidly freezing water. The passengers were arranged in a long line, and rushed quickly back and forth across the deck to keep the craft rocking. General ————, a noted Union officer, commanded at one end, while the redoubtable ex-Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, who had recently given his sword to Sherman, played corporal at the other. Johnston, the rebel, would cry, 'Forward, boys, for the Union!' as we dashed to starboard. 'About face! Now for a regular Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!' shouted the Union officer as we rushed to port. A jollier or more congenial crowd never met. After all, I thought, the man in us is bigger than the brute in us. It will leap as quickly, and, being more persistent, will dominate in the end. That conviction is abundantly confirmed now, as I recall the four years of the Civil War and the half century of peace that has followed. The next Sunday after this episode I worshiped in the old Presbyterian Church of Richmond. The edifice was as sad a reminder as any shot-torn battle flag. The walls were stained with many a leak. Patches of plaster were pendent like the scabs of already healed wounds. The floor was uncarpeted; the pews uncushioned and broken, recalling the fact that for years they had been used for hospital beds for thousands of wounded men. Hymn books and Bibles were torn and coverless, suggesting the wadding used at the battle of Springfield in the Revolution, where brave old Dominie Caldwell led his congregation on to fight with his famous

'Give them Watts, boys!' Some of the leading men of Richmond were arrayed in 'butternut' cloaks, made of old army blankets by cutting slits for the heads and arms. The pastor, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, a man who had lost none of the respect of the North by his fidelity to his Southern flock, was in the pulpit. At the close of his sermon he made an appeal for the repair of the edifice. My Northern companion on the trip, who for four years had been as good a hater of the Confederacy as any man with 'blood in his eye,' emptied his pocketbook into the collection box, and accompanied his donation with an additional pledge written on a blank leaf of a letter he had in his pocket. I never worshiped God with more heartiness, as, without a word of bitterness or complaint for the lost cause, the preacher led our devotions in a prayer to the Prince of Peace. The new loyalty—that of man to man—had already conquered the hated war spirit, and I thought only of him whose 'banner over us is love.'" Here is an incident not uncommon in a minister's life, as our readers know: "One dark and dismal night I was sitting late in my library. A storm of sleet had driven everybody from the streets, except the most miserable and the most desperate. My front door bell rang. I opened the door myself. No one was there. A few moments later the bell sounded again. A young fellow of nineteen or twenty stood outside. He hesitated to make known his errand, and but for my insistence, I think he would have run away without telling it. I saw that he was neither a beggar nor a depredator, and insisted upon his coming into the cheer of the library. He there told me his story. He was out of employment; the times were hard, and nothing offered. He was trying to support his mother and sister, but had reached the last bit of bread. In utter discouragement he had started out in the storm rather than sit idly at home, in useless anticipation of the coming misery. But for his love for those dependent upon him he would have made a quick exit from his personal troubles in some way however tragic. His mind seemed to be giving way as if the blinding sleet had entered his brain. Seeing a light in my window he had felt a resistless craving for a kindly word. I have had some honors in the world, but none more pleased me than this testimony that I was not known in my neighborhood for hardness or indifference to my fellow men. The young man confessed that after first ringing the bell he had gone away, doubtless from a sense of dignity that forbade his intruding himself upon a stranger. But that yearning for a human touch brought him back. I cheered the young fellow as well as I could, and promised to stand by him in a small way, for I saw that he was a man of gentlemanly instincts and breeding; yet, like so many others, that he was caught in that first swirl of the maelstrom of discouragement which so often proves fatal. Had I not myself felt a little of the blinding, bewildering spray of that vortex? Twenty years later I congratulated that man on his prosperity as a merchant, the community on having so public-spirited a citizen—and myself for having sat up late one night and answered my own door bell." Here is the confession of an exceptionally successful and popular minister, who was something more than a "pulpit orator":

"In my college days oratory was my especial abomination. I never could declaim. I could psychologize by the hour over Hamlet's 'To be or not to be'; but to spout the words would be uncomfortable for me. Similarly I hated to formally debate for practice or in competition for honors, though I could wrangle with the worst of my classmates on the slightest provocation. To pronounce an oration—I had rather be choked. For an hour before I had to make the slightest exhibition of myself 'stage fright' gripped me from my knees upward. It brought on headache, indigestion —indeed, physicked me thoroughly. And so it has been for sixty-odd years. I had a classmate who was similarly afflicted. He was the best speaker of us all, but sometimes almost wished that he had been tongue-tied, so that one professional avenue be closed to him. He entered the ministry of his denomination. And he made no mistake. As I write the news comes to me that 'dear old Sam'—I think his ghost will be better pleased with that designation than that of 'the Reverend Doctor'—has just died, honored for his work during more than a half century. Would I to-day choose the same profession I then chose? Doubtless; for I can see no other in which I could be more helpful to my fellow men. Yet I have gone to my public duties 'like the quarry slave scourged,' and so it will be until my last speech raises its welt on my soul. In such an experience I am not alone. Men in all occupations lament it. The most genial of our American poets used to complain to me that his daily life was to 'howl like a hyena for six hours in the Stock Exchange, then go to his library too tired to think.' Dr. ———— was one of the foremost surgeons of the land before the day of anæsthesia. He often spoke of his sickening at the sight of blood; of how the making an incision in another's flesh was almost as painful as if he were cutting his own. Before a serious operation he would sometimes fall upon his knees and cry, 'O God, why must I do this thing?' Yet he knew that he could do 'this thing' as perhaps no other man could do it, and he said, 'I must.' He knew his anatomy so thoroughly, and by force of clear grit could so steady his nerve that the knife went without error along the thin line between life and death. For forty years he did 'this thing,' until nature made his hand to tremble. He then spoke of the 'saving grace of palsy.' I can appreciate this. I have dreaded an audience so that I could almost pray for laryngeal paralysis. This has proved a great hindrance in all my career. I have declined many invitations to address my fellow citizens upon topics with which circumstances made me familiar. I have shirked my duty simply because overborne at the moment by this temperamental, but wholly irrational, shrinking; and afterward been cudgeled by my conscience for my cowardice." Every pastor knows by what he has seen in sick rooms that the spirit is often at its best when the body is at its lowest and worst. Dr. Ludlow tells of this in his own boy's case when at length the inevitable entered his home. Death claimed the eldest boy, a bright lad of thirteen. The case attracted the attention of medical scientists at the time, and some particulars regarding it are related as follows: "For many weeks the lad passed through the various phases of what was diagnosed to be

meningitis down to what seemed to all at the moment to be the fatal end. Then, strangely, from the very brink he came back to apparent health, except in one sad respect—he was totally blind. Some mysterious assault of the terrible disease had destroyed the vitality of the optic nerve. But the loss of outward sight was partly compensated by a marvelous quickening of his mental faculties. He especially astonished all by his feats of memory, although before his sickness he had been the ordinary plodding schoolboy. So vividly did he recall places and things that he had little need for what he called his 'long eye'—a cane which he carried to prevent his striking against obstacles. His sense of direction was as keen as that discovered in the homing instinct of birds and other animals. Whatever from earliest childhood had made the slightest impression upon him was produced with the accuracy of the phonographic disk. A poem of some length which he had heard but once, and that seven years before as a larger scholar had declaimed it, was repeated without the loss of a word, and with mimicry of the intonation and emphasis of the original speaker. Abstract arguments which would have been utterly unappreciated before his affliction, and, indeed, which I myself could follow only with closest attention, elicited from him the shrewdest criticism. At one leap he had mentally covered the distance between childhood and manhood. As I watched my boy, walked with him as almost my equal—for I could lead him only with my physical, not with my mental, eye—I felt that we most commonplace people are lodged on the brink of the preternatural, and that a very little thing may tip us over into it. After some months of life within the Border Land our child passed beyond, and was lost to our sight in the glow of the Great Horizon. Several days before his death he was in apparent comatose condition. He was deaf to all sounds, blind to all signs, and scarcely responsive to touch. Only the throbbing pulse and the heaving breast indicated life. One of the attendant physicians was given to materialistic speculation. He and I were quite intimate, and spoke together in utmost frankness, so that there was nothing obtrusive in our conversation even at the bedside of the patient. 'Your boy is now practically dead,' said he. 'At least life is at its lowest possible ebb. The physical exhaustion has destroyed consciousness. Heart beats now mean no more than the growth of the hair after death. Nothing vital remains to him; only the mechanism, or perhaps the chemistry, of the body is still active. Pardon my question; but you and I have so often discussed this subject that I will ask it—can you believe that when the last drop of the physical current has ebbed away he will resume consciousness? You may be right in believing that after death God will revive the soul. But, you see, speaking scientifically, that it must be revivification, and not continuance of life.' The physician had scarcely gone when something occurred that gave a better answer to his query than I could have invented. The child's lips moved. His mother's ear caught the faintest whisper: 'What day?' It seemed a mere illusion; but the words were repeated distinctly. Life physical was undoubtedly at its lowest ebb, but the soul was alert. In the long dark, soundless, feelingless interval

of time he had had no means of keeping count of the days. Neither dawn nor nightfall, neither morning salutation nor good-night kiss, no sensation of a hand smoothing his brow nor the taste of water on his lips, had helped him mark the passing time. Yet he knew that it had passed; and while we were discussing his unconscious state his mind had been in highest consciousness, watching for some chance opening of the shutters of the senses to communicate with us. How could we answer his question? He could not hear, nor see, nor was his body responsive to the prick of a needle. While we were pondering, his mother happened to press quickly a spot on the inside of his hand. The faintest smile came to his face. There was no discernible movement of his features, only a soft light seemed to shine through them from within. I cannot describe it; it was as if the soul were pure light and had briefly returned and looked out upon us from his face. He repeated the question, 'What day?' and as his mother pressed his hand, he said slowly, taking time to recover strength after each syllable: 'One—Yes—Two—No.' What could he mean? Mother's quick intuition solved the problem. He wished her to signal in to him through pressures of the hand. 'What day? Monday?' Two strokes—'No! Tuesday?' Two strokes—'No! Wednesday?' Two strokes—'No! Thursday?' Two strokes—'No! Friday?' Two strokes—'No! Saturday?' One stroke—'Saturday! New Year Day! Happy New Year!' The child lingered on the Border Land another day, making no sign except at the very last when the lips were laden with the inherent courtesy of his spirit, and he whispered the word 'Thanks!' Then he fled away. How often I have pondered the thought, 'Physical life at the lowest ebb, but spirit life at the flood!' Was it not so? The boy, in his blindness and deafness and almost total lack of sensation, realized that he was shut in from all communication with the outer world as truly as was ever a prisoner within the thick walls of his dungeon. He discovered, however, that there was one tiny outlet not entirely closed—that sensitiveness of his hand—and watched it. He invented an alphabetic code as truly as Morse did—and invention is said to be the highest act of our mental faculties. He signaled his queries, and got his answers. His brave, loving heart sent out its warm farewell as the sunset's glow now comes through the opening in yonder window blind. 'Physical life lowest; mental life highest!' And when that tiny avenue of touch closed all life vanished? I do not believe it. I gladly turn my eyes toward the light that fills yonder Horizon, in which I last saw my child, and can almost see a bright smiling face that bids me be patient for a little while. I told Dr. ———— what we had seen. He stood a moment as if incredulous, then sat down with his head on his hands in deep thought. 'I imagined that I knew something about the relation of soul and body after a half century of reading, watching, thinking about it,' said he. 'But I don't. Body lowest; mind highest! I give it up.'" Of course that doctor gave it up. His materialistic theories are utterly dumb in face of the facts. A most genial comrade, a bright raconteur, a candid commentator on men and things is Dr. Ludlow. Near the end he discusses lying awake. "'Do you sleep well o' nights?'

inquired a venerable friend. 'No, thank God! I don't,' I replied. 'What!' exclaimed my friend. 'Do you thank God for insomnia?' 'To me,' I replied, 'the best part of the day or night is when I can lie awake in the small hours, before the roosters and the milkman make me doze off again with their monotonous noises. There is so much to think about; and one can't think satisfactorily in the daytime, when family and neighbors and newspapers are apt to break up the pleasant web one is spinning. But it is a bit of Paradise to lie flat on your back on a bed soft enough to make you forget that you have any projecting angles on your body, when darkness and silence are so thick about you that they muffle the senses and keep them from obtruding their trivial suggestions —then to live over the past and prospect the future, to spin romances, and enact tragedies with yourself safely out of all danger. How I have at such times rollicked with my own remembered boyhood, made love again to my wife, played with my babies now possessed of babies of their own, refought my battles, rewon my successes, took again my worstings when they no longer hurt, wept over the recollection of sorrowful hours, but thanked God for the 'loved and lost a while'! What crowds of familiar faces look in upon me—faces that have withdrawn from sense-sight into the Great Haze! Then, too, as I lie awake I think of what the great world is doing, what it did yesterday, what it did a thousand years ago, and what it is going to do long after I have dropped out of its mêlée. The best things I have ever thought of, at least that I have thought out, had their hatching-hour between midnight and dawn. Then I have arranged economically and wisely the program for the following day, developed topics upon which I must write or speak, and, above all, settled questions that have disturbed relations between 'Me and Myself.' 'You must have a good conscience, or a bribed conscience, to talk in that way,' says my friend. 'You evidently haven't had the temptations and tumbles that I have had, or you wouldn't run so light-footed over the past.' 'No,' I reply, 'I haven't a good conscience. If I should criticize myself, I would be stuck as full of devils' arrows as Saint Sebastian was. But I don't criticize myself. I am not worth criticizing. It's too small business to be finding fault with oneself. But give me a saint, and I will point out his very freckles with jealous delight. Job said that the Lord imputes folly to his angels, but the good Book also says that, as for the sins of common folks such as you and I, the Lord forgets them —that is, of course, if we ourselves don't like them, which is the real meaning of repentance. I once quarreled with a man who said with sanctimoniousness, "I forgive you, my dear friend, but I can't forget it." That is worse than "Injun giving." God doesn't forgive with a string attached to his grace. He says, "I will remember them no more forever. I will blot them out as a thick cloud," and spread over you only the clear azure of my smile. Now I am not greater than the Almighty. If he doesn't shadow me, I'm not going to shadow myself. Besides, if a man should forgive another seventy times seven times, shouldn't he be a little merciful to himself when the Lord tells him that he has no longer anything against him? So I don't let my wretched past dis-

turb me o' nights any more than I would let the mice nest in my pillow.' 'But,' pursues my friend, 'aren't you sometimes anxious about the future? The night blackens with its darkness all my bugbears. I need the full sunshine to cheer me before I tackle the problems that lie ahead of me.' 'What,' I reply, 'do you want of the sunshine? Look at the stars in the night sky. I think of them as the myriad eyes of God. And don't you remember that the good Book says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of all those whose hearts are toward him"? With the sky full of watchers, I lie awake until I purr myself to sleep again with as little anxiety as a kitten has in the lap of her mistress.'" And we leave our delightful friend, nearly four score, contented in the gloaming, till God's door shall let him into the House of Life.

Human Nature and Its Remaking. By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. 8vo, pp. xxvi+434. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, $3, net.

PROFESSOR HOCKING has the right idea of the purpose of a book. It is to open discussion and not to close it, to set the reader thinking and questioning and so enable him to adjust his point of view in fuller accord with the facts of life. This volume deals with the processes of human transforming and it reckons with "the drastic judgment of *non-reality* upon the pieties of Christendom." We took too many things for granted and were building on the sand instead of on the rock. The challenge has now come in the name of moral realism and the effects will be salutary if it is accepted in a spirit worthy of the challenge. Indeed, one of the hopeful signs of the Church is the readiness shown to investigate conditions without evasion or shirking responsibility for negligence and oversight. All things considered, the Church is purer and stronger to-day than at any previous period of its history because of its honest acknowledgment of failure and its willingness to revise its standards and tests. The spirit of liberalism must be related to the practice of discipline. One of the valuable features of this book is the way in which the need for discipline is interpreted and applied in the realms of politics, education, the administration of justice and the provisions for defense. In spite of the author's flowing style the book is not easy reading, but it is stimulating and recalls the volumes of Borden P. Bowne, who had the unique ability of introducing the play of humor into his philosophical expositions. "Conscious life is engaged in *trying to find out what* it wants and in trying to get it." The preliminary discussion deals with questions pertaining to "original human nature," like instincts, the will, conscience. Seeing that human nature is both plastic and fixed, the excessive stress on heredity is discounted and more is made of the influence of environment. A triumphant religion is a force within the life of man whose nature it shapes. In the concluding part of the volume the decision is made in favor of Christianity, which alone of all religions is best fitted to accomplish the task of transforming the individual and society. "Nega-

tive experience counts for nothing if there is but a single positive success." We are thus led to accept the testimony of saints as being more conclusive than the verdicts of philosophers. It need not, however, necessarily follow that the saint is not a philosopher nor the philosopher a saint. The reason why more people do not strive for the highest goals of character is because they have not brought themselves wholly to desire the noblest and richest attainments. The undisciplined assertiveness of Nietzsche is sharply criticized because it doesn't reckon with the truth that desire should be controlled and modified by obedience to the higher law. The relation between liberty and license is made clear in the chapter on "The Liberator as Disciplinarian." The guidance of pure instinct is unreliable. It needs direction, and this is considered in Part II, which relates instinct to impulse, emotion, interest and the will led or misled, as the case may be, by the character of the motives. The will to power or the will to live is the most central of instincts. "It involves dealing with a world of objects and resistances, and holding intact one's validity in the midst of that intercourse. More than that, it implies the process of the artist, that of imposing upon the external mass an element of form and order that is first one's own." The satisfaction derived from this process makes for human happiness. Herein also lies its secret, for the will to power has regard to the totality of life and never to any fragment of it. The chapter on "Mind and Body" removes a common fallacy which regards feeling and knowledge as opposites instead of complements. "The proper contrast to feeling is not thought, but *callousness;* and wherever I am insensitive to an interest or concern which finer members of the race care about I may know that the root of my deficiency is a lack of intelligence or vision." Part III, on "Conscience," places this sense of oughtness in the central position to which it is entitled. It is further pointed out that this principal inner agency for the remaking of human nature, which insistently interposes a check against whatever threatens integrity, must be enlightened and educated. Special attention should be given to the chapters on "Current Fallacies regarding Sin," "Instinct and Sin," "Sin as Blindness and Untruth," "Why Men Sin," "Sin as Status." The fallacy that whatever is natural is right is deliberately exposed. "Sin is the refusal to interpret crude impulse in terms of the individual's most intelligent will to power." Men sin because of delay in reaching a decision, because they make imperfect alliances, because they follow the course of least resistance, because they fail to express their convictions with intrepid fearlessness, because they hesitate to take risks. The truth of all this is well uttered in the words of the Master: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." The urgency of immediate decision is expressed in the appeal: "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." The part played by experience in reshaping human nature is next considered, as well as the social interferences and influences of law and state, institutions, education, punishment. A good social order will not suppress individuality but enlarge its scope. We are not to discard custom which "continues the direction of development struck out by individual experi-

ence, and facilitates it." On the other hand, we cannot unconditionally accept the theory that "the interests of the individual are identical with the interests of society." The standpatter regards the ideal citizen as the one who is a loyal vessel of party authority and routine. Such a conception stands condemned because it does not protect the ideal of personal initiative and responsibility. This aspect of the case is discussed in the chapter on "The Right of Rebellion." The tendency to random radicalism is guarded in the exposition of the two postulates: "What others wish me to be must be identical with what I myself wish to be," and, "Every competitive interest must be so transformed or interpreted as to be non-competitive, or an ingredient in a non-competitive interest." Much is said to the point on the subject of competition. The greater importance of personality in comparison with property is also rightly emphasized. We can guard against the spirit of hurry as we cultivate the "capacity to retain wholeness of prospect in the midst of very fragmentary satisfaction, aided by a large power for vicarious enjoyment." Some searching remarks are made in the chapter on "Education." The failure to take a view of the wholeness of life is explained in the criticism of current educational requirements. The chief defect of contemporary education is not that it turns out persons who believe and behave as their fathers did—it does not; "but that it produces so many stunted wills, wills prematurely grey and incapable of greatness, not because of lack of endowment, but because they have never been searchingly exposed to what is noble, generous and faith-provoking." We agree that ethics and religion must not be taught in a mechanical fashion, but only by teachers who are believers. "Life becomes worth living according to the greatness of faith, not the lack of it. If any element of a great faith proves wrong, its greatness survives as a standard to be reached by what displaces it." The chapter on "Punishment" points out that it is "an expression of social hope—the hope of remaking or saving the man by revealing to him in the language of deeds the meaning of his own deed." The fact of social responsibility is stressed in the statement that "the criminal is not the only one who is to be punished for his crime. Every member of society is under the same punishment." The next section, on "Art and Religion," introduces the new force of religion. To be sure, both art and religion have sought to transform life by denying its original basis and have thereby failed in obtaining a solution. Nowhere is the lack of discrimination more impressively seen than in the sacred books of religion, with their "mixture of the solemn and the trivial and by the absence of reference either to individual rights or to social welfare as deliberate ends." The great exception is the sacred Book of Christianity. If art depends upon an eye for reality, its significance comes from religion. In fact, every situation in life is enriched rather than impoverished by the redemptive and creative influences of religion. "The individual who finds and worships his God stands at the source of the community and its welfare. It is to the God-fearing individual and no other that the State must defer. And, conversely, democracy without religion is neither a true nor a secure principle of social structure." Religion here means

Christianity, and its power lies in the fact that it means what it says and purposes a complete transformation of life. How it deals with "the major passions of the private and the public orders" is studied in chapters on Christianity and Pugnacity, Sex-love and Ambition. The creative attitude of Christianity is "not meant to displace but to subordinate the critical attitude and its varieties, the competitive, the punitive, the warlike attitudes." The indispensable function of worship receives due consideration. Without it both philanthropy and art engage in a defective ministration. Protestantism has been too intellectual and abstract. Its onesidedness can be removed as the soul is approached through its physical and social entanglements, somewhat after the fashion of Catholicism but in a purer and sublimer manner. "The Crux of Christianity," as is shown in the chapter with this title, is its element of presumption in undertaking the transformation of all life. The missionary implications of this truth are worked out in quite an interesting way. The chapter on "The Divine Aggression" represents God, who is love, as the restless Seeker in quest of the lost. The element of suffering is inevitable in the character of such a God of love. This really is the message of the Cross. In its light we understand that "the qualities which have made and are making our contemporary civilization are not qualities of intellect more than qualities of character: they are such qualities as integrity, reliability, legality, practical force, love of liberty." We have indicated only a few of the arguments and discussions in a book which attempts to elucidate problems of special interest for these days when reconsideration must precede reconstruction.

Dominus Noster. A Study in the Progressive Recognition of Jesus Christ our Lord. By Charles A. Anderson Scott. 8vo, pp. ix+232. Cambridge, England: W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd. Price, cloth, 6s.

That One Face. Studies of the place of Jesus in the minds of Poets and Prophets. By Richard Roberts. 12mo, pp. vii+199. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, $1.25.

The New Testament is a confession of faith in Jesus Christ, which grew out of the experience of those who came under his influence in the days of his flesh and since the days of his ascension glory. The terse sentence, "Jesus Christ our Lord," expresses the apostolic faith, but there were degrees of faith and confidence because some had plumbed the depths better than others. There was also a progressive appreciation of the position and power of Jesus Christ. We are hearing a great deal that Jesus is a far-off, historical character, and reports have come to hand that most of the men in the trenches were in a fog as to what Jesus stood for. This uncertainty and misunderstanding make clear to us the task of the Church, which is to give a full and adequate interpretation of Christ so that no one will be in doubt as to his claims. That this might be done it is well to follow the steps by which the Christians of the first century were led to give Jesus the exalted place of honor hitherto occupied by God alone. Professor Anderson Scott's

volume is a great help in this direction. He supplements at many important points, Dr. Denney's volume on "Jesus and the Gospel," and takes note of the historical background and religious atmosphere of the first century to an extent that Dr. Denney failed to do. The secret of the profound impression of Jesus was in his unique personality. His grace and inexpressible winsomeness, his severity against evil, his power in word and deed, are expounded with scholarly ability. Jesus revealed the truth of God by living out the relationship with the Father. The purpose of his teaching was to spiritualize the religious and ethical ideas of the people. Unlike the Baptist, Jesus placed much emphasis on teaching as a remedy of the sad condition into which the religious leaders and the people had fallen because of their mistaken idea of God. The section on "his sinless perfection" is unusually strong. Jesus never betrayed the slightest consciousness of moral failure or weakness. He claimed to know and express the mind of God with authoritative finality. This knowledge was not information nor truth as perceived by him, nor doctrine as imparted by him; it was "that intuitive apprehension and perfect understanding which spring from perfect sympathy and undivided love." Another fact is that Jesus regarded his death as inevitable because it was a part of his vocation, according to the divine purpose. The claim which he made for adherence and allegiance to himself was compelling, and those who accepted it realized that right relationship to himself was the only condition of obtaining the *summum bonum* of life, and that no price was too high to pay for it. Dr. Anderson Scott perceives four stages in which the total impression made by Jesus crystallized and found expression. At the first stage Jesus was recognized as the Christ, the personal fulfillment of the Messianic hope; at the second, he was accepted as "the Lord;" at the third, he was regarded as the Logos or eternal self-utterance of God; and finally he was worshiped as "God," because no other term was found to be adequate to give a complete account of the facts, the impressions and the experience. These points are well discussed in successive chapters. What is written in these pages about the Messianic hope is particularly fine, since it reckons with recent study on Hebrew prophecy. "By the revelation of himself, and of the true realities and relationships of life, he both revealed and offered a Kingdom of God which was neither for this life only, nor only for the life to come, but eternal; which was neither political nor eschatological, but ethical; and a Messiah who was neither national nor apocalyptic, but religious; one, that is to say, whose redeeming activity was conditioned, neither by earthly circumstances nor by the events of an undated future, but by his relation to God. 'Only a paradoxical formula can cover the facts. And that must run—the future salvation has become present, and yet has not ceased to be future.'" There is a reassuring discussion on the resurrection. The great proof of this vital fact was seen in the new spirit which possessed the believers and the new attitude toward the Risen One, which was expressed in the confession, "Jesus is Lord," and which in turn became the central conviction, doctrine and achievement of the early church. The chapter on

"The Saviour" takes note of the religious situation of the first century. When the Christians spoke of salvation they meant freedom from the power and fear of evil spirits, deliverance from the enslaving bondage of the law, and emancipation from moral and spiritual weakness due to sin and its fatal consequences. As Saviour, Jesus removed the alienation from God and brought reconciliation with God and revivification of the life more abundant. The validity of this experience was demonstrated by ethical and spiritual proofs, furnished by the Christians, who gave to Christ not the adulation of cringing flattery but the adoration of grateful faith. Although the actual meaning of Christ as God came toward the close of the New Testament period and conspicuously in the writings of John, prayers were addressed to Christ from the first and the disciples took up an attitude to him which men adopt toward God alone. This book of reverent scholarship is a notable contribution toward a clearer understanding of the Christ of the New Testament, and this is a necessary condition to interpret him adequately to the present generation. The purpose of Mr. Roberts is to study the total impact of the person of Jesus upon the whole man so as to secure a just proportion in our thought of Jesus. He has arranged his material for daily reading to cover twelve weeks, and he introduces appropriate Scripture passages which bear on the particular thought he desires to bring out. He is aware that the impression of Jesus was not received on a clear canvas by the men whose work he expounds. The same thing might be said of the New Testament people, as Professor Anderson Scott has pointed out in his volume. And like him, Mr. Roberts takes note of the cultural and spiritual background in his estimate of the contributions made by the poets and prophets selected, toward an appreciation of Jesus. "There appears to be a certain ubiquity about the figure of Jesus; wheresoever we turn, we encounter him or see his footsteps. There is hardly any literary figure in whose work he does not soon or late appear. Not indeed that he is always welcome; but he is palpably a figure to be reckoned with. No literature which professes to be true to life can ignore him; some account has to be taken of him. He cannot be hid. His challenge seems inevasible." Concerning the two great poets of the Victorian era who weathered the gale and reached the port of a living faith in Christ, he writes: "Tennyson presents us with a figure of a sad but eager seeker, winning his way into faith with somewhat hesitating steps; but Browning seems rather the strong man fighting his own way through the smoke and tumult of battle into the clear air beyond." The chapter on Browning, the poet as philosopher, concludes that that valiant believer found in Jesus the clue to a satisfying account of the universe; he saw in Christ the crown and destiny of all things in the universe and out of it, and he rejoiced in Christ the fulfillment of the personal life. Men have truly looked upon Jesus from different angles and they have seen him under many aspects; but he has always appealed to their deepest and best impulses and has inspiringly led them to the sublime heights of perfection. "To Dante, he was the glorified Redeemer; to Shelley, the supreme poet and reformer; to William Blake, the incarnation of that divine energy which is forever

creating life, and beauty, and fellowship; to Browning, the clue to the mystery of the universe; to Tennyson, the divine revealer and interpreter of God and man; to Francis Thompson, the ever-present Lover who will not let us go. To Savonarola, he was the over-lord of cities; to Mazzini, the symbol and promise of universal human unity; to John Ruskin, the living Master who puts us all to work and sustains us while we are at it."

The Idea of Immortality. Its Development and Value. By GEORGE GALLOWAY, D.Phil., D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrews. 12mo, pp. viii, 234. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Imported by Scribners. Price, cloth, $2.25 net.

THIS is one of the latest and best books on a theme of profound importance. Dr. Galloway is well known by his notable volume on The Philosophy of Religion, in which there is a brief discussion on the idea of immortality (pp. 562-574). It has prepared the reader to welcome the Baird Lecture where the subject is considered in six chapters with arguments and illustrations from science, philosophy, ethics, and religion; and the conclusion reached that faith in personal immortality is grounded on faith in the character of God. The opening chapter is a review of the various conceptions of immortality and the attitudes of nescience and wistfulness with regard to this truth. The temper of worldliness and religious indifference which prevailed before the war is also well described, and the inadequacy of the naturalistic scheme of things is forcefully stated and criticized. 'Immortality is not mere endlessness—it is fullness and completeness of life." This truth is shown to have far-reaching consequences to the highest welfare of mankind. The development of the idea is traced through primitive religions, the religions of Egypt, Greece, India, and Persia, and the mystery cults. This chapter is a valuable contribution to the study of comparative religion; of special interest is the treatment of the inherent fatalism of transmigration and nirvana in contrast to the goal of Christianity which involves personal and social factors of a distinctively spiritual order. It is true of Hinduism, as of the other non-Christian faiths, that a feeble conception of the worth of personality presents an ideal of the dissolution rather than the conservation of values. The argument from science is not considered. It is pointed out that organic life cannot be explained mechanically, and that an interpretation in terms of quantitative action and reaction is inadequate. The phenomena of life demand a central unifying principle which is not the product of material factors, as is contended by naturalism and materialism which thus discard the psychical elements. In support of his contention, Dr. Galloway quotes a conclusion by Dr. McDougall in his volume, Body and Mind. "Though it is not possible to say just how much of what we call personality is rooted in bodily habits, and how much in psychical dispositions, yet it is open to us to believe that the soul, if it survives the dissolution of the body, carries with it some large part of that which has been gained by intellectual

and moral effort." After a careful investigation of the claims of psychical research, we are persuaded that its inferences furnish no proof that warrants a belief in immortality. On this great issue we walk by faith and not by sight, for not only does the problem of immortality transcend the region of empirical science, but science of itself can hardly give any final answer because it is not sure of its own ground on this and kindred other questions. What reason can do in throwing light on this issue is discussed in the chapter on the philosophical approach. The author here shows a firm grasp of philosophy as he surveys the teachings of Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, and Lotze. As a net result he succeeds in convincing the reader that adequate evidence and ultimate certainty cannot be obtained by metaphysics, although it offers much that is helpful in the way of developing suggestions and indicating possibilities if not also probabilities. This is particularly true concerning the personal survival after death. What man needs most of all is an ethical and spiritual self-fulfillment, not the mere persistence of metaphysical identity. This aspect of the subject is taken up in the remaining two chapters, which leave behind questions of speculations and rely on the testimony of the moral consciousness and of spiritual experience. The sorrows and disquiet of the world, due to the war, have precipitated a rebellious and insurgent temper. The claims of justice and the sense of ethical incompleteness of the personal life compel us to reckon with the postulate of immortality. This aspect of the case is very suggestively set forth and we agree with the writer that, "even on the most generous view of the facts, we cannot maintain that the theory of an immanent justice fully realized on earth covers, or nearly covers, all the experiences of life." "The present order of things can only be regarded as reasonable in the large sense of the term, if it leads up to a higher form of being which corrects and supplements what is imperfect in the present order." The significance of the moral ideal lies in its demand for the realization of the highest good, not merely as an endless process in time but beyond time. "The moral life is a struggle on man's part to be better than he is, and the struggle never closes in the consciousness of a full and final attainment. . . . There is no perfection, and the actual does not coalesce with the ideal." The need of harmonizing the facts of experience finds in the postulate of personal immortality that which is satisfactory, because it "conserves the value already gained, and is a guarantee that the endeavor after the good shall come to its goal and fulfillment." The objections against the ethical argument are groundless because it is not the result of an exaggerted otherworldliness, nor can it be maintained that the other world is just the ideal truth or reality of this world. As a matter of fact, moral justice does not reign supreme in the actual world. "If there is no immortality, if the personal life flickers out with the dissolution of the body, the conclusion is inevitable that value is constantly being lost." But character cannot be so curtly dismissed. There is not only a conservation of values but also an augmentation of values, not merely in the perpetuity of moral influence but of moral personality. It is a

begging of the question to speak of corporate immortality, as though society should be the ultimate ethical end for the individual. "Society is not an end but a means, a means to the unfolding of personal lives; and the measure of the value of a social system will be found in the character of the persons who compose it." To be sure, society is an end to the individual in the sense that apart from it he cannot realize the fullness of his nature. "For his inner life man wins a content from his social environment. In a deeper sense, however, and from an ultimate point of view, the personal and ethical life is the end of society, and society is the means to its development." The climax of the argument is reached in the last chapter which deals with the contribution of religion, and here the character of God is decisive. Religion brings us into fellowship and communion with God. This is not absorption into the Divine but a deepening of the religious consciousness, whereby "the personality of man is expanded and uplifted as well as purified by fellowship with the Deity, but it is not merged in the Deity as pantheistic systems suggest. There is an immanence of the Divine in the human which, though it eludes definition, is not identification." It is not in pantheism, with its idea of absorption, nor in pluralism, which resolves the universe into a multiplicity of finite centers, but in theism that we find the best support for the hope and assurance of personal immortality. The answer of the Christian revelation is given with unerring certitude and perfect confidence. Its faith in a life hereafter has its final ground in faith in the character of God and not on any proof that men are intrinsically immortal. "For the new life, as it is revealed in those who have fellowship with God through Christ, is a life of transcendent value in the soul." This conclusion is reassuring. We are thankful to Dr. Galloway for giving it such a catholic context. His volume not only states all the difficulties with clearness and fairness, but also suggests how they might be removed, and in doing so gives us satisfaction, relief and confidence.

Reports of the Archbishops' Committees of Inquiry. 8vo, pp. 467. London: Published for the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Imported by The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.25.

This is one of the most important of recent volumes bearing on the manysided functions of Christianity and the Church, for our times of upheaval and wistfulness. It is the result of a careful canvass of the entire situation by five strong committees appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, to inquire into conditions not only in the Anglican church, but in the church at large. These reports contain the conclusions of specially qualified men and women, who devoted months of study, investigation and thought, and whose recommendations are carefully elaborated so as to command the serious attention of all thoughtful Christians. Some sections of the reports bear more directly on the Anglican communion, but most of them are concerned with questions

of interest to every church. The criticisms are not of those who are overwise but who are zealous, according to knowledge, for the advance of the Kingdom of Christ. The first report is on "The Teaching Office of the Church." After acknowledging the intellectual, practical, and social failure of the Church, the causes are noted. There has been a tendency to rely too much on the authority of office and to neglect personal experience; many preachers, owing to a lack of intellectual courage, have ignored vital issues; there has been an absence, on the part of the laity, of the capacity for serious intellectual thought and sustained moral effort; the pathetic indifference even of the religious home where the children often grow up with a "silent prejudice against religion"; the divisions among Christians. Toward a solution, the emphasis is rightly laid on the need for intellectual effort, which does not imply any lessening but an increase of spiritual development and activity. In this respect there must be cooperation, for "in the wide complexity of modern thought, it is not likely that a single theologian, or one school, will be able to solve every problem; and we must in these days seek such a solution in the corporate action of the whole Christian society." It sounds like a truism to say that the clergy should study; but it nevertheless needs to be repeatedly brought home, and a timely warning uttered against "catch-penny" preaching. The subject of religious education is also discussed with discernment. We were agreeably surprised to read the urgent recommendations on the subject of lay preaching. The question of reviving the office of local preacher in American Methodism should be seriously considered by our leaders. Provision should also be made for the better training of local preachers and giving them larger responsibilities in the work of the pulpit. The successful use of the "minute men" in the Centenary Campaign sufficiently demonstrated that here is a reserve force which should be called out and trained for the service of the Church. Of special value in this report are the appendices on the ministry of the clergy as teachers, the ministry of the Word, the training of young preachers, written by Bishop Gore, the late Canon Scott Holland, and Drs. E. W. Barnes, A. C. Headlam, A. J. Tait, E. Lyttelton, A. Nairne and others. As to the last question, we refer to three excellent papers on "Necessary Readjustments in the Training of the Ministry," read before the Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and published in The Church and Its American Opportunity (Macmillan). The second report is on "The Worship of the Church." The committee recognize that much of our trouble is due to the weakening of the habits of private and personal prayer and family worship, and the lack of religious training of the young; with the inevitable reaction, for the worse, on public worship. "It is idle to hope for any considerable change in the practice of public worship so long as men are unconscious of the paramount claim of God upon their lives, and the duty of expressing their recognition of this claim in worship, public and private." The discussion on Prayer Book revision is not of particular interest to us, except to suggest that many of our forms no longer appeal to the people. Instead of lamenting this fact or con-

demning the people for indifference and negligence, we should devise such ways as will enable spiritual religion to find more adequate expression in its individual and social aspects. On the subject of sermons, we are told that, "The faith of Christ provides a system of thought as well as a rule of life, and it is of vital importance that the whole faith should be set forth in all its bearings." The question of church music as an aid to worship is next considered, and here we are in urgent need of reform. The Communion service also deserves careful thought. On this subject we quote from the report by three chaplains who, at the time, were serving at the Front. "There is much disappointment felt by chaplains in regard to the neglect of Holy Communion by the majority of men at the Front. At the same time it has vindicated its power and it wins its way, and we think almost all chaplains will return home anxious to make this service the main corporate, family, congregational act of worship and fellowship. All, we think, would come together in the desire to maintain the primary connection of the service with communicating." The third report is on "The Evangelistic Work of the Church." Concerning the National Mission in 1916, we read: "There is, no doubt, a difference of opinion as to the success of the mission, but the result has certainly shown the unpreparedness of the Church for its opportunities, the immense reserves of service which have never been used or even thought to be available; the paltriness of the demand which the Church has been making of its members when compared with its great corporate responsibility, and the possibilities which lie immediately before it of fulfilling its great vocation." Here again the inabilities and disabilities of both clergy and laity are reviewed, and fruitful suggestions made for their removal. Among the evangelistic deficiencies are the lack of a missionary spirit, of a personal recommendation of Christianity, of witnessing Christians, of fraternal fellowship, of teaching the truth as a whole, and of Bible teaching. There is a brief but pointed chapter on "The Message for To-day" and another on "The Approach" in making appeals. Here is one of the best definitions of evangelism: "To evangelize is so to present Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Spirit, that men shall come to put their trust in God through him, to accept him as their Saviour, and serve him as their King in the fellowship of his Church." A great deal is made of the importance of visiting both by clergy and laity. Practical ways are also mentioned toward developing the evangelistic consciousness of the Church. "At the heart of the whole problem lies the necessity of a more intense spiritual life in the Church herself." The conviction is also repeatedly expressed that "the rule of Christ is the only hope of the nations," and that "in him alone lies the hope of our victory over evil." One of the appendices deals with the religious movements of the past, and shows both historical learning and spiritual insight into present needs. Another is a candid examination by secretaries of the Student Movement, of conditions among young people and where the Church has either failed or succeeded. The fifth report, on "Christianity and Industrial Problems," may be regarded as a challenge and demand. The at-

tention is directed to stumbling-blocks which have made faith in God and the reception of Christ difficult; and to the twin principles of human value and human comradeship as the master-keys of true progress. After mature consideration of all the facts involved in economic and social life, the conclusion is reached that Christ is the center of the best aspirations and the mainspring of the best forces in the world. These premises are more or less acknowledged by all Christians, but in this report they are viewed from a new angle and impressive applications are made. In place of the ambulance work of the Church, we are summoned to attack the forces of wrong, and to reaffirm "the principles of justice, mercy and brotherhood as sovereign over every department of life." The chapter on "Christian Principles and their Social Application" is a constructive exposition of the teachings of the New Testament. The chapter on "Some Historical Illustrations of Christian Thought on Social Relationships," is an able review of both literature and life, bearing on this theme. It is confessed that the principles of Jesus Christ have not been fairly and fully applied to the social and economic departments of life; but, instead of discourteously passing strictures on the past, we are asked to consider what ought to be, and to give ourselves to bring in the better day, by the practice of self-discipline, selfless patriotism, mutual confidence and brotherliness of spirit, a readiness to serve and suffer for the general good, and to trust and follow chosen leaders with loyalty and self-suppression." What the committee on evangelism wrote with regard to its work applies to every other, and with these words we must conclude our notice of a truly remarkable volume. "Inquiry is profitless and suggestions must be unconvincing unless the ear of the Church is trained to hear, trained through prayer to find the right judgment and to be filled with boldness which comes through strength bestowed."

James Hope Moulton. By His Brother. With a Foreword by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster. 12mo, pp. 200. London: The Epworth Press. Price, cloth, 6s. net.

A Neglected Sacrament and Other Studies and Addresses. By James Hope Moulton. 12mo, pp. 175. London: The Epworth Press. Price, cloth, 5s. net.

The Christian Religion in the Study and the Street. By James Hope Moulton. 12mo, pp. xi+301. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

The life of a scholar and teacher is more full of influence than of incident, so that his biography is frequently an estimate of character rather than a recital of happenings. Mr. W. Fiddian Moulton has written a finely proportioned volume dealing with the remarkable career of his brother. He came of Methodist stock on both sides, and it is said that he cared more for Methodism than for anything else in the world except for the truth and Him who is the Truth. He had alluring offers to use his gifts elsewhere, but he preferred to remain in Methodism. Had he subscribed to the tenets of the Anglican Church, many doors would

have opened to him in the University of Cambridge. Although barriers against Nonconformists have been greatly reduced, "it will take generations to exorcise from Oxford and Cambridge that spirit which is far more ready to give the right hand of fellowship to the freethinker than to the Nonconformist preacher." But, as Mr. Fiddian Moulton remarks, "it is very doubtful whether the new age will tolerate such things much longer, and the first steps have been taken in the direction of fairer treatment." The biography is divided into four parts dealing with Richmond and Dr. Moulton's early life; Cambridge and his service at the Leys School, Newnham and Girton Colleges, and within limits at the university; Manchester, and the field of faithful freedom; and India, where he fulfilled an unusual missionary apostolate. But throughout his life, while taken up with scholarly research and academic tasks, he continued to be a Methodist minister; and on Sundays he was heard from the pulpits of Methodism, lavishly and opulently proclaiming the evangel to large congregations, or to a handful of villagers on the far side of the circuit. He found his largest sphere in Manchester, where he had none of the harassing disabilities that existed in the two ancient universities. He once remarked, "We have in the University of Manchester a theological faculty which has been an object lesson of a very valuable character. We sit side by side representing all the churches, and the only 'faculty' we have—so the vice-chancellor says, and he ought to know—is that we never quarrel. We have never had any division in which any one could tell from the voting which were Anglican and which Free Church." While serving as Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek in Manchester University, he was also tutor in New Testament Language and Literature at Wesleyan College, Didsbury. What is written in this volume of Moulton as a Methodist preacher will be read with deep interest. "To some within the borders of his church he was somewhat of a puzzle, for they did not know quite where to place him. The higher critic they knew, and the evangelist they knew, but what manner of man was this who seemed to blend the parts? Some probably thought the more kindly of views other than their own because James Hope Moulton held them. Others who would have liked to challenge him came to view the situation in much the same light as the cardinal who was instructed to tackle Lord Acton—and thought better of it." He was distinguished by the three characteristics of humility, moral passion, and the ministry of reconciliation. Concerning the third we read that he was a reconciler between scholarship and evangelism, between churches, between religions, between men of all types. It is not surprising when he heard "the East a'calling," that he responded with the missionary ardor so characteristic of him. In a paper on "The Parsis in India," in the volume on The Christian Religion in the Study and the Street, he wrote of this privilege: "My appointment to a temporary readership in 'Aryan Antiquities' in Bombay University enabled me to exchange empty classrooms in Manchester for excellent audiences of Hindus and Parsis in the Convocation Hall, and before the three months in the city were over I had experienced the cordial welcome that educated

Parsis extend to visitors from the West who have given sympathetic study to the monuments of their religion." He mentions five Saturday afternoon addresses to Parsi gatherings in a theater, given at the request of Parsis, who were much concerned at the "lack of spiritual food," conspicuous in the present generation. "The addresses were consequently sermons, and not academic lectures." Concerning this mission his biographer writes: "A dogmatic assertive apologetic, however sincere and convinced, was not half so likely to win the assent of the thoughtful man of the East as the humble and teachable spirit which, while certain of its own ground, is so abundantly willing to believe the best of other phases of thought; and one is quite prepared to hear of the warm expressions of gratitude which poured upon him from all sides for an apologetic which made more certain the message of every worker." It was a testimony to his openmindedness and impartiality that he was approached with the offer of the principalship of the Hindu College at Benares. While in India he was intensely busy—preaching, lecturing, writing, traveling—and he took no regard of the trying climate. Before he left England he was sorely bereaved by the death of his wife, and while in India he received news of the death of his son Ralph at the Front. On this he wrote: "I cannot realize it now in the least; and it will be just a long, dull consciousness of a loss, the magnitude of which the past year has indefinitely increased. That has really been the history of the even greater loss with me, and I don't think time has done anything with it. I feel it now in just exactly the way I felt it a year ago; that is, I can be quite calm, and talk and think of other things, as I have had to do even to-day. But all the time there is a void that aches and aches, even while I am talking gaily. In such a way, I take it, the successive losses as life goes on make us readier for the next abiding place in the endless journey, into which my brilliant and noble boy has gone before his wistful father." When it was time for him to return to England he was weary and worn out. This partly explains his inability to survive the exposure in a boat after the City of Paris was sunk by a German torpedo in the Gulf of Lyons. His friend, Professor Rendel Harris, who was with him on this homeward voyage, wrote that "he succumbed to superior spiritual attractions which he felt a long time before the ship was struck." Everything that Moulton wrote was precious, so that we are grateful for these two posthumous volumes, also edited by his brother. The Christian Religion in the Study and the Street consists of papers, addresses and lectures on Biblical subjects, comparative religion and other related topics. Attention is specially directed to three popular lectures on "How Stands the Bible?"; three articles on the Beatitudes, the Epistle of James, and the Sayings of Jesus, in which critical insight blends with skillful exegesis; the inaugural lecture at the University of Manchester on "The Science of Language and the Study of the New Testament"; another lecture on "Christianity and Other Religions"; a paper on "Syncretism in Religion," and several discussions on phases of Zoroastrianism. The other posthumous volume is entitled A Neglected Sacrament, which is the subject

of one of the luminous sermons on the incident of the feet-washing in the upper room. The first part of the volume consists of studies of an exegetical and expository character. That on "Methodism in the Catholic Unity" shows his large powers as a minister of reconciliation. "Where men are so tolerant as to think that one doctrine is just as good as another, tolerance becomes the enemy of conviction, and of all the forces that make for sincerity and earnestness. Better for the conscientious bigot than the man who thus concludes that it matters very little what a man believes." Dr. Moulton believed in federation and he held that the contribution of Methodism toward it must be its emphasis on conversion, experience, and holiness. The discerning study of angelology deserves a careful reading. It is, however, in the second part of this volume that we see Moulton as an ardent and earnest preacher of Jesus Christ. Those who heard him in the class room or the pulpit were always impressed by "the instinctive reverence of the subdued voice with which he always named the name of Christ." Whatever was the subject of his sermon or address, he always returned to Christ and appealed to Christ, and held up Christ as the sufficient Saviour and supreme Lord. We can only refer to the texts on which these sermons were based: 1 John 5. 11, 12; 2 Kings 6. 15-17; 1 Cor. 12. 31; 1 Cor. 10. 11; Phil. 3. 13; 1 Sam. 7. 12; Rev. 5. 5, 6; John 21. 25. Raciness of style is combined with spirituality and sympathy, insight into scriptural meanings and values, and a knowledge of modern needs. While we thank God for this noteworthy gift to the Church, we are also constrained in the same breath to mourn the tragedy which so abruptly ended a life of such singular richness, usefulness, and blessing.

A READING COURSE

Altruism, Its Nature and Varieties. By GEORGE HERBERT PALMER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25 net.

THE age of individualism is passing away and a new age of social cooperation is dawning. The transition is fraught with dangers because of the difficulties of adjustment and the refusal of some to surrender to unfamiliar demands. The preacher is called upon to act the part of a mediator. Happy is he if he can gather up the scattered strands and bring unity out of discord, for the deeper establishment and the fuller extension of the City of God. A study of this volume by Professor Palmer will help to clarify our thought concerning some of the vital issues. It is hardly necessary to say that you should agree with all his conclusions. Indeed, there are hardly any authors who would pass such a test; but the effort to reason out differences will help to strengthen one's own position and give a sympathetic understanding of the point of view of those who sincerely differ from us. At the outset let us make an important distinction in ethics. The moral egoist makes himself the end of all his activities and the values of life are judged

by personal benefits; but he fails to recognize that his own good is involved in the good of others. This species of selfishness is best illustrated in the Hindu fakir who displays no concern for the things or persons around him. We can best realize our own interests only in the full realization of the interests of others. This may call for the surrender of what is private and personal; but it does not necessarily imply self-limitation, rather self-enlargement and self-realization. Such a statement would seem to be almost superfluous in appealing to those who accept the New Testament command, to "look attentively after the interests of others as well as his own." (Phil. 2. 4.) This is the way of altruism, and it is confirmed, not by the lower view of evolution which regards life as a "gladiatorial show," but by the higher view of evolution which emphasizes the social character of the struggle for the life, both of self and of others, as Drummond so well pointed out in The Ascent of Man. In the words of James Iverach: "It is in virtue of the social solidarity of mankind that the individual man enters into the inheritance of all the past. It is through this social bond and effort that he has subdued the earth and made it his servant. It is in his social life that man has come to the conclusion that he is the crown and sum of all things, that the cosmos has toiled and worked upward toward him, and in him has become conscious of itself and its meaning." It is, however, when we begin to make applications of these premises that we meet with contradiction and inconsistency. What we profess has not been indorsed by what we practice, and between the two there is often a wide disparity of an alien and antagonistic sort. No study is therefore more urgent for the preacher than that of the psychology and ethics of behavior. Professor Palmer's volume is intensely suggestive. It will help the preacher of the Perfect Life to present its principles and program with such convincingness that its merit will be recognized and its mandates accepted. Our author points out that egoism and altruism need not be arrayed against one another. They are both necessary for an equitable balance. In the introduction he reviews some of the ethical theories, not in any dry-as-dust fashion but as one who is interested in the practical concerns of daily living. He thus considers the utilitarianism of the Greeks, the mercy and grace of the Hebrews, the altruistic egoism of Hobbes and Mill, the hedonism of Bentham, the economics of Adam Smith; and concludes that the serious defect in them all was due to a false start in regarding man as a self-centered being. "One person is no person," and "the real person is the conjunct or social self made up of that center of consciousness and the relations in which it stands." Note the distinction between selfishness and self-seeking. In the chapter on "Manners" the author discusses the limitations of such qualities as propriety, civility, politeness, good breeding, courtesy, gentlemanliness. None of them are quite as full as that expressed by manners, which is "a voluntary conformity to a code of conduct as, within a fixed field of intercourse, insures to each person the least offense and a due opportunity of self-expression. This is, however, not sufficient, for manners largely express superficial relationships, guided by the thought of

self-protection. A higher stage is suggested in the chapter on "Gifts," evidencing the element of self-impartation. Altruism reaches its highest point in sacrifice when one lets his neighbor not only use him but use him up. Such hearty self-giving, as in the case of parents and high-souled patriots, enriches rather than impoverishes the offerers. But we must guard against a type of generosity that depletes the resources of the recipients and tends to make them parasites. Consider the searching statements made on this point as to discernment, understanding, tact, sympathy. The misunderstood text "To him that hath shall be given" receives needed light. "Helpful sympathy waits on knowledge and proportions itself by this rather than by objective need." For lack of it, we are swayed by appeals of emotionalism and not of insight; and not a little of our giving is arbitrary and patronizing, so that it weakens the self-respect of the recipient. Mention is made of four occasions when the acceptance of money is compatible with manhood and womanhood. (1) Where distress makes self-help impossible; (2) where it is legitimately earned; (3) where it is received on trust; (4) where the spirit of love prevails, in which case the distinctions between superior or inferior, giver or receiver, are obliterated by the fraternal spirit. This last point is well worked out in the chapter on "Mutuality." By this word is meant "a recognition of another and myself as inseparable elements of one another, each being essential to the welfare of each." Partnership in business is more or less of an external relationship. If there is savagery in commerce due to competition, there is also the better side of cooperation. The profiteer is really a parasite and the anti-social spirit which impels him is scathingly criticised. The chapter on "Love" makes several ethical discriminations. Note the difference between love and liking. In its deepest sense, love includes and magnifies all egoistic regard, and this reconciles egoism and altruism. Love furthermore knows nothing of duty because it transcends it. "We cannot force ourselves to love even when we see it to be desirable; nor can we expel love when we find it unreturned or unworthy. Love insists on freedom, a certain absence of constraint, either from a person, from circumstance, from collateral advantages, or even from our own volition." Note further the differences between friendship and love, between acquaintance and intimacy, and the bonds which unite them. It may surprise us to read that love is not comprehensive. The reference is, however, to the average human ties, which do not penetrate the whole of life. Selective love lacks breadth and is apt to slip down among the lower forms of altruism. Every need is met by the quality of justice, which is far more than a legalistic virtue, as in the celebrated passage on justice and mercy in "The Merchant of Venice." The full significance of justice is illustrated in the practice of professional responsibility, which is not confined to the professions of teaching, preaching, medicine, and the law, but applies to every calling. "Wherever anyone is true to his specific task, puts his heart into it, works not for money alone nor through interest in a single individual, but, without calculating any equivalent between what he gives and receives, studies how he may most fully perform the work to which

he has been called, that man is exhibiting professional responsibility, honoring love and exalting justice in a way to deserve profound reverence." It is evident that if such a spirit were to prevail in all the walks of life, there will be fewer industrial and social disturbances, so common in these days of hysterical unrest. Justice takes up an impartial attitude, insisting on the equal distribution of advantage, and that each individual shall be faithful to what he undertakes, for the benefit of all. This is surely the idea of the apostle's exhortation: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10. 31). Justice is therefore perfect love which casts out greed, fear, lust, hate. It is "thoroughgoing love, its mutuality guarded, rationalized, stripped of personal bias, and brought near us through the avenues of our special work." This "super-personal" love is hence capable of showing public-mindedness, to such an extent that the individualism of egoism will be superseded by the social cooperation of altruism. Indeed, it transforms all life; it lends a dignity to every calling however menial, and even makes "drudgery divine," as George Herbert sang long ago. The exercise of justice through institutions is discussed in the last chapter. Of every institution it is true, that "to maintain its outward form when it no longer serves its purpose is to be unfaithful to it. Constructive criticism is constantly required if institutions are to be kept sweet and wholesome." To how large an extent is this true of our treatment of the church? Viscount Morley declared in his Recollections (Vol. I, p. 189): "Religion has many dialects, many diverse complexions, but it has one true voice, the voice of human pity, of mercy, of patient justice." We are confident that this unconventional and untechnical study by Professor Palmer will give the preacher a better grasp of fundamentals and enable him to make keener applications of the spirit and ethic of Christianity.

Side Reading

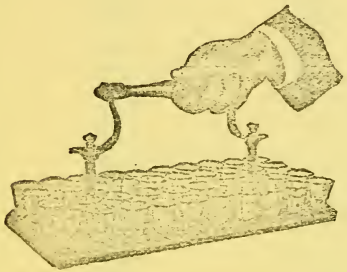
The Principles of Citizenship. By Sir Henry Jones (Macmillan, $1.25). A searching exposition of the obligations, responsibilities and privileges of good citizenship from the ethical standpoint, which does not overlook the psychological and economical points of view.

Social Christianity in the New Era. By Thomas Tiplady (Revell, $1.25). Makes out a good case for the place of religion, that is, Christianity and the Church, as against revolution, in the work of social reform.

For information about books and subjects of interest to preachers, address the department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

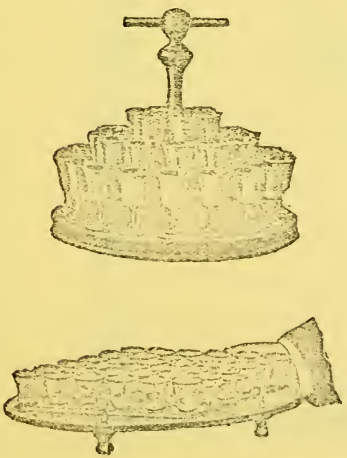
The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

gains in dignity, devotion, solemnity and impressiveness through the consciousness of its being served in cups that are absolutely sanitary, and free from the dangers that are associated with public drinking-cups.



The Holy Communion

There is no time in the Christian's life when he comes into closer and more intimate relationship with the Divine than when he sits at the Lord's table. The Christian examines himself and looks forward to the sacrament of communion as a season of blessing. Why not approach its celebration with unalloyed joy; discarding all fears; thinking only of the wonderful privilege?



A Time of Reverence

It is now generally recognized that the Sanitary individual cup increases the attendance because it removes all fear of uncleanliness, and promotes a deeper reverence in the communicant. The Sanitary Communion Outfit Company offer an improved and satisfactory outfit throughout, including the highly polished beautiful mahogany tray here shown. This tray eliminates all noise, is lighter and more easily handled than others and is more in keeping with the furniture of the church than a tray of any other material.

Make your communion service all that it should be; send for free booklet and catalogue (with quotations).

NOTE—In many States the law now forbids the use of the single cup at the communion service. It should not be necessary to await this in your own locality. The old style is unclean and unsanitary. Many thoroughly good Christians have refrained from partaking of communion for this very reason. If you have not yet adopted the modern, sanitary communion cup, let this be one of your first forward steps in 1920.

Sanitary Communion Outfit Co.

700 57th Street

Rochester, N. Y.

J. W. Bashford

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1920

JAMES WHITFORD BASHFORD: MISSIONARY[1]

It was on the afternoon of June 18, 1919, that Bishop Bashford was laid to rest at Delaware, Ohio. Standing at the open grave his old friend Bishop McDowell started to sing

> There's a land that is fairer than day,
> And by faith we can see it afar,

and those who could joined in and continued through the stanzas to the end. It seemed such a natural thing to do. Here was a man who had lived the deathless life as long as anyone could remember, and no one could think of him anywhere except as in the "City of Light." Looking back over his earlier years he makes this entry in his journal: "I did not comprehend the phrase, 'For to me to live is Christ.' I have never yet comprehended it, but it grows upon me in significance year by year." It was life, more abundant life, which filled the mind and characterized the outlook of Bishop Bashford, and no incident such as sickness or sorrow or even death itself could be thought of as interrupting the steady flow of life, whether in time or eternity.

In this same town of Delaware, Ohio, where Bishop Bash-

[1] James Whitford Bashford was born at Fayette, Wisconsin, May 29, 1849, and died at Pasadena, California, March 18, 1919. He was the son of Rev. Samuel and Mary Ann (McKee) Bashford. He received the degree of A.B. from the University of Wisconsin in 1873 and the A.M. in 1876. That same year he was graduated from the Boston University School of Theology with the degree of S.T.B. In 1881 the degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon him by the same institution. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Northwestern University in 1890, LL.D. by Wesleyan University in 1903 and again by the University of Wisconsin in 1912. He was ordained to the ministry in 1878 and was appointed to Jamaica Plain, where he remained until 1880. His other appointments were as follows: Auburndale, 1881-4, Portland, Maine, 1884-7; Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York, 1887-9. He was President of Ohio Wesleyan University from 1889 to 1901, in which year he was elected Bishop, and was assigned to China, where he remained until forced to leave a few months before his death. In 1878 Bishop Bashford was married to Miss Jane M. Field, of Madison, Wisconsin, who survives her husband and makes her home in Southern California.

ford lies buried, he had been President of Ohio Wesleyan University from 1889 to 1904, fifteen of the best years of his life. There "Jimmy," as he was familiarly known both by the town's people and the college community, was loved as a big brother and friend. He came out of the pastorate, having been called to the presidency from the Delaware Avenue Church, in Buffalo, New York, but this change did not make any fundamental difference in his plans and methods. The reason is not far to seek. His passion was to make strong men and women, and this could only be done in one way, whether in the pastorate or as president of a college. They must be brought into vital touch with the living Christ, and to this end he devoted his time and energy. He believed in definite decisions and in the possibility of genuine and conscious conversion, which would alter the whole course of a man's life and make him a servant of Christ and his fellow men. To this end each year a series of special services would be held, under his own direction, and literally thousands of former students are able to look back to these periods as making an era in their lives. They were wholesome, glad meetings when the presence of the Spirit was expected and prayer became a reality to the indifferent and the sinful as they came to the Saviour and received the gift of a new outlook and purpose in life. His own conversion had occurred during his student days, and came only after a hard struggle with an ambition which he knew he must lay aside should he give himself to Christ. These experiences gave him a sympathetic understanding of the student mind, and he was able to speak to young men and women with a directness and earnestness which were difficult to resist. It would be interesting could the roll be called of all who passed through Ohio Wesleyan in those days, and whose lives now testify to the unselfish example and devotion to Christ and his cause which were exhibited to them by "Prexy" Bashford.

But this did not prevent the most careful attention to the multitudinous details of the president's office. He saw things in the large and made far-reaching plans for the future of the university. Financially he was successful in turning large sums to Delaware, and the monuments to his vision and ability are

among the chief adornments of the town and its great institution. As the presiding officer of the faculty a president is called upon to display as much of the qualities of fairmindedness, patience, and firmness as in any position in the land. The secret of the success of Bishop Bashford in these relations was utter sincerity and a constant willingness to hold his own judgment in abeyance. This was not because he had no well-considered judgment of his own, but because he had such trust in the good faith and ability of other men that he was willing to revise his own conclusions in the light of new information and the convictions of others. There was no stubbornness about him, nor pride of opinion. His eager passion was that the best might be done even though it might be through acceptance of the views of others. Once a month Bishop Bashford gave a lecture, or sermon-address, before the college and townspeople in the chapel on Sunday afternoon. It was an event, with expectant people crowding the splendid auditorium. They knew they would hear from Bashford the best he had, not an old sermon drawn from the depths of the homiletical barrel, but a vigorous and fresh presentation of some burning theme of living interest, coming red hot from the mind and heart of a man who had been laboring over the questions involved as personal problems for weeks, it might have been months. He would hammer against all kinds of evil, he would deal with some problems of philosophy or science, but more than any of these his mind would turn to the theme of the Christian life as a living experience of the soul in touch with Christ Himself. He was an expert, a specialist in personal religion. It is difficult to associate with Bashford, even through his writings, without catching the Methodistic note very soon and then hearing it sound through all his life and work as dominant and ever-present in his mind. He knew John Wesley through and through and believed that in him God had been able to do more mighty deeds than through any other man since the apostolic age. He had caught his spirit and believed it was the privilege of every converted man to go farther and receive the sanctifying grace which consumes a man completely and directs all his thoughts and plans and work.

Too much cannot be made of this deep consciousness of the presence of the Spirit of God in his life. Years after leaving Ohio Wesleyan he would come back almost unheralded for a day in the town just to be with his old colleagues again. And nothing would delight him more than to get a number of kindred spirits off for an hour or so and bring up the question of personal religious experience and its possibilities. Reading his China journal reveals the same fact, that as a haunting and alluring star Christ-likeness was constantly beckoning him on to greater devotion and deeper purity of motive and imagination. We hear some men talk about overcoming sin and it does not make a deep impression. It may be partly because of a lack of the genuine ring or it may be simply because we have a consciousness that that man does not feel what we have felt and does not know the force of what we are contending with. But with Bashford we are hushed into silence, because here is a soul as sincere and open as the noonday and as genuine as the very sunlight itself. One of the convictions which come stealing over one as he reads the journal and is amazed at the freedom and frankness with which every kind of question is dealt with, both private and public, is that this man had nothing to hide, nothing he could not display in the most open manner with no shame or hesitation. His very face was an indication of the transparency of his soul. Playfully he was told by Dr. Raymond in the days just after his theological course at Boston that he simply had to be good so as not to belie his face. Time and again does he revert to the possibilities of grace in the soul of man. Here is a note after he had been reading the twenty-ninth chapter of 1 Chronicles: "The Lord will more than make good his blessings to the faith which he inspires to claim them. The secret of sanctification is keeping God forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart." Of few men of our generation could it be said that every thought had been brought into captivity to Christ as it could of Bishop Bashford.

In a period when conservatism marked the Methodism of Ohio far more deeply than to-day the coming of the new president to Ohio Wesleyan was a great boon. So devout, so biblical, and so

Methodistic that no one could doubt that in President Bashford they had a leader into all the deep things of the religious life, this new man combined with this a freedom and a freshness of view which was truly remarkable. He came to the university with his mind made up on the great questions which were then uppermost in the minds of the preachers. He had met the "higher criticism" and knew it, so it had lost its terrors for him. He had made himself master of the inner meaning of evolution and was able to accept its main contention and use it in the furtherance of his most cherished plans for the extension of the kingdom of God. He helped to balance many a man who thought that to be true to the scriptures he must repudiate every suggestion of the higher critical taint. There was real trouble in those days and the professsor of zoology came to the president for advice in view of the criticisms which certain preachers felt it their duty to offer of the teaching of zoology from the standpoint of evolutionary development. President Bashford heard the whole matter through and then, with a display of worldly wisdom and psychological insight which never failed him, advised that the professor proceed as he had been doing with no changes in his teaching, only he might find it better in dealing with certain things not to give them names. He knew perfectly well that most of the objections came from men who were afraid of names—the thing itself was perfectly reasonable, but the name carried with it certain irrelevant connotations which until the air had cleared, might better not be suggested. This was not dishonesty, but good pedagogy. Bishop Bashford never hesitated to state his own views clearly and fully and with no fear of consequences whenever there was occasion for plain talking.

This fearless espousal of causes which had won his allegiance can be traced far back to the beginnings of his career. In 1878, when he was admitted into the New England Conference and ordained into the Methodist ministry, his theological position was thought by some to be unsound. There were those who were afraid of "this young man who did his own thinking," but fortunately they did not prevail and young Bashford was appointed to Jamaica Plain, where he remained until 1880. This church

had recommended a certain young woman to the Conference for ordination. Bishop Andrews refused to put the question to the Conference on the ground that the ordination of women was not contemplated by the Discipline. This action caused a reference of the whole question to the General Conference of 1880. In view of the fact that it was the church of which he was the pastor, and also because he had come to clear convictions himself on the question, the young minister preached an illuminating and vigorous sermon advocating the ordination of women and the abolition of all ecclesiastical distinctions between men and women. It makes excellent reading even at this day. The argument may be summed up in one of the conclusions reached, where, in speaking of the church, he says: "All we ask is that she shall not, by artificial barriers, thwart the action of this natural law in the case of women." We are still in practice far behind the vision of this gifted seer.

One of the deep convictions of Bishop Bashford was that the position should seek the man and not the man the position. Especially did he feel this with reference to the church. True he wanted during the early days of his pastorate to be editor of *Zion's Herald,* and had for many years the desire to be a teacher, but no one ever suggested that Bashford set his lines with any position in view. He seemed always to feel that the work in which he found himself at any time was in the order of Providence and consequently was the biggest place for him in all the world. This accounts for the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into any undertaking—it was not his work but God's, and demanded all he could give. It was in each case an identification of himself with his task. He looked back with no regrets and he had no time to peer into the future looking for new openings and larger opportunities. He was where God wanted him to be and that settled the matter with him and gave him peace. He was sorely troubled because on every side he saw men with the ambition of position and making use of our ecclesiastical machinery to further their selfish purposes. He delivered an address before the New York Methodist Social Union in the spring of 1900 on "Office Seeking in Methodism." Only a sincere man

with no irons in the fire himself could face such a question so frankly. He might have turned away in disgust—that would be the immediate reaction of so sensitive a soul as his—but there was in Bishop Bashford so deep a love of his church and such unquenchable confidence in the essential soundness of the body of its membership that, following the diagnosis, he carefully shows the way to a better day when men shall see the kingdom first and make its extension the passion of their lives. Speaking of "combinations," he says: "Technically such combinations are not regarded as bribery in either state or church, but I do not think the Lord, on the day of judgment, will discriminate between combinations to divide the offices and combinations to divide the spoils of office." But, and here his abounding optimism comes into play, "Let me assure you on the other side that our *men* are vastly better than our *system*." He is so solicitous of the church as it faces the new century, that it may be equal to its unparalleled opportunity, that he feels we must apply vigorous surgery to excise all that would impede the progress which lies just ahead. "In view of the glorious possibilities before our church upon the one hand and the dangerous symptoms manifesting themselves on the other ought we not to doom any man who favors, or encourages, or tolerates a coterie of followers working for his personal advancement?" Strong words these, but faithful words from our Methodist Greatheart, who devoted his all that his church might be honored in the performance of its gigantic task.

The hands which penned those burning words were always busy. Increasing in volume toward the end of his busy life pamphlets and articles and sermons, booklets and substantial volumes betoken an ever-active mind, intent on putting down for others the gleanings of wide reading and the conclusions of the most thoroughgoing thinking. There are books and books—those of Bishop Bashford belong to the class which grow out of long and profound study and unlimited research. This is most notable in the two major volumes which came from his pen. The very last is dated 1918, and yet we are told in the preface of "The Oregon Missions" that the book was really begun when he became

interested in the subject between 1881 and 1884. The sub-title of the volume, "The Story of How the Line was Run Between Canada and the United States," indicated that it is much more than a "missionary" book. It soon reveals one of the master thoughts of the future bishop of China, the significance of the Pacific basin. The Pacific was to play a part in the history of the coming decades like that played by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic in ancient history and in the age of European expansion. He saw this many years ago and sought by reading and study to be prepared for the new era into which we should be ushered when the Far East began to come into its own. He saw the part the Pacific coast of our own continent must play in these new relationships and spared no pains to understand the history and meaning of the Far West in American civilization. This led him to his studies of the Oregon country and its development. There was no narrow, selfish Americanism in his devotion to this phase of American history. It was related vitally to the new era of the Pacific, where mighty empires were to contend and where the eyes of the world would be centered in the years to come. He saw things in this broad perspective and gave to the literature of American history a volume worthy to take its place among the relatively few authoritative books on special phases of development. That with all the administrative work which filled his hours he should have had the will to pursue these technical studies through a quarter of a century is sure evidence that in Bishop Bashford we are dealing with one of the rare souls who see their way clearly through the years and are able to achieve worthy results against odds which would baffle all but the most hardy.

President Bashford was elected a general superintendent at the General Conference of 1904, held at Los Angeles. He chose to go to China—to the surprise of many of his friends. But they should not have been surprised. This was the task for which he was being trained during all the years. Bishop Bashford was always a missionary—he had desired to go to China when a young man, but that plan had been frustrated. And now at the age of fifty-five, in the full vigor of manhood, with all the experience

gained from an extensive administrative discipline at home, he is sent to do what he had been preparing to do all his life. One of the best authorities on China said that Bishop Bashford came to China more intelligently equipped for his duties than any other man who had come to the Far East. He seemed to be at home from the first. His notebooks are filled with the jottings of one who knows the meaning of what he sees. He does not look with the wonder of surprise, but with the appreciation of true insight. At once he was the Bishop of China, taking hold with a firm hand and not making the mistakes of a neophyte. For many years he had been reading the great books on world problems, particularly as they bore on the newly opened world of eastern Asia. These studies, augmented by direct observation and further reading and investigation on the field, enabled this comparatively new resident of the Far East to produce one of the really great books on China. He called it "China: An Interpretation." It may be read through with delight, but the real worth of the volume becomes apparent only on closer acquaintance, when recourse has been had time after time to these full and accurate studies. He was from the first a great missionary; he could now be looked upon as one of the great authorities on things Chinese.

Bishop Bashford's soul became absorbed in China and the Chinese. He would not have exchanged his position for any other in the world. He felt that the task of the reorganization of the civilization of China and the reconstruction of its religious life was the most significant opportunity in the world.

In an address to the students of Nanking University in 1912 he congratulated them upon the uniqueness and vastness of their responsibility, unlike anything which any country could present in this era of the world's history. In order to make his largest contribution to the accomplishment of so great a task Bishop Bashford gave himself unreservedly to an understanding of the problems which were involved. So successfully did he accomplish this aim that it was not long before recognition was forthcoming both in China and abroad. His counsel was sought by men in high office, men who were in confusion in the turmoil into which the Revolution of 1911 had thrown the country. They felt sure they

had a sympathetic friend in him who would never betray confidences and who could be trusted to give an unbiased judgment on the difficult problems facing them. Not only in China but in our country and elsewhere his knowledge was at the disposal of leaders in church and state. The story may never be told of the part played by this Christian statesman, this world citizen, in the tangled relationships of Eastern lands with Western during the last decade. He was an American through and through and never hesitated to declare his devotion to the land of his birth as his first love, but this did not prevent such an identification of his very soul with the Chinese and their aspirations that he was trusted as a father and a friend. They loved him and placed their confidence in him because it was abundantly clear that he shared their hopes and fears and desired only what was good to become the heritage of the people of his adoption.

But with all his wide interests Bishop Bashford was primarily a missionary. In spirit he had always been that—his whole life is an illustration of the passion of Christian expansion. When he reached China he was fully in his element. He traveled to all the fields, holding conferences and doing the hundred and one things which fall to the lot of a superintendent. One of the most difficult is dealing with the personal equation, for if people have their bumps and are crotchety at home, all these appear in an exaggerated form on the mission field. Earnestly and kindly yet firmly Bishop Bashford dealt with these cases. Through them all his kindness and consideration shine out and make difficult places smooth. He believed in the missionaries. "We have not a single missionary in China now who, in my judgment, is lazy, while at least fifty of our number are overworking," is his comment on those whose work he has under his care.

The larger problems of the field and its administration are constantly with him. Being of a distinctly philosophical bent, dissatisfied until he saw things related in a comprehensive whole, the Bishop was ever seeking to interpret the tendencies shown by movements around him. The problems connected with federation and unity of missions and churches on the field are baffling at best and he was constantly exercised to know the wise thing to do.

He had no hard-and-fast theories and was willing that anything might be done if it meant a real advance of the kingdom of God. His imperial mind was guided by the larger, the very widest, interests of the Church of Christ. He was not willing that these ultimate interests should be jeopardized by any expedients which might appear of temporary advantage. This led to his conviction that the ecumenical character of the church should not be lost in any attempt to unite existing denominations and form churches whose boundaries should be coterminous with national frontiers. While in his attitude toward these ultimate forms of church organization he held a position somewhat at variance with others, in actual practice he was at one with every liberally minded worker who was seeking to unite the Christian forces in China. With the utmost heartiness he cooperated in the plans for unity of work in West China and for exchange of church letters between the various denominations. He could count as among his best friends the leaders in many other denominations, and responded freely to the many calls to give his strength and energy to interdenominatinal and humanitarian interests. Whatever had any relation to the good of China and the Church of Christ commanded his support.

But all these demands upon his time and energy could not dampen the ardor of his intellectual pursuits. On all his journeys his time was spent in incessant reading and writing. Interesting and profitable book-talk fills many pages of his voluminous journal. With the references to "books to be purchased" and books read and commented on, the range and amount of Bishop Bashford's reading are amazing. He read not only because the necessity of being continually fully equipped for his task lay upon him, but because he could not help it. He must live, and for him to live meant intellectual food and stimulus. He shows keen literary discrimination and at times a playful desire to have a little fun at the expense of some writer. No one could admire John Wesley more profoundly than did Bishop Bashford, but he saw his limitations, and this occurs in his booklet, "Wesley and Goethe." Concerning Wesley's writings, "They lack the imaginative and artistic qualities needed to give them rank as literature."

And again: "In Nearer, My God, to Thee, I should change the line, 'Angels to beckon me,' to 'Angels to lead the way.' The image of a host of angels in the vicinity of God *beckoning* a mortal on is slightly funny and grotesque." What must he have thought of the line, "This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise"?

Only occasionally did he dip into lighter literature. "Read Bible and finished Monte Cristo. Dumas not a great novelist—not equal to Scott as a story-teller, with none of the philosophic teaching of George Eliot. Such reading is not profitable and not particularly restful." Books on theology and the Bible, on the history of civilization and world movements, on China, her history, civilization, culture and religious life, occupy his attention. He reads devotional books but mention is made only of those cast in a large mold. He makes a list in one place of certain volumes he would have every young minister read. They include such classics as Goethe's Conversations, Luther's Table Talk, Confucius's Analects, Mencius's Doctrine of the Mean, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, Augustine's Confessions, Wesley's Journal, and Napoleon's Table Talk and Opinions. By an unerring instinct his mind seemed drawn to great books, so that he wasted little time on the lesser books which have but a few years to live. As busy as the busiest missionary, still he found time for this deepening and expansive process, an object lesson to all those who, without the physical handicaps which were his, seem to find it impossible to compass sufficient reading to keep them in touch with the great movements of their time.

No references in the journal are more significant than those to the reading of the Bible. He was a Bible Christian and took the most evident delight in its pages. Every few days definite references are given and frequently comments follow. He reads all with the deep reverence of one who stands consciously in need of this infilling at the fountain of life. Believing in the God of the Bible as a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, the reading of the scripture leads him into the inner communion and intercession upon which his soul lived. During the last illness in Southern California he would have Mrs. Bashford come in and pray and lead him to the throne of grace. He was a

Christian whose connection with the source of supply was unbroken and continuous.

Bishop Bashford endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No one who has not had the experience of traveling in China can have any idea of the inconveniences and discomforts, not to speak of dangers, to be met with on a week's trip. Traveling on the beautiful boats of the Yangtse is a luxury, and even railroad travel has certain features which remind one of the comforts of travel at home, but get off the beaten tracks and try a houseboat or a chair or a wheelbarrow and stop at filthy Chinese inns and get wet in a penetrating drizzle and be dashed on the rocks of the Yangtse rapids, and one begins to realize that China is not America. He said, "I have wanted to lead such a life as bishop that every preacher in Methodism, on western plains or southern barrens, would feel that he at least had as many comforts as I, and I think I have reached the goal the past week. Am very willing to enjoy the comforts at least of health, if it so please God, for the future." During his whole period in China as well as at home Bishop Bashford was never really well. That agonizing cough was ever with him, indicating dangerous tendencies in the throat and lungs, but he makes little reference in the journal to his suffering. Much harder for him to bear was Mrs. Bashford's weakness. When she is well or seems better he blesses God. But she is not well and cannot accompany him on many of his trips. The tender references to her in time of separation give clear indication of the close union in heart and purpose between these two, whose whole life was one of unselfish and generous giving—of themselves and of as much of their worldly goods as they could possibly do without. He left the world richer because he walked among us and did the bidding of his Master.

Edmund D. Soper

THE REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

The Germany that was is no more. I chanced—if chance it was—to know it long and well. On crossing its frontier rather early in the year 1856 I found myself promptly taken in charge by the omnipresent police. These worthy guardians not only made sure that I had international authority to enter the country, but also proceeded to take possession of my precious passport, in which my name, nationality, age, business, hair-color, eye-color, and so on were fully set forth and certified under the great seal of the United States. Wherever I stopped at night I was not allowed to retire to rest until the householder, or I, myself, had reported to the chief of the local police and deposited the passport. The first night, in obedience to peremptory thumpings on my door, I had to get out of bed once or twice and be reexamined. Years afterward the well-correlated and well-preserved records of the police offices of the country would have made it perfectly easy to show where I passed each night of the two scholastic years spent in the land on my first visit.

In Berlin, to my surprise, I found that the night watchmen carried a key to the front door of every house on every street of their respective beats. At half past nine every house had to be locked up for the night. If by accident or otherwise any lodger was out after the lockup, he was to shout, "Waechter!" "Waechter!" until the watchman came with his key and let the homeless party in. This had the particular advantage of acquainting, not only the police, but also one's neighbors with one's personal derelictions in this line. For aught I know there may yet exist in the police records of Berlin a clear statement that on a certain night in the year 1857—I did not preserve the date—I was so unfortunate as to have to call and call for the distant and slow-paced watchman to come and let me in at number five Marien Strasse. As you will readily believe, this experience was never repeated.

The regulations defining the occupations of the people in those

days were only slightly and slowly relaxing the somewhat older ordinances and trade-rules according to which the cobbler had to stick to his last in a sense hardly intended by Pliny. For example, the barber had to confine his capillary attentions to the beard. Though permitted to prick a blister, or bleed the arm, or administer a Klystier, he was not allowed to cut a customer's hair. Whoever wished both a haircut and a shave had to go to two different shops and help support two different trades. The glazier had no right to carry along a plane with which to ease an over-tight window-sash; that prerogative belonged exclusively to the carpenter. Conversely the carpenter was forbidden to set a pane of glass for a customer. The maker of wooden washtubs had no right to make for sale a barrel, and so on.

At the date here spoken of there was no Kaiser. The one lately so prominent was not yet born. Neither was his empire. In fact his grandfather Wilhelm was not yet crowned king of Prussia, and that grandfather was several years king of Prussia before his crowning as the first of the parvenu Hohenzollern line of Kaisers. Remembering this, what an antediluvian I seem to myself to be! Even said grandfather Wilhelm's predecessor on the throne of Prussia once "received" me, with certain other favored humans, and gave us a royal lunch in his best palace in Potsdam!

The strict and long-continued entailment of the sovereignty embodied in the reigning families had naturally brought about a most bewildering interlocking of kingdoms and dukedoms and other principalities. Thus in 1856 Prussia, though but a fraction of Germany, included within its own frontiers several so-called "enclaved sovereignties." These—at one time thirteen in number—were sovereign states wholly bounded on every side by Prussia. Then, as each state, little or big, had its own tariff laws, the getting of a trunk, or even a satchel, across the almost countless frontiers, from one side of the country to the opposite, was an enterprise not to be lightly or unadvisedly entered upon.

As to postal facilities, every mail bag was the personal property of a king or prince. In the free city of Bremen, where I resided five years, we had four or five postal services each under a

different government. The letter carrier who brought me letters from the kingdom of Hanover outshone all others in his blazing red coat, but he could not take a letter addressed to Leipzig, all such having to be carried over the king of Prussia's line. Then if I wished to get a missive to a friend in Frankfort, I had to betake myself to the office of Prince Thurn-und-Taxis and pay whatever he was pleased to charge me.

Each of the then existing German kingdoms and principalities, little or big, had also its little or big state church by law established. The Pope, by means of carefully negotiated Concordats, could cross state lines with processions and so on, but all Protestant parishes and their arrangements for preachers were either state-administered or state-repressed. Dissenters fared as badly as in England. In Prussia, after the royally decreed "Union" of 1819, the citizens known as "Old Lutherans" were as harshly dealt with as were later the Methodist preachers from America. The Reformation had made a full end of the old-time papal bishops and the reigning princes were only too ready to take up their revenues and their duties. The latest and last of the Kaisers, with his loud claims of divine authority and with his partnership with the Sultan in the butchery of Christians by the hundred thousand, has shown the world the beauty of the state-church system.

As stated at the beginning of this paper, that Germany of sixty-odd years ago is no more. Even the proud empire of six years ago is no more. Before me, as I write these lines, lie two most interesting documents. For brevity and ease in comparison I will designate them as A and B. The older one, A, is the Constitution of our beloved Republic, the other that of the Republic of Germany, adopted the last day of last July.[1] Each has a significant Pre-

[1] Later note. The document above referred to as B was the English translation of the full text of the German Constitution published by the New York Times in its issue the 14th of last September. Just as my article was finished and in type The World Peace Foundation (40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston) brought out a new translation in pamphlet form. This being the work of experts in the department of instruction in government in Harvard University, and being furnished with a careful historical introduction and a glossary, is in several respects an improvement upon that published by the New York Times and quoted from above. It is sent out by the Foundation by mail at five cents a copy and should have a wide reading. In the absence of a German Legation with which to communicate in Washington I have written several letters to prominent citizens of German descent, and three to editors of such periodicals as the *Newyorker Staats-Zeitung*, for and

amble, declaring the purpose of the document to be the establishment of a free, just, strong, and peace-promoting government. In each the power ordaining and establishing the proposed government is declared to be "The People." In many respects B is more obviously democratic than A. Thus A nowhere speaks of the United States as a Republic, whereas the very first sentence of article I in B affirms: "The German government is a Republic." Then, as if borrowing from our Declaration of Independence, the second sentence reads: "The power of the state is derived from the People." The equality of all citizens is categorically asserted in article 109: "All Germans are equal before the law." "Titles of nobility . . . may not be conferred any longer." To-day, after decades of agitation, A has no provision for woman suffrage; B declares: "Men and women have fundamentally the same civil rights and duties," and lays down its law accordingly. Freedom of speech, and press, and each of the personal or family rights, immunities and protections slowly *amended* into A, are embodied and carefully safeguarded in B. Even such a right as that to lay down one's citizenship and emigrate finds explicit mention. Both A and B provide for a bicameral government, and in both the lower legislative body consists of delegates chosen by the people, the upper of representatives of the federated states. The delegates of the people, says B, "shall be chosen on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret vote by all men and women over the age of twenty, in accordance with the principles of proportional representation." As representatives "of the whole people, they are subject only to their own conscience and shall not be bound by any orders."

In the election of the Republic's highest executive officer B is again more democratic than A. In their distrust of popular choices the authors of our constitution provided for the election of

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in obtaining for my own use an imported copy of the Constitution in its original German text and form of publication, but to the present time my efforts have been fruitless. In reading the proof sheets of my article, however, I have compared my citations from the New York version with the corresponding passages in the new Boston one, and am gratified to find the sense so nearly identical as to require no change. It will interest the careful reader to note that the first sentence of Article I in the new version reads: "The German Commonwealth is a Republic"—not "The German government," as given in the New York version. An absolutely literal translation would read, "The German Empire is a Republic!" How effective a beginning for a new Magna Carta of such historic significance. It sounds like an irrepressible joy-cry of an emancipated people saluting the on-looking nations of the world.

the national President, not by a national vote, but by the free choice of certain representatives of the federated states, called Electors. On the other hand, B ordains that "the President of the Republic shall be chosen by the whole German people." Both documents contain provision for a Supreme Court, with judges chosen for life. B adds: "The judges shall be independent and subject only to the law." Capital is safeguarded in articles 153ff; labor, with the right of collective bargaining, in 157ff.

Nothing in the Constitution of the new Republic will so deeply interest American Christians as its attitude toward religion and religious liberty. Its leading provisions are in these words:

Art. 135. All inhabitants of the nation enjoy complete liberty of worship and conscience. Undisturbed enjoyment of religious liberties is assured by the Constitution and is under national protection. This provision leaves the general state laws untouched.—136. Civic rights, state rights and duties are neither conditioned nor limited by the enjoyment of religious liberties. The enjoyment of civic and state rights, as well as admissibility to public office, is regardless of religious beliefs. No one is bound to reveal his religious belief. The authorities have only in so far to ask for the affiliation to a religious society if rights and duties are demanding such information, or in case a lawfully organized census demands such information. No one is to be forced to church duties or church festivities, or to participation in religious exercises, or to the giving of a religious oath.—137. No Government-established church is recognized. Freedom of organization for religious purposes is assured. The joining together of religious societies within the nation is not restricted. Every religious society regulates and administrates independently its affairs without the cooperation of the state or the municipality. Religious societies acquire legality according to the prescriptions of the civic law. . . .—139. Sunday and the state-recognized holidays remain lawfully protected as days of rest and spiritual elevation.—140. To the members of the army is given the time necessary for the fulfilling of their religious duties.—148. In giving instruction in public schools care must be taken not to hurt the feelings of those who think differently. . . .—149. The imparting of religious instruction and the using of church institutions are left to the desire of the teachers, and the participation of the pupils in religious studies and in church solemnities and acts is left to those who have the right of determining the child's religious education. . . . The theological faculties of the colleges are maintained.—123. All Germans have the right to gather in meetings peaceably and unarmed without announcement or particular permission. . . .—124. All Germans have the right to form societies or associations for purposes not contrary to the penal law. This right cannot be limited through preventive measures. The same provisions apply to religious societies and unions. Every

association has the right to acquire legal character in accordance with the civil law. No society may be refused this right because it pursues a political, social-political, or religious object.

Here, then, we have a portion of the evidence that in place of the recent Kaiserreich, armed to the teeth, and dominated by an autocrat whose sole word could lawfully launch relentless war against the free governments of the world, Central Europe has to-day by deliberate choice of its surviving inhabitants a well-planned state whose government is of the people, by the people, and for the people. On entering the European war America little dreamed of such an outcome as this. The triumph of the American type of democracy is almost more evident and complete than the triumph of the allied armies. Here, however, the candid student of world affairs cannot fail to be struck by the astonishing silence and inertness reigning on this side of the sea. Germany has been made not only safe for democracy, but even a conspicuous champion of democracy; why are not our joy-bells deliriously swinging and ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

I devoutly wish I could find an honorable answer to this question. Doubtless one reason for the silence is the fact that hardly one in a million of our citizens have read the Constitution of the Republic of Germany, or even had a chance to do so. But who shall tell us why our journals have been so strangely silent? So far as I can learn—and I have been on the lookout almost six full months—but one journal in the United States has given its readers a chance to see the text of the new charter of rights and liberties. Even that journal's editor has not yet printed his estimate thereof. Have our editors no disposition to distinguish between the once regnant warlords, against whom we sent forth our army, and the now regnant patriots, who after more than seventy years of struggle have at last with our aid gained control of the German government? The first lecture I heard in Berlin University, when Frederick William IV was yet on the throne, was the conclusion of a half-year course on the forms and history of human government and in it the Republic of the United States was acclaimed as the crowning product of the whole evolution and the one hope of the world. Neither the kings nor kaisers ever succeeded in eliminating the

leaven that produced the revolution of 1848-49. In the new Republic of to-day the lump has surrendeerd to the leaven. In Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna and Budapest I never failed to find native citizens who were delighted to exhibit behind bolted and guarded doors a treasured flag or other souvenir rendered sacred by revolutionary memories, and to talk of the coming deliverance from monarchical domination. President Ebert and his brave associates deserve the sympathy, admiration and aid of all believers in republican institutions. They have undertaken a task that calls for heroes in faith and in action. The monarchistic party on the one hand, and the Bolshevistic on the other, are hoping and working to wreck the new nation and to win thereby. If either party shall succeed, our country, by reason of its unnatural apathy and distrust, will be responsible to a degree not pleasant to contemplate. But let us not think of failure. Rather let us hail in this new republic the ally it hopes to be and is likely soon to become. We will rejoice in every national measure that leads to new and better understandings between our government and France or Italy, but let this fact never be forgotten: in proportion as our republic remains Anglo-Saxon in spirit and in institutions, in like degree will our vital affinities and alliances always be closer with people of the Teutonic race than with any of the Latin nations; since all Anglo-Saxons are of Teutonic origin and nature.

The free churches of all nations have cause for jubiliation in the new constitutional guarantees of religious liberty in Central Europe. For the first time in history the people of Germany have an opportunity to elaborate and adopt institutional forms and expressions of the Christian life unhampered by foreign dictation or ryoal decree. How the peasants of Luther's time and the Moravians and Pietists of later days would have jubilated could they have seen what our eyes behold. In the World Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in Berlin, in 1857, in which with Bishop Simpson, Father Jacoby, and William Nast, I was an American delegate, the representatives of the German state-churches would well-nigh have dropped dead at a prophecy of such an unshackling of the gospel of Christ in their states. What new victories over the powers of darkness will now be possible to the

new and aggressive leaders that God is raising up! Methodists should be among the first to befriend the new Germany, for when the Anglican father and mother and canonically ordained pastors of John Wesley had failed to bring to his anxious soul the experience of a divine sonship he was brought thereto by a humble German believer, Peter Boehler. Moreover, Wesley found in German hymnody such soul-nourishing aliment for himself and for his English converts that he felt called to give much of his precious time to the making of those matchless versions from the hymns of Dessler, Dober, Gerhardt, Lange, Richter, Rother, Scheffler, Spangenberg, Tersteegen, Zinzendorf, and I know not how many others. Were some historical student to tell me that initially and in essence Methodism was more a child of the Lutheran Reformation than of the English, I know not how I could conscientiously deny it. It was when listening to the very words of Luther that Wesley first gained the heart-warming witness of God's Spirit.

Here some "hundred-and-fifty per cent American" is likely to be heard charging that the now dominant spirits of Germany have as yet shown no proper horror of the crimes of their late government, and given no pledges indicating a change of heart and purpose. So saying, the critic will simply expose his own ignorance or implacable temper. More than a year ago the editor of the *Evangelist für Süd-Ost Europa,* in his New-Year's address to his constituency, wrote in behalf of his religious colleagues, and in behalf of his nation, a *Peccavimus* as sincere and touching as the classical example in the ninth chapter of the book of Nehemiah. The latest Bulletin of the Federal Council of the American Churches gives two remarkable illustrations of the new spirit. One was the confession of the German delegates to the International Trade Union Congress recently held in Amsterdam; this was the voice of laymen engaged in business. The other was the action of the German delegates to the recent Hague Conference of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches; this voice of ministers and laymen was in the presence of representatives of fourteen different countries. It is to be hoped that every hundred-and-fifty-per cent American will turn to pages

182 and 184 of said December Bulletin and get some much-needed illumination.

The opponents of our bilingual Methodist Conferences here in America, whose slogan is, "One flag, one tongue!" have something to learn from Germany. The new republic is multilingual, having tens of thousands of citizens of Slavic and other races. Naturally it desires all to understand and honor the German language. Nevertheless the authors of the new Constitution were neither so chauvinistic nor so childishly timid as to raise a hue and cry for a solitary language. As champions of a genuine world-democracy they wished their people to have access to the world. Note this provision:

> Art. 113. Those elements of the nation speaking a foreign language may not be impaired judicially or administratively in their free and popular development, especially in the use of their mother tongue for instruction, or in matters of internal administration and the administration of justice.

One reason for this breadth of vision and of provision is doubtless the well established European tradition according to which no person is to be counted among the educated until he can make use of more than a mother tongue. If under purblind leadership the people of the United States shall become a people of one tongue only, they will have themselves to blame if the more affable and instructed nations of South America and Europe easily win away from our unsocial monoglot merchants, mariners and consuls the best markets of the world. Our slogan should be, "One flag, the English tongue, and as many others as possible!" In our day and henceforward commerce is cosmopolitan, the arts and crafts are cosmopolitan, the tasks of religion are all cosmopolitan. May the coming General Conference at Des Moines, and all similar bodies, take these facts to heart.

William F. Warren.

THE BOOK THAT MADE AMERICAN METHODISM

A LITTLE while ago there came into the writer's hands an old book with this title page: "An Enquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, that flourished within the first three hundred years after Christ. Faithfully collected out of the extant writings of those ages. By an Impartial Hand." The date is not given, but the work was published in 1691, and was "Printed for J. Wyat at the Rose, and R. Robinson at the Golden Lyon, in St. Paul's Churchyard." Bound up in the same strong leather covers is the second part of the Enquiry, published in 1719 by the same printers. This is the book that may be said to have made American Methodism, and some account of it and its author may be of interest to readers of this REVIEW.

John Wesley's Journal for 1745 contains a letter to his brother-in-law, Westley Hall, who had earnestly pressed the Wesleys to renounce their connection with the Church of England. Mr. Hall adduced three instances in which he held that John and Charles Wesley undertook "to defend some things which are not defensible by the word of God." The first was: "That the validity of our ministry depends on a succession supposed to be from the apostles, and a commission derived from the Pope of Rome and his successors or dependents." Wesley's reply was, "We believe it would not be right for us to administer either baptism or the Lord's Supper unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in a succession from the apostles." The third charge made by Mr. Hall ran as follows: "That this papal hierarchy and prelacy, which still continues in the Church of England, is of apostolical institution, and authorized thereby, though not by the written word." Wesley replies: "We believe that the threefold order of ministers (which you seem to mean by papal hierarchy and prelacy) is not only authorized by its apostolical institution, but also by the written word." He adds the characteristic statement: "Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary."

We do not know whether Westley Hall sent his brother-in-law the book which changed his views, but on the next page of the Journal appears the memorable entry:

> Monday, 20 (January 1, 1746). I set out for Bristol. On the way I read over Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught, but, if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

For nearly forty years that change in Wesley's views bore no practical fruit. But after the War of Independence the condition of his societies in America compelled Wesley to take action. The English clergy had retired from the country and in many places there was no one to administer the sacraments. Wesley used every effort to persuade the Bishop of London to take steps to meet the emergency, even by ordaining only one, but the bishop would not move in the matter. Wesley, therefore, with the Rev. James Creighton, set apart Dr. Coke as general superintendent and instructed him to ordain Francis Asbury as joint superintendent with himself. He also ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders to baptize and administer the Lord's Supper.

In the well-known letter of September 10, 1784, Wesley explains his action and shows that it may be traced to the book he read in 1746 as he rode to Bristol:

> Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters are the same order and consequently have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our traveling preachers. But I have still refused, not only for peace' sake, but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national church to which I belonged.

From that position Wesley never moved. His brother took a different view. He had long ceased to itinerate as he did in his earlier years, and was not awake to the urgent needs of America. He begged John to stop and consider before he had quite broken down the bridge. Wesley, however, had been considering the subject for nearly forty years. He told his brother that he had never exercised in England the power which he believed God

had given him because of the obedience "to the bishops in obedience to the laws of the land." But his mind was made up.

> I firmly believe I am a scriptural *ἐπίσκοπος*, as much as any man in England or in Europe. (For the *uninterrupted succession* I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.)

These statements make one turn with keen interest to the book which paved the way for Wesley's action in 1784. The writer was a young scholar as yet unknown to fame, though he was to become Lord Chancellor of England. He was born in Exeter in 1669, where his father, Mr. Jerome King, carried on a wholesale and retail business as grocer and salter. He was well-to-do and is said to have belonged to a good family long settled at Glastonbury in Somersetshire. He intended his only child to follow the same trade, and after "a school education suitable to this mode of life, placed him while still a lad behind the counter." No one thought that the boy, who went on errands in the city or served customers, was to stand before kings. But Peter King had a thirst for learning which nothing could quench. His father was a Presbyterian who leaned toward Puritanism. The youth exhausted his father's little library, which was chiefly composed of books of divinity, and then "spent all his pocket money and perquisites in buying treatises on the profane sciences. He even contrived to initiate himself and to make considerable proficiency in the learned languages, and this application of study was so secret that, in the language of his biographers, 'he was an excellent scholar before any one suspected it.'" He had a close link to the world of learning and politics, for his mother was sister to John Locke, the philosopher, who had been secretary, tutor, and physician in the household of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. After the earl's fall Locke went to Holland, in 1685. There he became known to William, Prince of Orange, in whose suite he returned to England in 1689. He was now able to visit his sister at Exeter and was astonished at the progress made by his nephew, Peter. He realized that it would be impossible to confine such a youth to his father's business. He therefore advised that he should be sent to the University of Leyden, where there were excellent professors. The advice was followed, and

Peter King studied with "an ardour and perseverance of which there are few examples." He became a good classical scholar, but had a special taste for divinity, and, as Lord Campbell says, "under a Calvinistic professor of church history he thoroughly established himself in the belief that in the New Testament, and in the earliest days of Christianity, the words ἐπίσκοπος and πρεσβύτερος were used indiscriminately, and that those to whom the terms were applied formed one and the same grade in the church." He therefore wrote his Enquiry, "which made a great sensation, passed through several editions, and called forth many learned and able answers." He says in his Preface: "As for the occasion of my publishing this treatise, it cannot be imagined to proceed from a spirit of vanity or ambition, since I so far conceal my name, as that even my bookseller knows not who I am; much less, I hope, will it be construed by any to proceed from a spirit of contention and animosity, from an ill-design to foment and increase our present feuds and divisions; since I assure the whole world, our unnatural quarrels do so much afflict and trouble me, as that I would sacrifice not only this book, but also all that I either am or have, if thereby I might be a happy instrument to compose and heal them. But amongst other reasons, these two were the chiefest that swayed me hereunto: To inform others, and to inform myself." He gives his authority for each conclusion, setting the passages cited in Latin and Greek from the fathers by the side of his own translations. The first chapter shows that there was but one supreme bishop to a church, though he notes that the New Testament speaks of several bishops at Ephesus and Philippi. The second chapter proves that the bishop had only one church. He was elected by all the members of the church, clergy and laity, who met together for that purpose. Mr. King gathered his evidence with a care and skill prophetic of his future eminence at the bar. He reaches this conclusion: "But now from the whole we may collect a solid argument for the equality of Presbyters with Bishops as to order; for if a Presbyter did all a Bishop did, what Difference was there between them? A Bishop preached, baptized, and confirmed, so did a Presbyter. A Bishop excommunicated, absolved, and ordained, so did a Presbyter. Whatever a

Bishop did, the same did a Presbyter; the particular Acts of their Office was the same; the only Difference that was between them was in Degree; but this proves there was none at all in Order" (p. 64). He adds: "That there were but two Orders instituted by the Apostles, viz.: Bishops and Deacons. . . . And if they ordained but these Two, I think no One had ever a commission to add a Third, or to split One into Two, as must be done, if we separate the Order of Presbyters from the Order of Bishops. But that when the Apostles appointed the Order of Bishops, Presbyters were included therein, will manifestly appear from the Induction of those forecited Passages in Clemens's Epistle, and his Drift and Design thereby, which was to appease and calm the Schisms and Factions of some unruly Members in the Church of Corinth, who designed to depose their Presbyters. . . . This was the true Reason for which the forequoted Passages were spoken, which clearly evinces, that Presbyters were included under the Title of Bishops, or rather that they were Bishops." Irenæus is cited to the same effect and other fathers confirm the evidence thus adduced.

Within a year after his return from Leyden, Peter King entered as a student at the Middle Temple and was called to the bar in 1698. Locke advised his nephew that when he first opened his "mouth at the bar, it should be some easy, plain matter that you are perfectly master of." He chose the Western Circuit, where he was soon eagerly retained in causes of all sorts. In 1699 he was elected member of Parliament for Bere-Alston in Devonshire. Locke urged him to stay in town that he might do his duty as a member, and this he did though at considerable loss and at the peril of his professional position in the Western Circuit. He still managed to keep up his theological studies and published The History of the Apostles' Creed, with Critical Observations on its Several Articles, which was greatly esteemed for its learning and its orthodoxy. It was the first attempt to trace the evolution of the creed. He made his maiden speech in Parliament in 1702, and seemed in a fair way to become Solicitor General when William III died and the Tories came into power under Queen Anne. Mr. King often visited John Locke, now living at Oates, in Essex, and "had the unspeakable satisfaction of prolonging the

old man's days by his kindness, and rendering them more comfortable. In 1704 he made a happy marriage with Miss Anne Seyes of Boverton in Glamorganshire and took his bride to see Locke at Oates. The philosopher sent detailed instructions to his nephew about the provisions he was to bring from London so that the party might be properly entertained. He was to buy four dried neat's tongues, twelve partridges, four pheasants, four turkey poults, four fresh Auburn rabbits, plovers, or woodcocks, or snipes, twelve Chichester male lobsters, two large crabs, crawfish, prawns and a double-barrel of the best Colchester oysters. Locke himself could take little beyond a crust of bread and a cup of water, but he was determined to give his visitors a worthy reception. A few days after the wedding party had left Oakes Mr. King was called to his uncle's deathbed. The bulk of his uncle's property was left to him. "I wish you all manner of prosperity in this world," wrote the old Christian, "and the everlasting happiness of the world to come. That I loved you I think you are convinced. God send us a happy meeting in the resurrection of the just. Adieu."

Mr. King was now almost looked upon as leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons, and was at the head of the bar, both for reputation and business. He was made Recorder of Glastonbury and then Recorder for the City of London. He was also knighted. He took part in the impeachment of Sacheverell, the Tory firebrand, whose defense the Rector of Epworth was said to have written. John Wesley was instructed by his father to call on him for letters of recommendation when he was leaving Charterhouse for Oxford and was very supercilliously received by the tall and splendidly dressed clergyman: "You are too young to go to the university; you cannot know Greek and Latin yet; go back to school." Wesley told Alexander Knox, "I looked at him as David looked at Goliath, and despised him in my heart. I thought, 'If I do not know Greek and Latin better than you, I ought to go back to school indeed.' I left him, and neither entreaties nor commands could have again brought me back to him." Sir Peter King's speech did him credit, though he was thought to be rather too forbearing in dealing with the High Church party. He also

gratuitously defended William Whiston on his trial for heresy in 1712.

With the accession of George the First the star of the Whigs was in the ascendant. Sir Peter King headed the procession which met his Majesty in Southwark and delivered a loyal and eloquent address. He was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1714 and for eleven years earned unqualified admiration by his conduct in that great position. Lord Campbell says: "His judgments, as handed down to us in the Reports, are marked by great precision of definition, subtlety of distinction, breadth of principle, lucidness of arrangement, and felicity of illustration, his copious authorities being brought forward to justify, not to overlay, his reasoning." He went as Judge of Assize twice a year and visited all the English circuits in turn, or, as it has been called, "he ran the gauntlet." In 1725 he was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron King of Ockham in the County of Surrey. His new duties were unfamiliar, and though he did everything to qualify himself for his work as an equity judge, he did not increase the reputation won in the Common Pleas. He was intimately associated with Sir Robert Walpole, who came to Ockham and "entered into a free discourse with me about foreign affairs." During the king's absence in Hanover, Lord King was the head of the regency. When George the Second came to the throne he was in close consultation with Walpole as to the proclamation of the new monarch. George the Second might have resented the advice which the chancellor had given to his father about the education of his grandchildren, but he received Lord King very graciously, saying: "Your Lordship has always shown yourself, and no doubt will continue to show yourself, a zealous servant of the crown, and a warm friend to the Protestant succession." The chancellor had a paralytic stroke in 1733 and resigned the great seal on November 19. Repose and the fine air of his country seat at Ockham, the village of Oaks, restored his strength, but on July 22, 1734, he had another seizure and died the same night at eight o'clock in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

John Wesley often passed along the Portsmouth road within a mile of the church where Lord King lies buried, but we never

find that he turned aside to see the place. It might well be a shrine for American Methodists to visit. It is a glorious motor ride from Exeter through the pine woods to the old Church of All Saints, which stands within Ockham Park, a hundred yards from the mansion. The church was built in Norman times and a Norman arch is still to be seen above the western doorway. All the succeeding styles of architecture are represented. It has a fine thirteenth-century buttressed tower of three stories, mottled into cool grays and pinks and heavy with ivy. But the glory of the church is the unique east window, with seven lancets divided by slender columns of black Sussex marble with beautifully sculptured capitals. This replaced a window of three lights in the middle of the thirteenth century. The glass is modern, but in a window at the side of the pulpit there is some quaint Dutch glass. Within the altar rails is the base of a thirteenth-century font, a fourteenth-century brass to W. Frilende, a "rector of this church and founder of this chapel," and another brass to John and Margaret Weston, who died in 1483 and 1475. There is a big "squint" on the north side, but you cannot see the altar from it. A beautifully carved double piscina is in the sanctuary and another in the south wall near the chancel arch. A still more interesting survival is part of the staircase leading to the rude loft. The Lord Chancellor is buried in a mausoleum opening out of the north side of the church. The white marble statues of Lord King in his chancellor's robes, and of his wife, who died in 1767, are fine specimens of the work of Rysbrach, the Dutch sculptor who settled in London in 1720, and executed the monument to Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey. The inscription on the urn will be read with interest:

Depositum
Petri Domini King
Baronis de Ockham

He was born in the city of Exeter, of worthy and substantial parents, but with a genius superior to his birth. By his industry, prudence, learning, and virtue he raised himself to the highest character and reputation, and to the highest posts and dignities.

He applied himself to his studies in the Middle Temple, and to an exact and complete knowledge in all parts and history of the law added the most extensive learning, theological and civil. He was chosen a mem-

ber of the House of Commons in the year 1699; Recorder of the City of London in the year 1708; made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1714, on the accession of King George I; created Lord King, Baron of Ockham, and raised to the post and dignity of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, 1725; under the laborious fatigues of which weighty place, sinking into a paralytic disease, he resigned it November 19, 1733, and died July 22, 1734, aged 65. A friend to true religion and liberty.

Lord Campbell describes the panegyric as modest and well deserved. "He was a most learned, enlightened, and upright magistrate, ever devoted to the conscientious discharge of the duties of his station. He rose from obscurity to high distinction by native energy and self-reliance, without courting the favour of any patron or of the multitude, and without ever incurring the suspicion of a dishonourable or mean action. If he did not dazzle by brilliant qualities, he gained universal good will by such as were estimable and amicable. He unostentatiously ascribed all his success in life to his love of labor, and he took for his motto, *Labor ipse voluptas.*"

Lord King's four sons successively inherited the title and estates. The seventh baron, grandson of the chancellor's youngest son, was "eminent for wit, elegance, and every great and amiable quality." He wrote, in 1829, an admirable life of John Locke, whose name became a patronymic in the family. His bust by Westmacott is in the mausoleum bearing an inscription which says: "He enlarged the knowledge and promoted the welfare of his great and free country." His son, William, married Ada, daughter of Lord Byron, the poet, in 1835, and in 1838 was created Earl of Lovelace. The year after their marriage he and Lady King planned elaborate schools for the parish with workshops attached for teaching carpentry, the lathe, and gardening. Advanced instruction was given in the school and gymnasium. Lord Lovelace removed from Ockham Park to the splendid mansion, Horsley Towers, not far away, built by Sir Charles Barry, 1820-5. Dr. Lushington became the occupier of Ockham Park and his daughters took special interest in the schools. The advanced teaching was given up in 1874. Ockham manor was held by the Clares at the time of the Domesday survey, and from them some centuries later it passed by marriage to the Staffords.

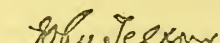
On the attainder of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded for treason in 1521, it reverted to the crown. Then it passed to the Courtenays and Westons of Sutton Park near Guilford, who sold it to Henry Weston of Ockham, of the ancient family of Weston of Albury. Sir Peter King bought the manor in 1710 and largely rebuilt the house, which is a fine specimen of Italian architecture. The iron gates of the park opening on to the Guilford road are well known for their beautiful workmanship. The village has another claim to fame as the birthplace of William of Occam (1280-1349), the English Franciscan, who was a pupil of Duns Scotus. He was styled Venerabilis Inceptor, Doctor Invincibilis. He was practically the last of the great schoolmen. Luther had a high opinion of him and kept his writings in his library. He made a trenchant demonstration of nominalism, or of modified conceptualism. All our knowledge, he held, was simply of phenomena. Individual things alone exist; common names are equivalent to algebraic signs. He also maintained that the doctrines of faith were revealed alone in Scripture and assured by the authority of the Church. That left no room for reason. Occam taught that God might have selected something else than the moral law as the duty of man. Right and wrong depend on his will. Occam probably studied at Merton College, Oxford, and became Provincial of the Friars Manor in England. He was professor in the University of Paris, 1320-3. He joined the party who opposed the temporal power of the Pope.. He charged Pope John XXII with seven heresies and seventy errors. This Pope had incensed many of the Franciscans by condemning the belief in the poverty of Christ as heresy, and was charged in turn with heresy for denying Christ's poverty. Occam wrote in defense of the Emperor of Germany, Louis IV of Bavaria, in his quarrel with the Pope, holding that Christ, and not the Pope, is the head of the church, and that Scripture alone is infallible. The Franciscans took the part of Louis when he summoned a Parliament in Rome and declared John XXII to be deposed for heresy. But he regained his power and wrote a book in which he declared that the saints did not enjoy the beatific vision of God until after the final judgment. That struck at the root of the intercession

of the saints and the Pope had to recant, and declared that he never meant to teach anything contrary to Scripture or the rule of faith. Occam submitted to the Pope, but John's successor admitted that his language had been incautious. Occam was imprisoned at Avignon, but escaped in 1328, and took refuge with Louis of Bavaria, to whom he suggested *Tu me defendas gladio, ego te defendam calamo.* Occam's razor, the Law of Parsimony, *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate,* was famous in the schools. His philosophy had at first extraordinary success, but it was twice condemned by the University of Paris and once by Pope Clement VI. He has been called the first Protestant. He protested in the name of human reason that there is no foundation for belief in God and in the immortality of the soul except in Revelation. They are thus relegated to the sphere of faith. He died at Munich about 1349.

Now that the war is over friends from America may find time to visit Occam. It is twenty miles from London and seven from the county town of Guilford. As they go or return they might take a look at the gardens in Lobham, which lie just beyond the river Mole. Wesley set out from Portsmouth for London at two o'clock on October 5, 1771. "About ten some of our London friends met me at Cobham, with whom I took a walk in the neighboring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales, and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner advertises it to be sold. Is there anything under the sun that can satisfy a spirit made for God?" Wesley's reference is to the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who had found the place a barren heath. He moved to Bath, where he died in 1787. Mr. Bond-Hopkins bought the estate. Wesley visited Pains Hill again on October 8, 1779, on his way from Portsmouth to London. "Having a little leisure I thought I could not employ it better than in a walk through the gardens. They are said to take up four hundred acres, and are admirably well laid out." He mentioned several respects in which they far exceed the celebrated gardens at Stowe—the higher ground, the finer prospect, the river flowing through them, the more elegant buildings, and the

rock work. The last visit was paid on Saturday, October 2, 1790, when James Rogers and his wife, with other friends from London, met Wesley at Cobham. The innkeeper told them that strangers were only admitted to the gardens on Tuesday and Friday. "However, hearing Mr. Hopkins was at home, I sent in my name, and desired that favour, which was immediately granted. We spent an hour very agreeably in those lovely walks, but still the eye was not satisfied with seeing. An immortal spirit can be satisfied with nothing but seeing God."

Two miles from the Cobham gardens is Stoke d'Abernon with the oldest brass in England, a life-size effigy of Sir John Daubernoun in full crusading panoply. He wears a complete set of chain mail with shield, spear and sword. His feet rest on a lion. The date is 1277. The brass of his son, who died in 1327, is near it in the chancel and the church itself dates from early Norman times. Three miles farther and we reach the fine old mansion, Kingston House, Leatherhead, where Wesley preached his last sermon, on February 23, 1791, and went home to die at City Road.



METHODISM AND PREMILLENNIALISM

One of the most vigorous movements in religious propaganda is being carried on to-day by the adherents of premillennialism. At an earlier day the spread of this teaching was mainly attempted through denominational groups like the Irvingites and Plymouth Brethren in England and the Seventh Day Adventists in our own country. This modern movement, however, is being mainly carried on in undenominational fashion, though its ideas come largely from the bodies noted above, especially the Plymouth Brethren. It centers in Bible Institutes, like those of Chicago and Los Angeles, from which many professional evangelists go forth, and in which not a few preachers who do not take regular college and seminary work receive their training. It works through popular summer assemblies and in the so-called "prophetic conferences" which multiplied especially during the war. It is promoted by professional evangelists, who vigorously push the doctrine even where the vast majority of the churches which afford them their opportunity to speak dissent from it. The printed page, however, is the agency most relied upon. Of one volume, which seems to have been sent gratis to most of the ministers of the country, several hundred thousand copies have been circulated. The movement has commanded large funds, and in one case these have been used, by way of promise of support, to secure the acceptance by mission boards of candidates who hold this doctrine, or who at least will not oppose it. To most people this adventism is merely a matter of curious speculation about the return of Christ and the end of the world. As a matter of fact a whole system of theology is involved here. Its central interest, however, lies in a very practical question: How shall the kingdom of God be brought upon the earth? Its definite, simple, and dramatic answer to that question makes the strength of its appeal. Now this is the question in which we are all interested. We are catching Christ's great vision of a world that is to be God's world, that is to carry out God's purpose of good will to all men. We are no longer content that our little groups should

meet for pleasant worship and gather a few converts once in a while. We are asking how America may really become Christian in her institutions and life, and how the nations of the world may be won for Christ, and in this question Methodism is concerned. Other church movements have begun with questions as to reform of creed or institution. Methodism's interest from the first lay in this: how to make new men and a new world. And to this interest she has brought a very definite doctrine of salvation. Because of this common interest, and because of the important practical bearings of the teaching, a comparison of Methodism and premillennialism is in order.

The premillennial doctrine as to how the world is to be saved can be briefly stated, though there is large variety in detail: Human history moves according to a predetermined plan revealed in the Bible. The present age is evil and will grow steadily worse. It is under the control of Satan. God has no purpose for it except to save a limited number of the elect. The church is corrupt and will increase in corruption. It is not God's plan to use the church for saving the world, or to accomplish this through the preaching of the gospel or the work of the Holy Spirit. It is to be done by the sheer and irresistible power of God intervening from heaven. When evil reaches its climax Christ will return in visible form and with external power. He will destroy his enemies, will establish a political kingdom at Jerusalem, reigning with his saints who have been raised from the dead, and holding the nations of the world in subjection. Commonly it is taught that the Jews will return and will become the ruling power of the world, the temple being rebuilt and the old sacrifices and ritual reestablished. At the end of a thousand years of peace and plenty will come a final revolt of the powers of evil and their destruction, followed by the second resurrection and the judgment. Leaving other features aside, we will consider the doctrine of world salvation here involved. This includes three elements: 1. A spirit of hopelessness so far as this world, or this age, is concerned. God has not intended the world to be saved in this age. Through these long centuries his only purpose has been to save a certain number of men, the elect. We have no right to expect the conversion of the

masses nor the Christianization of the world. An industry that shall be just, a world freed from great evils like intemperance, international peace and justice as contemplated in a league of nations—these are idle dreams because they do not lie in the plan of God. Dr. Torrey frankly objects to the watch-cry, "America for Christ," and "The Wide World for Christ," because these things are not possible in this generation. 2. The repudiation of the moral and spiritual means of salvation and the appeal to the physical. The reasons for this are variously given, but the position is frankly stated: in nineteen hundred years the word of the gospel and the work of the Spirit have failed to save the world, and they will not save it in the future. The kingdom "does not come by spiritual means," says A. C. Gaebelein. "It will be through miraculous power," declares Dr. Scofield, by which he does not mean the miracle of the work of God's Spirit in human hearts. "Not by the preaching of the gospel and the all-persuasive power of the Spirit," says Dr. Haldeman, will the kingdom come, not by a Christ "who seeks either friendship or love"; he comes instead "as a king, an autocrat, a despot. He will enunciate his claim by terror and might." Here in this appeal to the physical, to the sheer power of omnipotence, is the bankruptcy of moral faith. 3. The attitude toward the church. By the church is here meant the visible body of Christ's followers as associated together for worship and service. This church, premillennialism declares, shares in the world's corruption and will become steadily worse. It is represented by the spreading leaven, which adventism interprets as a symbol of corruption. The church's task is not to convert the world or Christianize it, but simply to evangelize it. That means preaching the gospel "as a witness." And it must expect no result except the salvation of that limited number whose completion will bring the coming of Christ. The church itself is thus ruled out as an instrument for saving the world. This task, postponed to the coming age, is assigned by many of these writers to the Jews.

Nothing could be in sharper contrast to all this than that faith of Methodism which has underlain her whole history. First and foremost is her faith in the power of the gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit. That gospel Wesley brought with confidence to

the brutish and besotted peasantry of his England. He believed in the power of the Spirit of God through which God purposed to make a new world. He believed that God's Spirit could save the whole man and all the life of human kind, social as well as individual. He himself attacked vigorously such evils as slavery, intemperance, and poverty. Believing thus in the gospel, Methodism of necessity believed in a world redemption and the work of the church to that end. Methodism was a missionary church long before she had missionary societies, and that task she is facing to-day with clearer consciousness of her duty and more earnest summoning of her resources than ever before. Her object is not to complete a limited number known as the elect. She believes that Christ died for every man and that God wills that every man should be saved. She believes that the will of God is to be done in state and business and all human life, and that we should work to this end. That is the reason for her medical and industrial missions, and above all for her educational work. She has never been "high church" in doctrine, or made the church an end in itself, but she has magnified the church as God's agency for the establishment of the kingdom. But the opposition between Methodism and premillennialism runs far deeper than these details of doctrine. It is the opposition between Methodism and Calvinism. Augustinian Calvinism, it is true, does not by any means imply the peculiar doctrines of premillennialism, and these were rejected by John Calvin as by the other reformers, but premillennialism rests upon Calvinism, and that of an extreme type. Calvinism's essential character appeared in its doctrine of God, in that one-sided emphasis upon the divine sovereignty which imperiled alike the character of God and the moral-spiritual nature of his dealings with men. Its motive was creditable, to assert God's sovereignty at all hazards and salvation by divine grace alone. Its conclusions were less so. On God's side it led everything back finally to the authority of power and not that of character. On man's side, that it might exclude any possible claim to merit or share in the work of salvation, it set forth that extreme doctrine of total depravity and that denial of moral freedom which made man in effect the passive object upon which omnipotence exercised its will. As

one Calvinist put it at the Philadelphia "prophetic conference," "In God's sight only two men have ever done anything—the first man and the Last Man" (Light on Prophecy, p. 19). The story of human life and destiny became thus, alike with those that were lost and those that were saved, simply the inevitable carrying out in time of the decrees of the Absolute. The final appeal is not to character but to authority, the final method is not ethical and free but that of power and necessity.

The Calvinism which Wesley opposed concerned itself primarily with the question of individual salvation. In premillennialism it is a question of world salvation, but the principles employed are the same. There is the same appeal to sovereignty without regard to moral or rational considerations. World history, for adventism, is a rigid scheme which a sovereign power has mapped out in advance. God might bring in the new age sooner, we are told, but he has not so determined it. Satan rules because God has fixed this age as his age of power. "It is given unto Satan to triumph in the present dispensation," writes one of the older premillennial authorities, concluding that therefore "the wretched heresy of of Romanism, the last form of error and the latest phase of infidelity, will certainly win the day" (Brookes, The Lord Cometh, pp. 316, 317). God might convert the world through the Word and the Spirit, but he has not planned it so. Everything goes back to the sovereign, all-compelling will. "The gospel age is no less marked by election, sovereign, eternal election, than the preceding age. . . . It has pleased God during these past eighteen centuries to bring comparatively a small number to the saving knowledge of the truth" (The Lord Cometh, pp. 310, 311). In line with this predetermination of the course of events by divine sovereignty is the appeal to sheer power in relation to the problem of salvation. It is the application to world history of the same principle that in Wesley's day appeared as irresistible grace and the necessary perseverance of the saints. Nothing is left to the contingency of human choice or human cooperation. These writers scoff at the idea of the Kingdom being brought in "by man's puny efforts." When it comes, we are told, it will be by a miraculous deed of God. The sovereign will which has predetermined the

course of events brings each to pass by irresistible power. Here is the same denial of human agency and human freedom with which Wesley contended.

This Calvinistic basis of premillennialism is very little referred to by modern writers, who at present seem to be especially desirous of commending their doctrine to Methodists. The situation, however, is brought out very clearly by one of the older leaders of the premillennial movement, Professor S. H. Kellogg, formerly of Allegheny Seminary and one of the callers of the first of the series of "prophetic conferences." Writing of that conference, which was held in New York in 1878, he points out that at least 88 per cent of those indorsing the call were Augustinians, with only five per cent Methodists. He declares that "premillennialism presupposes an anthropology essentially Augustinian" (Calvinistic total depravity and the denial of moral freedom). Redemption is not brought about by "the cooperation of man with the work of the Holy Ghost, in the use of existing material, moral, and spiritual agencies." Salvation for the individual and the race is by "a supernatural intervention of divine power." "Premillennialists constantly insist that the present dispensation is strictly elective. They all maintain that the immediate object of the present dispensation is not the salvation of the world or the race, but only the salvation of an election out of the world. . . . So much stress is laid by premillennialists upon conceptions of this kind that it is difficult to see how any but an Augustinian can really accept the system." Premillennialism "refers the salvation of men out of the present age to the electing purpose of God. It seems to be of necessity involved, moreover, that this election must be sovereign and absolute" (Bibliotheca Sacra, vol. xlv). Under these circumstances it is not surprising that premillennialism has made so little headway in the Methodist Church despite the active propaganda which Methodists with slight exception have made no effort to meet. Allusion has been made to the "prophetic conferences," representative gatherings of premillennialists. In the report of the first of these 114 names are given of those indorsing the call. Of these but five are marked as Methodists, only two of these being ministers. The last general conference of this kind

was held in Chicago in 1914. To the proceedings of this conference a list of premillennialists is added. The list is far from accurate, for it includes names like Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and Charles A. Briggs. There was an apparent effort to make it comprehensive, for names are listed of the obscure with the well known, of the dead as well as living, not far from one half being of the dead. Of the 269 living there are but eight Methodist Episcopal preachers, nor does the list contain a single teacher from one of our colleges or seminaries.

But what of the claim so often made that Mr. Wesley himself was a premillenarian? This has most recently been asserted in an editorial of the Christian Workers' Magazine of October, 1916, a journal published by the Moody Bible Institute. On a point of doctrine like this a Methodist would naturally turn to the two volumes of sermons of which Mr. Wesley wrote: "I am not conscious that there is any one point of doctrine on which I am accustomed to speak in public, which is not here laid before every Christian reader." If Mr. Wesley held this doctrine it must have meant very little to him, for the sermons nowhere discuss it. As a matter of fact, however, the positions of premillennialism are excluded point by point by what Mr. Wesley does say. Any reader can determine this by consulting such sermons as The Way to the Kingdom, The Great Assize, The Spread of the Gospel, The Signs of the Times, and On Former Times. Premillennialism declares that the world is hopeless and will steadily grow worse. Wesley writes: "No 'former time' since the apostle left the earth has been better than the present. . . . We are not born out of due time but in the day of his power; a day of glorious salvation, wherein he is hastening to renew the whole race of mankind in righteousness and true holiness" (Sermons, II, 363). Premillennialism says that the Kingdom is in the future, Wesley declares again and again that it is here. Premillennialism appeals to a miraculous interposition, Wesley puts his faith in the power of the gospel and points out its increasing triumphs (on The Spread of the Gospel). Premillennialism has two or more resurrections, Wesley one general resurrection (Sermons, I, 126). It speaks of different judgments, and declares that the saints themselves shall not be

judged, "only their works"; Wesley teaches one judgment for all (Sermons I, 126ff). Wesley declares that Christ's kingdom was set up with great power and glory at the destruction of Jerusalem, and that in this was fulfilled the promise of the coming of the Son of Man (New Testament Notes, on Matt. 10. 23; 16. 28; 24. 34). In these Notes also he makes clear his teaching as to one general resurrection and judgment (on 1 Cor. 15. 23, 24; Matt. 25. 31-46). The premillennial idea of an earthly and political kingdom he repudiates in his comment on Acts 1. 6, "They still seemed to dream of an outward, temporal kingdom, in which the Jews should have dominion over all nations." Premillennialists take this passage at face value as expressing and proving their doctrine. With these positive and specific statements it is hardly necessary to discuss the statements of the Christian Workers' Magazine editorial. Most of the argument is indirect, referring to Mr. Wesley's approbation of some chiliast or his writings. Other statements that are true do not admit of the conclusion drawn. For example, we are told that Mr. Wesley "taught specifically the preaching of the gospel as a testimony to all nations," and the editor might have added also, "and that then the end should come." Only Mr. Wesley explained that Paul had already fulfilled this word as to the preaching and that the end referred to came with the destruction of Jerusalem (see on Matt. 24. 14). Wesley taught, we are told again, "the duty of the church to observe the signs of the times." The editor can hardly have read Wesley's sermon on The Signs of the Times or his comment on Matt. 16. 3, for on the latter Wesley comments: "The signs which evidently show that this is the time of the Messiah"; and in the sermon he interprets the phrase spiritually and rebukes those who cannot see the signs which show in his own day the spread of Christianity like the spreading leaven and the growing mustard tree. But what of Wesley's exegesis of Rev. 20, to which confident appeal is made by the adventists, and from which the editorial quotes? So far as the quotation is concerned, the method of the editor, or of those from whom he quotes, is a not uncommon one in these circles: certain inconclusive phrases common in adventist discussion are taken to mean premillennial teaching. In this case it is a very

fragmentary quotation and omits the essential points. Probably no one to-day shares the curious theory which Wesley here sets forth, but, whatever may be thought of it, it is certainly not premillennial. There is no rule of Christ on earth with the saints; there is no political kingdom; there are two millennia instead of one, but neither corresponds with the adventist conception, nor is there any visible coming of Christ preceding either. "Two distinct thousand years are mentioned throughout this whole passage; . . . the thousand wherein Satan is bound, ver. 2, 3, 7, the thousand wherein the saints shall reign, ver. 4, 5, 6. . . . During the former the promises concerning the flourishing state of the church shall be fulfilled. During the latter, while the saints reign with Christ in heaven, men on earth will be careless and secure" (on Rev. 20. 4). He gives this order again in the comment on 20. 3: "Quickly he [Satan] will be bound [the first thousand years]; when he is loosed again, the martyrs will live and reign with Christ [the second thousand years]. Then follow his coming in glory, the new heaven, new earth, and New Jerusalem." Here he specifically excludes a premillennial coming. This new heaven and new earth, he explains, are the eternal world "after the resurrection and general judgment" (on 21. 1). The events connected with the two millennia are unseen by men, occurring in the invisible world (on 20. 5). To all this speculation Wesley himself apparently did not attach very much importance; it is not reflected elsewhere in his writings, nor did it influence his followers. But, such as it is, it is definitely opposed to premillennialism.

The clearest statement of Wesley's position in its opposition to modern premillennialism is to be found in his sermon on The General Spread of the Gospel. Curiously enough, it is from this sermon that a recent premillennial writer, the Rev. J. F. Silver, quotes to show Wesley as an adherent of that doctrine. In this sermon Wesley faces the question which premillennialism seeks to answer. Having surveyed the world with all its evil, he quotes his text, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord," and then asks, How can these things be? Then follows the striking sentence cited by Silver: "On one supposition, indeed, not only all impossibility, but all difficulty, vanishes away. Only suppose

the Almighty to act irresistibly, and the thing is done." This sentence is certainly a clear statement of the premillennial position, which despairs of spiritual agencies and appeals to the sheer force of omnipotence. Mr. Silver accepts it as such. So presumably do Dr. Torrey and Dean Gray, who commend this book, and Dr. Griffith Thomas, who especially calls the attention of Methodists to this volume written, as he points out, by a Methodist preacher with an introduction by Dr. Hogue, a Methodist bishop. (The writers of this book and its preface are esteemed members of the Free Methodist Church.) All this is interesting because this sentence, instead of representing Mr. Wesley's opinion, is his statement of the position which he is opposing. The statement of this dissent is so plain and emphatic that one is left no recourse but to acquit Mr. Silver of having read any of the sermon except this sentence and what precedes. Even then a slight knowledge of Wesley's theology should have saved the writer and his sponsors from so misrepresenting him. Were God to act irresistibly, Mr. Wesley argues, then "man would be man no longer. . . . He would no longer be a moral agent; . . . consequently he would no longer be capable of virtue or vice, of reward or punishment." Here is Arminian theology in its absolute opposition to premillennialism and all other Calvinism. Wesley's own answer follows. The world is to be saved just as you were saved. That was not by force but rather by God's grace assisting you to choose the better part. Just so, "the kingdom of God will not come with observation; but will silently increase, wherever it is set up, and spread from heart to heart, from house to house, from town to town, from one kingdom to another." And this will not end till universal holiness and happiness are established in the earth.

Modern premillennialists show a strong tendency to pose as the champions of orthodoxy and the denunciation of others is a common practice. There is no desire on the part of the writer to imitate this spirit or deny to any within the Methodist Church or any other church the right to hold such doctrine. Least of all would he seek to disparage the piety or devotion of these people. But all this does not change the fact that the fundamental ideas that govern the church are of tremendous importance in their

practical outworkings, and that there is need to-day of clear thinking joined to plain though brotherly speaking. The church is moving forward to-day with a great program and upon that program it is basing a great appeal. If our Centenary program needs strengthening at any point it is right here: we need to make clearer the faith and the ideals that lie back of our practical endeavor, and we need to teach this faith to our people. There never has been strong and sustained Christian life in the church except as it rested upon great truths clearly grasped and firmly held. There is a great faith that lies back of the Centenary Movement which our church is attempting to-day, and it may be stated as follows:

We believe in a living God, mightier than selfishness and oppression and greed and war and every power of sin; a God who is present and working in his world to-day.

We believe in the kingdom of God, the kingdom that is already here wherever men love and believe and serve, the kingdom that shall come in fullness when all men shall know God, and all the life of men, in industry and state, shall be lived in love and righteousness.

We believe that this new world is to come through the preaching of the gospel and the power of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men.

We believe in the God who works with men and through men, and that fellowship in the world's service is the highest glory of human life.

Over against this faith stands modern premillennialism. To the high hopes that stir our hearts it opposes its declaration: "We believe that it is for the safety, happiness, and comfort of all true Christians to expect as little as possible from churches under the present dispensation" (Introduction to Premillennial Essays, report of first "prophetic conference"). The new goals that are calling forth the devotion of men as they strive for a new world order of peace and brotherhood and a new industry that shall bring justice and democracy, these it brands as vain dreams that are opposed to the will of God. To the church it brings, not the summons to a holier life and a higher endeavor, but the hopeless verdict of present evil and increasing corruption. Such is the premillennial theory. Thank God, it is not Methodist theology.

Harris Franklin Rall

BYRON, THE REVOLUTIONIST

"That pale face is my fate!" exclaimed one who fell a victim to Lord Byron's personality; and among his contemporaries, men as well as women testify to the faultless beauty of his face. Says Scott, "As for poets, I have seen all the best of my time and country, and, though Burns had the most glorious eye imaginable, I never thought any of them would come up to an artist's notion of the character except Byron. His countenance is a thing to dream of." And Trelawney, the English soldier of fortune and companion of poets, writes concerning him: "He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy?" "His beauty was as haunting as his fame," says Jane Clermont, another of his victims. "All Europe was so enthralled with the magic of the man's very name that the sensation he made even discounted, to some extent, the sensation of Waterloo." Byron's fortunes and his misfortunes alike united to swell the tide of his popularity. Rank and genius and a nature richly fitted both to give and to receive joy fell to him by natural endowment, and, in large degree, it was these qualities that gave luster to his name and fascination to his personality. Byron possessed both a title of nobility and the gift of genius, and he was proudly conscious of his double claim to distinction. He never forgot, nor allowed others to forget, that he was "a lord among wits, and a wit among lords." Nor can it be doubted that he had many lovable and attractive qualities of character. There was a good side to his nature and this was not hard to elicit. His servants were devoted to him, and Dr. Joseph Drury, the head master of Harrow, won a lasting place in his affection. There is something, too, both noble and touching in the romantic ardor of his attachment to some of his schoolmates. At Harrow his dearest friend was Lord Clare. Only three years before Byron died he wrote, "I never hear the name Clare without a beating of the heart even now." He was brave, impulsive and, during his earlier life at least, open-handed. One day, at Harrow,

when a big fellow was cruelly fagging Byron's little friend Peel, Byron ran up with tears in his eyes and begged the ruffian to give him half of the blows. On another occasion he championed a boy named Harness, lame, like himself, and rescued him from the hands of his tormentor, saying at the same time, "Harness, if anyone bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can." As an evidence of his generosity it is sufficient to allude to the gift of one thousand pounds which he gave to his Cambridge friend, Francis Hodgson, to pay off a debt that he had inherited. These and many like incidents reveal noble and ingenuous instincts in Byron that easily account for his popularity among those who knew him best, and that under more favorable surroundings might have largely counteracted the evil and malign tendencies that later dominated his life. Trelawney comes very near the truth when he says of Byron, "Bad company, called good society, spoiled and ruined him."

And just here it may not be inappropriate to say that bad company which was *not* good society—the company, namely, of his own father and mother—had much to do with spoiling and ruining Byron. Fortunately he never saw much of his father. That scapegrace died soon after he had squandered the last of his wife's fortune. But he left his evil influence upon the boy in the black and riotous strain of blood that he had transmitted to him, and the foolish and passionate mother was spared all too long to shame and torment him. Concerning her wretched influence over him no more explicit or pitiable comment could be made than that conveyed in the reply of Byron to a schoolmate who taunted him. "Your mother's a fool," said the boy. "I know it," was Byron's bitter retort. Along with his bad blood and his rank he inherited poverty; and this was a genuine misfortune to a noble lord of such pride and passion as Byron had. To this circumstance, and to the still more painful one of his physical deformity, the greater part of Byron's unhappiness and misanthropy are due. A penniless nobleman cuts but an ill figure in the world; and if he be doomed (still further) to hobble through life with clubbed feet he needs must have a sweet and genial temper and the happy faculty of occasionally forgetting himself. But, alas! Byron was proud,

sensitive to morbidness, and the possessor of a heart as hot and rebellious as ever throbbed in mortal breast. It would not avail to speak of the nature of his lameness, yet certain it is that his slight deformity was the tragic circumstance from which he could never free his mind. His unhappy marriage to Miss Milbanke attracted attention to him almost as baleful in its effects as his physical deformity. Then Byron's heroic and romantic death in Greece added its own luster and hallowing touch to a career marked throughout by passion and picturesqueness. From Greece he had borrowed the best of his early inspiration; to Greece he continually returned in imagination to kindle the fires of poetry and action; and it was fitting that in Greece he should render his proud spirit back to its Maker.

Byron's public career as a poet began with the publication in 1807, while he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, of a small volume called Hours of Idleness. There is a suggestion of truth and fitness in the title, whatever may be said of the contents. The poems are a little more insipid and uninspired than the average lucubrations of a budding poet, but they scarcely deserved such a savage onslaught as was directed against them by The Edinburgh Review. Byron published on the title page the statement that the author was a lord and a minor; and one feels that the wind might have been somewhat tempered to the shorn lamb. But it was the day of the tomahawk and scalping knife in literary criticism and Byron had to run the gauntlet with the rest. The extra glasses of claret that he took with his dinner the day that he read the review did not seem to afford him much relief, but he found some alleviation for his wounded feelings as soon as he began to get back at his tormentors in rhyme. "After the first twenty lines he felt himself considerably better." It was well, on the whole, both for Byron and for English literature, that the spirit of the sensitive young lord had been stung to the quick; for opposition always fired him and gave him effective command of his powers. It was so in this case. He struck back with right good zest, and, in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, administered to Jeffrey and his tribe a well-deserved lashing. Incidentally, too, the attack was instrumental in discovering to him the real source of his strength

as a poet. Byron was distinctively a satirist, as was more and more conclusively shown as he grew older, and it is in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers that he first pricks the crust and reveals the volcanic fires of sarcasm within. The blow of his critics awoke the stormy energy of his nature, so in the rapid, scornful, and energetic lines which he hurled alike at enemies, friends and neutrals we have the first suggestion of the poetic passion of his soul.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was published in 1809; but the morning on which Byron woke up in London to find himself famous did not arrive until three years later, after his return from his eastern travels. He had kept a journal of his experiences and impressions in Spenserian stanzas of mingled description and narration, and it was this versified diary, given to the public in two cantos, under the title Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, that sent a thrill of excitement through the London clubs and drawing-rooms and set Byron's poetic star in the ascendant. The first edition was sold within three days, and other editions were rapidly called for. Critics have been puzzled to know just why the production should have created such a stir; for certainly readers of our day find nothing very wonderful in it. There are, though, good reasons why these first two cantos—inferior as they are to the third and fourth cantos—should have created a sensation. The poem dealt with fresh and genuine experiences and depicted new and romantic scenes. Its lines were alive and picturesque with the heaving sea and the freshening breeze; with the sparkle and sunlight of Spain; the blue skies and the rosy twilights of the Isles of Greece, the glamour of the Mediterranean, and the glory of Athens. There was mystery and magic, too, in the half-revealed, half-concealed personality of the author—a lord, an adventurer, a world-weary man though young. There were sentiment, and eloquence, and brilliant description in the book, and, in short, there were unmistakable marks of genius. In the third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold, written and published between May, 1816, and May, 1818, Byron attains his finest manner and his noblest sentiment, if we except passages in the dramas Manfred and Cain and the satire Don Juan. Many things conspired now to draw out the best poetic

powers of which he was possessed. He had grown in experience and knowledge of the world. Constant practice had resulted in greatly increased technical skill. The overwhelming revulsion of feeling against him on the part of the English public and the sense of outrage that burned in him as he thought of the private wrongs which he felt he had suffered aroused his energetic spirit to the highest pitch of emotional activity. He visited Waterloo, and was suddenly thrown into the midst of the wreck and ruin of what had been but a few months before the colossal theater of war. At the same time, about Lake Geneva, he came under the spell of the most beautiful and sublime scenery of Europe as well as into vital and refining contact with Shelley, one of the most poetic spirits the world ever saw, and still later the fascination of Italy and of Rome took possession of him. So in these cantos we find a rapid, spacious, and eloquent style. We breathe the very air of revolutionary Europe. We feel the touch of Shelley's sensitive and ardent spirit in some of the exquisite passages of nature description, and in others we mount with Byron's own stormy spirit to battle with the hurricane or stand amid the icy silences of inaccessible Alpine peaks and listen to the solemn thunder of the avalanche. Here, too, we feel the sway of the remote and imperishable past as we view the moldering relics of art, the decaying dust of empires, and the crumbling monuments that proud conquerors and kings once set up to perpetuate their names and their deeds to advancing generations. Waterloo, the Rhine, the Alps, Venice, the Coliseum, the Sea, and a score of art relics and hoary monuments are given memorable, adequate, and all but final poetic rendering.

It was during these years in Italy, too, that Byron essayed the drama. Like all other great modern English poets, he was deficient in some of the powers requisite for great dramatic writing. He had sufficient vigor and passion, but he was lacking in technical skill and the power to objectify himself in the creation of his characters. His nearest approach to supremely great dramatic work was in Manfred and Cain. Both of these productions created a great stir at the time they were published, and both contain much fine poetry. Neither, though, deserves high rank among the strictly dramatic productions of the English language. Both

Manfred and Cain are eminently Byronic, though it is nonsense to attempt to show that the deeds and the opinions of the heroes of these two productions had their counterpart in Byron's own life. They are actual dramatic creations, and however much their deeds and their opinions resemble the deeds and opinions of Byron they are not to be identified therewith. As Byron grew older his poetry waxed in wickedness and brilliancy. Don Juan is all ease and energy. Wit, beauty, and immorality enter into it in about equal proportion. In the light, reckless society satire, Beppo, Byron had returned with vastly heightened art to the youthful manner of his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and now, in Don Juan, he reveals this satirical gift in its highest perfection and utmost abandonment, and displays, whether by deliberate art or happy chance, for the first time the full originality, range, and versatility of his perverse but gifted nature.

Byron, if not the most noted, was the most notorious man of letters of his century. It now becomes us to estimate as well as we may the rank and worth and permanence of his fame. And there are three things in general that must enter into such an estimate: his style, his subject matter, and his personality.

Scott in one of his eulogistic references to Byron's poetry speaks of his "managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." It is among the few weaknesses of Scott that he is somewhat inclined to bow the knee to men of quality. There are some liberties that even a man of quality may be expected to refrain from in literature—for example, liberties with the elementary rules of grammar. Indeed, Byron was habitually so slovenly, inelegant, and inaccurate as to detract greatly from the merit of his poetry. He was naturally passionate and impetuous, but naturally also uneven, showy, and declamatory. He not only made numerous slips in grammar, his sentence structure was frequently so awkward and obscure as to leave the reader in doubt as to his meaning. He was, too, often betrayed into faulty diction, execrable meter and rhythm, and crude mannerisms. He was lacking both in the fine artistic sense that instantly detects a false note in language or melody and in the conscientious patience that never falters or wearies until the soul eases itself in the luxury

of perfect sound wedded with perfect sense. But, while a large proportion of Lord Byron's poetry is irretrievably marred by such lapses in tone and taste, there is an equally large proportion characterized by a genuinely lordly ease and eloquence. His verse is usually swift, sure, and impetuous, like the plunge of the proud war horse when he sniffs the battle, or like "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone." In such passages he does exhibit "a careless and negligent ease" that is at once masterful and fascinating. His lines flow forward with boundless life and energy, yet without effort. There is brilliant diction and glowing imagery; there are sonorous periods and breadth and amplitude of thought. To be sure, there is more rhetoric than melody, more declamation than emotion. But it is stirring, glorious, and magnificent. We catch the author's own spirit of daring, and power, and freedom. Many such eloquent passages we find in Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Cain, and Don Juan, and occasionally even in the early romances.

But Byron occasionally rises to still another manner that is more than easy and careless, more than lordly, eloquent and thrilling—to a manner that is convincing, adequate, inevitable. In the presence of great objects and under the influence of great themes, forgetting himself wholly, he does sometimes utter with unconscious beauty, grandeur, and pathos sentiments that appeal to men universally, and utters them in a style that is sincere and faultless. It is impossible for a reader to mistake or misunderstand the supremely noble and inspired passages of a great poet. Indeed, the same sudden exaltation of spirit, the same sweet compelling torrent of emotion that flooded the soul of the poet when his spirit went out to meet and to embrace the great truth or ideal of beauty that was to embody itself in a form of enduring loveliness —these same emotions visit us as we come upon the envisaged ideal, and we instantly place the seal of ultimate and final approval upon it. It is only rarely in reading Byron that the soul of the reader is thus flooded with a sense of instant and perfect satisfaction, but in passages such as we find in Childe Harold, Manfred, and Don Juan we do experience almost the highest sense of æsthetic joy. How, for example, could poetry be more adequate than in the passage interpretative of the dying Gaul:

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto IV.

cxl.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away!
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unaveng'd?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Or how could verse attain more consummate sweetness and gravity than in this quotation from Don Juan:

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parents' brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

Byron does not shine in the realm of pure thought. Says Goethe, "The moment he begins to reflect he is a child." "He taught me nothing that I had not again to forget," declares Carlyle.

He was not lacking in wit, or penetration, or intellectual force, but his view of life was fragmentary and destructive. He was deficient in knowledge, and in the broad and inclusive wisdom that comes from simple faith and goodness of heart. He had read history and biography and poetry and theology to advantage, but never in his life did he give severe attention to philosophical literature or devote himself to profound and prolonged reflection. He was too much a man of the world for this; too fond of pleasure; too proud, and vain, and eager for fame. So we must count him a poet of passion rather than a poet of intellect; and must not expect to find in him wisdom, originality of thought, a connected and illuminating world view. His influence was negative rather than positive; his mission destructive rather than constructive. He had traveled some and had observed not a little, and he had mingled to a considerable extent with men and women. He had communed with nature, too, and had entered with genuine love into many of her moods. But his travels were spectacular, his observation too often superficial and colored by personal egotism, his contact with society too much limited to the aristocratic and the base. The only society he knew much about was the kind of society that ruined him, and rejected him, and later felt the lash of his satire. He had little knowledge of the sane, orderly, and wholesome life that, after all, formed the substratum of English morals and English society in his age as it has in every age, and he had little association with the calm, clear, strong, and reverent minds either of England or of Continental Europe. As to nature, he turned to it, not with any mystic conception of its spiritual import, not as to a mother with power to teach, and heal, and inspire, but by way of contrast with the foul and fevered atmosphere of society —more frequently, perhaps, to find there the reflection of his own stormy, perturbed, and destructive moods. His religious creed was scepticism, or agnosticism, rather than atheism and denial, though he never came to any definitely formulated views concerning God and immortality. His social and political views were revolutionary and iconoclastic; his literary creed—contrary to his practice —classical and reactionary. The fact is, the greatness of Byron's poetic utterance is to be sought, not in its subject matter, but in its

spirit. To an almost unprecedented degree his personality entered into his poetry, for better, for worse. His strength and his weakness alike lie in his personality. He is shut up within his own hot and sullen heart, and is unable to pass either downward, to mingle easily and naturally with the happy throngs of men below, or to ascend up to commune with heaven and clasp God's healing hand. Yet this narrowness, this self-inclusiveness, this proud aloofness from man and isolation from God, result in an intensity and force of passion—just as rock-walled streams rush swiftest to the sea—almost unexampled in literature. He almost never forgets himself. He projects his own personality into every lyric, every tale, every drama, every satire that he pens. If he is not the hero of each of his productions, his hero is each time such a being as Byron would like to be, or might be, or would like to have people suppose him to be. He was master of a strange fascination over men's minds, and he well knew the art of keeping the attention of the public riveted upon him. But, sooner or later, the world tires of the most brilliant and versatile personality. Daring, genius, wickedness, even, at last palls upon the intellectual taste, and woe unto that author who has not at last something solid, universal, and impersonal to conjure with.

And there does seem to be one point, and one only in supreme degree, perhaps, at which Byron's own powerful and willful personality touches the universal and elicits a kindred emotion, though not an unqualified approval, from the breasts of all men. I refer to his regal and dauntless assertion of the freedom of the human spirit—the inalienable right of every man to the inviolable possession and expression of his own individuality. Sinful, selfish, and partial as was the soul of Lord Byron, he has, by his passionate claim to the inviolable control of and unqualified responsibility for that soul, enlarged our conception of the force, the uniqueness, and the dignity of human personality. We may not praise Byron's unhallowed course of life, nor his lack of reverence for Divine things, nor his imperious insistence upon the gratification of his own warped and tainted will, but we may exult with him in the consciousness which he has tended to strengthen that there is in human personality a positively unique, unmeasured, and uncon-

trolled power. There was, too, a true courage and nobility in Byron to endure and undergo and conquer, as well as to assert. He was somewhat given to boasting and to the spectacular display of his prowess in arms and his skill in athletic exercises, but his spirit never quailed when confronted by danger, nor grew craven at the thought of death or future retribution. He was always nobly master of himself in extremity, revealing an elevation of mind and resolution of spirit worthy of the highest admiration. He could upon occasion endure excruciating physical torture with stoic calm, and more than once he generously placed his own life in peril to protect or rescue another; and once, in imminent danger of shipwreck and death, when the seamen had given up all hope and the passengers were praying and weeping, and some fainting with fear and horror, he could calmly say, "Well, we are all born to die; I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear."

It is in the light of Byron's personality, too, that we can best understand his relation to his age as the poet of revolution. Byron fell upon a reactionary age—an age of discontent, protest, and smothered revolutionary rage. The French Revolution had proven a nightmare and the progress of true liberty had suffered a disheartening repulse. The monarchical spirit in government, the spirit of authority in morals and religion and of sham and convention in society, had reasserted itself with crushing, blighting force. But, though enthralled and ground under the heel of tyranny, the sentiment of Freedom was still unsubdued throughout Europe; everywhere there was fierce, voiceless, futile protest, and for all this Byron became the eloquent and acceptable mouthpiece. He was a true poet of the age for this smothered spirit of liberty. So we see how natural it was that his fiery stanzas, biting satire, and fierce invective stirred Europe to clamorous applause and adulation. And, in justice to Byron be it said, he had at heart an intense and sincere desire to see true liberty made the permanent birthright of all men. He was the poet of revolution in his day, and the poet permanently of individualism and protest.

Frank C. Lockwood.

WYCLIFFE AND THE WORLD WAR

It is now six hundred years since John Wycliffe was born. The exact centenary will occur a year, or two years, hence, perhaps even more—nobody knows when. What we do know, however, is that this man seems to have held within himself the key to every great thought or noble impulse that has moved the world in modern times, and that to-day we are more than ever working toward the realization of his dreams.

Few great figures stand out on the page of history in such absolute loneliness. His early years are a blank and the student of his life is impressed by a strange absence of family connections. We know that he spent his best years in the tradition of Oxford and that he became incomparably skilled in dialectic. He was Master of Balliol, formed for a season a political alliance with John of Gaunt, and had some large part in the translation of the Bible that bears his name; but of the man himself we know almost nothing. Of personal interests he seems to have had almost none. He wrote thousands and thousands of pages, but always objectively —about the Papacy, the relations of Church and State, Wedded Men and Wives, but never about himself. His friends, such as he had, were bound to him primarily by an intellectual kinship. Ever was he the seer, the teacher, aloof from those he instructed. His very theory of liberty is more like the philosophical ideal of the French than the emotional impulse for freedom in America. Nevertheless he still remains the greatest exponent of liberty in the history of England—and the superlative is used advisedly.

He was ahead of his age and yet intensely of it. Professor Kittredge has reminded us of the peculiar "modernness" of the time into which he was thrown. The mature years of the reformer were cast in a period remarkable even in the history of England for the far-reaching effect of its events. Into the decade between 1375 and 1385 fell the work of the "Good Parliament," noteworthy for its original use of the power of impeachment, the death of the Black Prince, with all the politics attending that event; the Great Schism in the Papacy; the Peasants' Revolt;

Wycliffe's three trials, and his translation of the Bible. Almost every great social question that agitates us to-day was under discussion in 1382. The age was one of intense activity, of labor troubles, of change in the art of war, of radicalism in religion, of imperialism in Church and State, and even of "trouble in the Balkans." We cite just one instance of the liberalism of the period—the spirit of Oxford that did so much to make Wycliffe's resistance possible. When the reformer had incurred the disfavor of Gregory XI, the university was enjoined "for the future not to permit to be asserted or proposed to any extent whatever the opinions, conclusions and propositions which are at variance with good morals and faith," and to have "the said John" arrested and sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury or to the Bishop of London. The congregation, however, voted that it was illegal to arrest an English subject on the authority of a papal bull, "since that would be giving the Pope lordship and regal power in England." Such an attitude was not altogether new of course, nor was Wycliffe himself an unheralded phenomenon. Grosseteste and Bracton and Occam and Fitzralph had gone before him, and even his opposition to the orthodox position on transubstantiation had been anticipated, if not in England, on the continent at least, by Berengar of Tours as early as the middle of the eleventh century. His general questioning attitude, however, toward the function of the Papacy, his opposition to the exemption of ecclesiastical persons from lay control, and his insistence on the injury done to the clergy by its great wealth and by the abuse of the power of excommunication for political reasons, are to be accounted for only by the character and genius of the English people. From the reign of William I to that of Richard II history shows a series of contests or opinions that not only accounted for the parson of Lutterworth, but that are so interwoven that it is difficult to say where the influence of one ends and that of another begins. Outstanding as the forerunner, of course, was Grosseteste, who even in the thirteenth century was able to summon the great heart of England in his opposition to the "dispensations, provisions, and collations" of the Papacy; but the Great Schism of 1378 gave new force to those who questioned the authority of the orthodox establishment.

Even with his tradition, however, what was it that impelled Wycliffe to take the advanced position he did? What was it that led him to risk not only his standing but his life, and not only his life but his final appeal to history, on the issues of liberty and democracy? Nothing less than his unbounded faith in humanity. The root of the social question in his day was of course the economic problem; and the economic problem went back to the position of the Church, the greatest landholder in the world. First of all the Church had moved under the fine inspiration of a new faith. There was struggle; there was suffering. After three hundred years of the Christian era, however, such were its organization and its universality of appeal that it ceased to be on the defensive and became the state religion. Three hundred years more, and we witness it full blown as a great political institution. It dominated council-boards and kings. It grew rich. Men and women came into the fold, bringing their worldly possessions with them. Sometimes scores of slaves, or hundreds, would be given or won with a great estate. What then did the Church become in France, in England, but the greatest of feudal lords? And all the while, of course, it was exempt from taxation. What chance had the small farmer against such a competitor?

Side by side with the Church developed the aristocratic institution of chivalry. Knights went on the Crusades; and the Church, Feudalism and Chivalry became indissolubly linked in the domination respectively of the religious, the economic, and the social life of the western world. Never was an ideal more limited than that of chivalry. The knight might fight valiantly to win the rewards of courtly love; but for the worker in the fields he cared not at all. Ladyhood meant everything to him, womanhood little or nothing; and such were the ideals that dominated England for hundreds of years.

All this Wycliffe saw. The hypocrisy, the hollowness, of it all none knew better than he. He saw the Church dole out its pittance of charity to the hundreds of its poor when it really made paupers by the thousands. He knew that, wittingly or unwittingly, it was making for the degradation of the individual, and he knew too that no great landholding, slave-driving institution

could be truly representative of the Christ. Unless the very theory of the divine right of the Pope could be undermined he saw no hope for the slave. The images in the church, the candlesticks, the pilgrimages to the tombs of saints—all these things came to savor of idolatry to him. He might not have been the real inspirer of the rude rhymes of John Ball, but he certainly sympathized with them. How can we wonder that he recoiled at the idea that any drunken priest could by a word manufacture the body of Christ? At any rate he set himself against all the tradition of his age. When he formulated his theory of Church and State the religious dignitaries frowned. When he molded his ideas for the reforming of the Church itself the Pope commanded that he be silenced. When he moved still further, to an attack on dogma, even the common people considered him blasphemous, understanding him then least of all. He was willing to suffer, however, even when those whom he sought to help could not understand him—and this not simply on the narrow basis of patriotism, for he was soon at war with Urban VI as well as Clement VII.

Something of all that was wrong in the world the great Dante had seen and felt a hundred years before. In Wycliffe's own day Gower wrote his "Vox Clamantis," Langland cried in the wilderness, and Chaucer realized that the times were out of joint. Chaucer, however, refused to wear his heart on his sleeve, shrugged his shoulders and laughed himself into the second class of poets. Ever since the fourteenth century, however, the question has been revived: Do we really believe in democracy, in the full freedom of all men and women, and are we willing to act on our belief? The question was a vital one throughout the nineteenth century. Macaulay placed himself squarely on the side of the people, and Carlyle as sturdily represented the opposition. Garrison and Phillips and Sumner believed in the slave even before he had learned to believe in himself; and into the Civil War fell the great issue of democracy like that of free labor, free speech, and every other great question of politics or society. Professor W. E. Dodd has recently shown us in the American Journal of Sociology how the social philosophy of the old South crystallized into that

of an aristocracy that had to be defended at all costs, by churchmen and statesmen alike. In such a society Walter Scott naturally became the most popular author, for he best portrayed the snobbery that masqueraded under the name of chivalry. The whole system was built on one great fallacy, the denial of the freedom of the human soul. Not all men were to rule or vote, only those owning property. Not all were to be educated at public expense, while "hard labor was for those whose hands were hard." Thus was developed in the nineteenth century in the greatest republic in the world a feudalism that was from the standpoint of the serf quite as hopeless as that of the Middle Ages. Naturally it left a long train of abuses; but worst of all were the prejudices and fallacies that it left in men's minds. Even to-day some politicians and writers bewail the so-called grave error that forced Negro suffrage on the South—when there was no other logical course out of the dilemma. Ignorance and lack of culture might be temporary, a few years of training and opportunity could remedy them, but the principles on which the American republic was founded were to be eternal. This Sumner saw, and this Wycliffe would have seen had he been living in 1865. By the end of the Civil War, however, other grave social questions had already forced themselves on the attention of the American people. The great stream of European immigration had set in. By the tens, then the hundreds of thousands, and then at the rate of a million a year, we saw the poorer folk of Europe clasping America as the Promised Land. Before long the oppressed Jew, the unhappy Pole and the Southern Italian as well as the ignorant Negro had become a vital part of our population. Some of the older inhabitants glanced at the "scum of the earth" and moved uptown. More and more the newcomers gained a footing, and they very nearly took possession of both Boston and New York. "Out where the West begins," however, in Chicago—raw, noisy, material, odorous, but soulful Chicago—the work of Americanization went forward. There, somehow, a little more than in the East, the immigrant developed hope. His son became a captain of industry; his daughter graduated from the university. But the development was not to be unhampered. The agitator was present. The first

faith in the new country was sometimes undermined, and Chicago became the home of industrial unrest.

To-day we stand at the parting of the ways. The Germany that we fight is the very incarnation of autocracy—of mediævalism. For the freedom of the individual soul for which Wycliffe labored there is no place at all under a power that grinds everything under the crushing heel of militarism. Even her philosophers have shown us that they are not free to do their own thinking. As we go forth we need a faith in humanity—in the ultimate destiny of the republic—greater than the bounds of any mere race or section. The Revolution gave us independence; the Civil War gave us freedom; the great war now upon us is to make us a nation. Sometimes people are not so clean, so refined, or so learned as we are; but a little sympathy, a little patriotism, a little tact and intelligence can work wonders. Nothing now will serve for the new issues but insight, patience, and a genuine conception of democracy. As our sons or our brothers fought and fell in France, the same flag was over all. Its folds are broad enough to cover all. It knows no longer Anglo-Saxons, or Italians, or Negroes, or Jews, but AMERICANS; Americans working toward one end: the assurance of democracy, the triumph of human freedom, the salvation of mankind.

This is the message of Wycliffe to a nation and a world at war.

B. G. Brawley.

THE MAKING OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK"

The prophet Ezekiel has described for us a vision which he had of a valley full of dry bones. In obedience to the divine command, he spoke to them. "And as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them." The prophet was then bidden to call upon the winds to animate the lifeless forms. "So I prophesied as I was commanded, and the breath came upon them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." If ever this miracle of the prophet's vision was repeated, it was when Browning took the dry bones of The Old Yellow Book, and with the breath of his genius made them live indeed, as the greatest English poem of the kind of the nineteenth century.

In his use of a source, Browning followed a common enough literary custom. Homer in the Iliad as Virgil in the Æneid made free use of myths, legends, and traditions which had for centuries been the common possession of a people. Much of the success of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides with their audiences was due to the fact that each wove his dramas around stories which every man in the audience had known from his childhood. What is the Metamorphosis of Ovid but the retelling by a skillful versifier of legends which had long gone the round of camp and hut and palace and study? The Old Testament alludes to books of ballads, unknown but for these allusions. No amount of inspiration was sufficient to release the sacred writers from dependence on source-material: Luke is not the only one who makes that confession. If there had been no Thomas Aquinas, patiently penning through the years his Summa, before him Aristotle, the Scriptures, and the body of tradition, there might very well have been no Dante's Divine Comedy, for the immortal poem is to a large extent "Aquinas in verse." Take from Milton all his vast accumulation of mediæval lore concerning the Fall of Man, and even his mighty-mouthed organ would be impotent to roll forth the reverberations of

a Paradise Lost. While plague swept Florence, Boccaccio entertained his friends in a nearby country villa by composing for them the Decameron, and few if any of the hundred stories are wholly original with the matchless story-teller himself. Not even Shakespeare's inventiveness extended so far as to the dispensing with all sources, and this is true not only of the professedly historical tragedies, but also of those plays where imagination and invention could have the fullest range. Take from Tennyson Malory's Morte D'Arthur, and you take from him that which made materially possible The Idylls of the King. Shelley's genius came to its supreme expression in the lyrical drama of Prometheus Unbound and in the solemn tragedy of The Cenci, and the first is the dramatization of the ancient myth of Prometheus, and the second is the dramatization of the circumstances of an Italian murder-trial, of which Shelley learned through an old library manuscript. Superb creation though Faust is, it is creation by means of material already extant. Longfellow has put Hiawatha, Miles Standish, and Evangeline into our literature as permanent possessions, but if they owe something of their immortality to him, he also is indebted to them: what he did was to take the existent traditions and the history, and touch them into life and light with his magic wand.

Browning was therefore doing nothing at all unusual when he saw the possibilities of The Old Yellow Book and resolved to make use of them. But we should do him a grave injustice if we thought he was satisfied merely to rearrange and retell the contents of a stray volume, whose initial cost to him was about fifteen cents. The genius of Browning was revealed, as we shall see, in his use of the material: it was hardly less revealed in his swift intuition that the material would lend itself to such usage. Let anyone read The Old Yellow Book, made accessible by Hodell's fine photographic reproduction, and then ask himself by what miracle it became the ancestor of The Ring and the Book. Involuntarily he exclaims with Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live!" The group of pamphlets which constitute the source possess on the surface little interest. A brief manuscript account of the trial was found in London by a friend of Browning, who made use of it as a secondary source. A

second manuscript account, which the poet never saw, was later unearthed in a library at Rome, bound up with a dozen other pamphlets dealing chiefly with famous criminal trials. One can never cease to marvel at the faith which believed these dry bones could be made to live—at the insight which discerned the angel in the unhewn block—at the artistic instinct which knew a potential ring of purest gold bidden in the rough fragments of ore. Few men would have had the patience to plod through so unpromising a volume. Browning must have read every word of the barbarous Latin and the amorphous Italian times without number, until every fact, every date, every character, every minutest detail, was at his complete disposal. Indeed, he says that he began such a study of it at once:

> "From the book, yes; thence bit by bit I dug
> The lingot truth, that memorable day,
> Assayed, and knew my piecemeal gain was gold.
> . . . . . .
> I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
> Before attempting smithcraft, on the night
> After the day when—truth thus grasped and gained—
> The book was shut and done with and laid by."

He goes on to describe how he stepped out on the terrace in front of his house, and set himself to imagine the whole story. He saw it all, and though he did not yet see all that he would do with it, and though he was yet to doubt whether he would even do anything with it at all, what he saw was a germ destined to break forth at last in a glorious birth. And what did he see? He saw the self-satisfied Comparini, Pietro and Violante, living their comfortable life of eating and drinking and gossiping, and bestowing upon the child Pompilia such affection as they were capable of. He saw Guido Franseschino, paupered and ill-favored scion of an ancient house, soured by his fruitless time-serving of a Roman cardinal, planning with his more successful brother, Abate Paolo, a return to the ancestral home in Arezzo. He saw Abate suggesting that Guido retrieve his fortunes by marrying an heiress, and naming Pompilia as a possibility; saw the visit to the home of the Comparini, the ambition and the gullibility of Violante, the shrewdness and obstinacy of Pietro, the secret marriage—Pompilia

herself utterly unable to comprehend what it all might mean: "Remember I was barely twelve years old"—the anger of Pietro at being tricked, and the eventual agreement whereby the Comparini were to make over their means to Guido in return for care and residence in his Arezzo palace. He saw the growing tragedy of that unhomely home: its barrenness, its poverty, its wrangling; until in very horror of it Pietro and Violante fled back to Rome, leaving the child-wife to tread the wine-press alone. He saw the spirit of revenge taking possession of the soul of Violante, until she expresses it in the dramatic announcement that Pompilia is not her child at all, but the child of a common harlot; that she had carried through the deception partly because of Pietro's desire for a child, but chiefly because their fortunes were failing and the advent of a child would give them the use of considerable money; and that therefore—and in this old Pietro, himself, was especially active—steps could be taken to recover the dowry given to Guido with Pompilia, and perchance even to recover Pompilia herself. He saw the flame of passion leap up in Guido when the news reached him; his settling down to the one thing of pouring a steady stream of vitriolic hate into the very quick of Pompilia's soul; his vile machinations to ensnare her into infidelity that so he might both be rid of her and yet retain the dowry; the calm resistance of her exalted purity to his most cunning schemes, until the furnace of his hate became hotter by seven times than it was before; the heartless advice of the Bishop and the Governor to whom she told her story, and the selfish cowardice of the tearful monk who would help her and did not. All this, or at least what would eventually become all this, Browning saw that night as he stood on the terrace in Florence and looked out over the lights and the shadows of the city. And as he still looked, he saw that first meeting of Pompilia and Caponsacchi in the theater—the sad strange lady with the great grave grief-full face, the young priest, gay and debonair, but in his soul a potential greatness which waited but for the call of love to manifest itself in soldier-saintship; the swift transformation of the unresisting child-wife into a creature of resolve and action that April morning when she arose from her bed with the dawning sense of motherhood upon her. He saw her

challenge the manhood of Caponsacchi, "Take me to Rome from this inferno—I a wife, you a priest!" saw the hesitation of the priest, his final acceptance of the challenge, the grueling drive through half of one night, the next day, the next night, the day following, until at dark the endurance of Pompilia failed and four hours from Rome they made the fateful stop for rest. He saw the sudden arrival of Guido at early dawn, his confronting of the pair with the charge of adultery and flight, the swift leap which took Pompilia to the side of Caponsacchi as strong arms held him fast, her drawing of the priest's sword with which she surely would have thrust her husband through had not she too been overpowered —overpowered, as Caponsacchi was to say at the trial, not by men who were sons of mothers but by creatures in human form who had somehow been spawned. He saw that trial with its curious sentences, mingled of humor and understanding: Caponsacchi to spend three years at a quiet monastery, Pompilia to go to a convent, the House of the Convertites, and Guido, freed from the wife who on his own showing had so plagued him, to return home in peace. He saw Pompilia, expectant of her child, later removed to a villa near Rome and put in charge of repentant Violante and Pietro; saw the frenzy of rage and cunning hate which swept the soul of Guido when he heard of the birth of his son; saw him set out again at Christmas for Rome—at Christmas, be it noted—with vicious accomplices and in the city nerve himself for his plot; saw the five men creep up to the door of the villa after dark, and as the door was opened to their knock rush in and murder Pietro and Violante, and as they thought Pompilia. The speedy arrest and the ensuing trial for murder, the laborious efforts of lawyer Arcangeli preparing his speech for the defense of Guido, the insincere rhetoric and the legal quibbling of prosecutor Bottinius, the curiosity of those who speculated on the possible result—all passed before Browning's mind. As his vision, then and later, followed the suggestions rising out of the musty record, he saw the facts from all their varied angles: he saw them as they appeared to that half of Rome which sided with Guido, to the other half which sided with Pompilia, and to that *Tertium Quid* which flattered itself that it was judicially impartial. He saw them as they might be

set forth by Guido, Caponsacchi, and Pompilia respectively, and as they might be mangled and distorted by the legal mind, far less concerned to find the truth than to reveal its own cleverness and secure a favorable verdict. He saw the aged Pope, six and fourscore years gone over him, sitting alone with his thoughts in the gathering dusk, considering the appeal which the condemned Guido had made from the verdict of the court. That Pope was to do good service as the Ring came to its shape.

> In God's name! Once more on this earth of God's,
> While twilight lasts, and time wherein to work,
> I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
> And stay my six and fourscore years, my due
> Labor and sorrow, on His judgment-seat,
> And forthwith think, speak, act, in place of Him—
> The Pope for Christ. Once more appeal is made
> From man's assize to mine: I sit and see
> Another poor weak trembling human wretch
> Pushed by his fellows, who pretend the right,
> Up to the gulf which, where I gaze, begins
> From this world to the next—gives way and way,
> Just on the edge over the awful dark:
> With nothing to arrest him but my feet.
> . . . . . .
> And I am bound, the solitary judge,
> To weigh the worth, decide upon the plea,
> And either hold a hand out, or withdraw
> A foot and let the wretch drift to the fall.

How will he judge? And at last, committed to the course of justice, the Pope—how unlike the Pope of Shelley's The Cenci!—reaches for a tablet and writes the irrevocable words:

> ". . . On receipt of this command,
> Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
> They die to-morrow: could it be to-night,
> The better, but the work to do takes time.
> Set with all diligence a scaffold up,
> Not in the customary place, by Bridge
> Saint Angelo, where die the common sort;
> But since the man is noble, and his peers
> By predilection haunt the People's Square,
> There let him be beheaded in the midst,
> And his companions hanged on either side:
> So shall the quality see, fear, and learn.
> All which work takes time: till to-morrow, then,
> Let there be prayer incessant for the five."

He saw—perhaps not in all its details yet, but sufficient for a beginning—Guido in the condemned cell, cajoling his two priestly friends who had been sent to confess him, pleading with them to use their influence, unable to believe that he, a noble, and a son of the church, can claim no privilege, still pouring out that vitriolic hate of his against his dead child-wife, dead at his instigation—until, those steps on the stairs outside, the solemn chant of the Brotherhood of Death, the sudden realization by the criminal that his moments are numbered, and then—the surrender of all the bravado, the abject cry of fear, the virtual confession that all that he has said has been lies, and that final scream of agony by which he lifted Pompilia clear of all his foul aspersion, and crowned her saint:

> Who are those you have let descend my stair?
> Ha, their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
> Is it "Open!" they dare bid you? Treachery!
> Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
> Out of the world of words I had to say?
> Not one word! All was folly—I laughed and mocked!
> Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
> Is—save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
> I was just stark mad!—let the madman live
> Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
> Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
> I am the Grandduke's—no, I am the Pope's!
> Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God. . . .
> Pompilia, will you let them murder me!

Was that the "one instant" when even Guido "saw and was saved"? And still Browning looked out over the lights and shadows of the city and saw the end of the tragedy as it was described first by a chance Venetian visitor at Rome, then by advocate Arcangeli, and then by prosecutor Bottinius; and saw finally—without which, indeed, the story had been incomplete—the court give that "definitive verdict" in which was declared Pompilia's complete innocence, and the indisputable right of little Gaetano, her son, to be his mother's heir. This is the gold that Browning saw glinting in the sides and the crevices of the ore, the gold of which he said: "I will be goldsmith to it. I will add sufficient alloy to make it take hammer and file. The alloy will be my fancy, which

I will add to these facts—add, not to change the facts, but to give them their true meaning and to set them in their proper light. So will I make a ring, of rondure brave and lilied loveliness, all gold, and shapen by my art for her posy, hers, the dear dead Lyric Love."

Browning was rarely satisfied to know merely *what* men and women did: he wanted to know also *why* they did it. This is the endless fascination of Browning: his revelation of the realities of the inner life. He leads us from the deed back to the doer, and he bids us estimate the deed not in its isolation and independence, but in its relation to what the doer fain would have done. It is a striking fact that this is the characteristic of many of the most common quotations from Browning. So young David says:

> See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through.
> Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
> To fill up his life starve my own out, I would, knowing which,
> I know that my service is perfect.

Where could the Old Grammarian be buried except high up on the mountain-side—fit symbol of the real exaltation of a life which to men seemed to have accomplished so little:

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundred's soon hit:
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit.
> That, has the world here—should he need the next
> Let the world mind him!
> This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
> Seeking shall find Him.

So also the moral of The Statue and the Bust:

> Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
> The counter our lovers staked was lost
> As surely as if it were lawful coin;
> And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.

Andrea del Sarto sat musing in the twilight—musing on how he

could have painted and did not, and so what he has done is as nothing, because it is less than his possible best. He can name twenty men whose pictures are poor daubs compared to his, but those twenty have what he lacks—"incentives that come from the soul's self":

> Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
> Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
> Enter and take their place there sure enough,
> Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
> My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

But perhaps the best expression of this feature of Browning's creed is in Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> Not on the vulgar mass
> Called "work" must sentence pass,
> Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
> O'er which, from level stand,
> The low world laid its hand,
> Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:
>
> But all the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb,
> So passed in making up the main account;
> All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:
>
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

The man who wrote like this was interested in men and women. For Browning was not a mere lyric poet, concerned supremely with his own emotions and their expression, although he wrote superb lyrics. Nor were his instincts solely those of the epic poet who sings the story of human achievement, although he often exhibits the true epic manner. But he was rather an essential dramatist. Even when his work does not take the dramatic form, it still reveals the dramatic touch. Thus, his monologues are always self-revelations: the man, whether he be a Duke criticizing his "last Duchess"

and bargaining for another, or whether he be a Bishop ordering his tomb, or whether he be a David coming to the place where he sees the Christ stand, or whether he be a musician interpreting a toccato of Gallupi's, or whether he be a lover who would ride with his beloved forever, or whether he be Childe Harold setting dauntless the slug-horn to his lips, or whether he be Fra Lippo Lippi trying to explain his presence in a dark alley after midnight—the man, whoever he is, speaks, and his speech lays him bare. The dramatist is always an analyst. He probes for the foundations of life. He traces action to its source. The degree in which he fails of this is the degree in which he fails of true drama. It was quite impossible, therefore, for Browning to be satisfied with the mere assemblage of the facts that came to stand out one by one so clearly in his mind. Yes: these are the facts, but what do they mean? This is the sad story, but what does it signify? This is the clash of human wills—but what precisely was the nature of those clashing wills, to what influences were those impacts subject, and by what mysterious forces were they finally controlled? Browning stood on the terrace that night and looked—looked until he saw fact fit to fact, and "how the round ran from Rome to Rome." But he did not see everything that night: it is through much tribulation that even a poet enters the kingdom; it is through much breaking and reshaping of his clay that the potter gets at last the perfect shape; it is through the flame and the anvil that the craftsman from the rough ore obtains his ring, of rondure brave and lilied loveliness. Browning lived with the men and women of The Old Yellow Book until he knew them as Sophocles knew Œdipus, or as Shakespeare knew Iago, or as Goethe knew Faustus. This Caponsacchi, who would risk his reputation, even his life, for a woman whom he hardly knew—what manner of man was he? This child-wife, who turned only once, and then not for her own sake but for another's—what was she in very truth, adulteress or saint? This man who did murder, who confessed that he did murder, but who pleaded an all-sufficient provocation—what lay in the real heart of him? was he man or devil? This Pope who said, "Let the sentence stand!" when both halves of Rome expected otherwise—was he a cunning schemer looking for some ulterior

gain for himself, or was he of a truth (in this one regard at least) standing in the place of God, who understandeth man's thought afar off? Thus bit by bit those elements were discovered, and those lily touches were designed, which were destined at last to make the perfect ring.

Probably no writer ever assumed the risk that Browning assumed when he decided on the *form* his work should take, and when he wrought out that form as he did. The margin between complete success and complete failure was as narrow as it could well be. There was no certain guarantee that "the British Public —God love it!"—would possess sufficient patience to find out whether the completed work was a ring or a piece of slag. It was a serious enough thing to write a poem of five hundred pages; it was a much more serious thing to write it in the form of a dozen different accounts of the same general facts. Browning not only conceived so audacious a plan but he also executed it in such a way as to place himself among the immortals by the result. He chose the method, so he says in the conclusion, in the interest of true Art, which would present facts not in their particular but in their universal aspects. Let us admit that The Ring and the Book is full of the characteristic Browning faults. There are places where one holds the thought only by strong effort. One goes warily into the maze of lawyer Arcangeli's preliminary disquisition, and would not be ungrateful for some Ariadne's skin of scarlet thread, the same to take the form of a Latin lexicon. Few styles are more difficult, either for the writer or for the reader, than the extended monologue, and this is the character of much of The Ring and the Book. There are frequent philosophical digressions, for Browning was ever a thinker, and it is not always easy to comprehend the point. The poem is of great length, yet it is as spare of words as are Bacon's Essays: thoughts are packed into sentences which threaten to burst with the strain that is on them. Such severity of language and such subtlety of thought as are here are high art: but it is art for strong men, not for babes. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou read The Ring and the Book. Only if thou hast great courage shalt thou come at last to the Dark Tower. Only if thou wilt face the hail and blinding fire-balls, sleet and

stifling snow, shalt thou in good time arrive. Not if thou stand shivering on the edge of the boat, but only if thou plunge, striking hard and going deep, shalt thou find the pearl. "Festus, I plunge!"

It was just said that the book contains frequent philosophizings. That is only a part of the truth. The whole truth is that the book itself is a philosophy. It was written at the time when Browning was at the very height of his intellectual powers. All else that he ever wrote could be lost: if this were left, the world would still have his essential message. All that he ever did before was in preparation for this; and all that he ever did afterward had necessarily to be judged by this. It has often been pointed out that The Ring and the Book marks the stage at which Browning the poet began definitely the transition into Browning the philosopher. Many regret that he made the transition, but it is to be questioned if the world really lost anything by it. It was no bad thing that a poet should be also a philosopher, and if you say that he was no poet but a philosopher posing as a poet—well, it was still no bad thing that a philosopher should cast his truth in poetic molds. Far more important than the question whether Browning was poet or philosopher, or both, is the question of what he had to say. It is small matter to one who hears from an English glade on a quiet night the thrilling note of the nightingale whether the bird be brown and shy or bold and gaily colored: it is the "eternal passion" and the "eternal pain" of the song that arrests attention. Browning had somewhat to say to men, and he said it. What he said constitutes him a philosopher as profoundly Christian as any that his century produced. All the essentials of his philosophy are to be found in The Ring and the Book. Such convictions as these, namely, the identity of love and virtue; the identity of hate and sin; life as just a man's chance of the prize of learning love; the all-sufficiency of motive and purpose to determine one's place in the moral scale; the impossibility of God's purpose of love being ultimately defeated; personality as fundamentally self-determinative of its own character and destiny, so that it is at least the potential master of its own circumstances—such convictions as these are the foundation pillars of Browning's

philosophy, and upon them is erected the structure of this his greatest work. It is a philosophy of optimism, but an optimism reached by a deeper reading of those same facts to which less penetrating minds give a pessimistic interpretation. Pessimism is never possible to a man who, like Browning, seeks to be true to the total human experience. Optimism may be reached either by the way of so-called Christian Science, which is optimistic because it can call black white, and because it can look at the dreadful facts of human life and declare that it sees nothing at all; or, it may be reached as Browning reaches it—by a frank recognition of the undoubted evils of life, allied to a faith that evil is the intended minister of good, silence implying sound, the discord that rushes in just that the harmony might prevail. This is the optimism of The Ring and the Book. All those facts which make the history of Italian Catholicism such sad reading are recognized: the hollowness of it, the hypocrisy of it, the opportunity it offered to men for personal aggrandizement. Recall the advice of the Bishop to young Caponsacchi when he hesitated to assume the priestly vows because he doubted he could keep them:

> I stopped short awe-struck. "How shall holiest flesh
> Engage to keep such vow inviolate,
> How much less mine? I know myself too, weak,
> Unworthy! Choose a worthy stronger man!"
> And the very Bishop smiled and stopped my mouth
> In its mid-protestation. "Incapable?
> Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenuous boy!
> Clear up the clouds, and cast thy scruples far!
> I satisfy thee there's an easier sense
> Wherein to take such vow than suits the first
> Rough rigid reading."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Nobody wants you in these latter days
> To prop the Church by breaking your back-bone."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give it us!
> Let us have you, and boast of what you bring."

Recall Abate Paolo and Canon Girolamo—scoundrels whose depravity was only less than that of Guido himself. Recall the advice of the Archbishop at Arezzo to the heart-broken Pompilia

when she revealed to him her husband's cruelty and Girolamo's evil solicitation:

> When I sought help, the Archbishop smiled,
> Inquiring into privacies of life,
> —Said I was blameable—(he stands for God)
> Nowise entitled to exempting there.
> Then I obeyed—as surely had obeyed
> Were the injunction, "Since your husband bids,
> Swallow the burning coal he proffers you!"
> But I did wrong, and he gave wrong advice
> Though he were thrice Archbishop—that, I know!
> Now I have got to die and see things clear.
> Remember I was barely twelve years old. . . .
> So, home I did go; so, the worst befell:
> So, I had proof the Archbishop was just man,
> And hardly that, and certainly no more.

Recall her later plea to the Roman friar at Arezzo to write to her parents: his ready promise; his failure to keep it out of fear for himself. Recall the action of the nuns of the House of the Convertites, who praised Pompilia's virtue so highly while she was with them, and then, on her death, sought possession of her estate on the ground that she had not been proved innocent. Recall the early part of the Pope's soliloquy, in which he reviews some of the actions and judgments of his predecessors, and indirectly brings to light how fallible they could be, how selfish, how hateful. Was ever such an indictment of institutional Christianity as we have in these pages! It would satisfy a Luther and leave a Newman nonplussed. Pessimism indeed, for here is rottenness at the very heart of that which claimed to be divine! But there is something more. If the church was so cruel to Pompilia, Pompilia was yet a child of the faith of that church. Here is an extract from The Old Yellow Book, from that section which contains the testimony of Fra Celestino, an Augustinian monk who was with Pompilia during her last hours: "I say and attest on my priestly oath, in the presence of the God who must judge me, that to my own confusion I have discovered and marveled at an innocent and saintly conscience in that ever-blessed child. During the four days she survived, when exhorted by me to pardon her husband, she replied with tears in her eyes and with a placid and compassionate voice:

'May Jesus pardon him, as I have already done with all my heart.' . . . She has died with strong love for God, with great composure, with all the sacred sacraments of the church, and with the admiration of all bystanders, who blessed her as a saint." (Hodell's translation, pp. 45-46.) Browning accepts this and much like testimony without hesitation: Pompilia, a child of the church, most cruelly used at times by this church, yet lives and dies in its faith, and appears in all she does the perfect saint. If Caponsacchi entered the priesthood with mental reservations respecting his vows, Caponsacchi was yet a priest—shall we say most truly priest?—in that hour when he rose to the height of his great achievement. And if the church on the whole seemed to be callous and indifferent, by whom was it but by the earthly head of that church that justice was in the end made possible? We should mark it well: Browning here indicts the church, but he exhibits the church he indicts producing a Pompilia, a Caponsacchi, a Pope Innocent. That is the meaning of the statement that Browning was an optimist who reached his optimism without ignoring facts dark and tragic. So too of the law. Where is there a more merciless revelation of the motives and methods of those who are set in the world for justice than in the books which deal with Arcangelis and Bottinius? But the significant fact remains that every verdict given in The Ring and the Book is a just verdict. He who would wish to do so might take the experiences of Pompilia and Caponsacchi in proof of the thesis that in a world like this virtue does not pay. What was it but her very goodness that involved Pompilia in her tragedy? What was it but his championship of an oppressed woman that brought woe to Caponsacchi? So it would seem, but so it did not seem to Browning. To Pompilia, the love that came with her brief motherhood, and the love that came for Caponsacchi, unexpressed, yet deep as life and wide as heaven and lasting as immortality—this love redeemed every hateful look, every evil word, every cruel blow that had made her life a *Via Dolorosa*. And so, as she lay dying, she could speak of

> The heart and its immeasurable love
> Of my one friend, my only, all my own,
> Who put his breast between the spears and me.
> . . . . . .

O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread—
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that!
. . . . . .
How nobly he dared the deed!
And for the rest—say, *from the deed no touch*
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,
Not one fleck of failure! Why explain?
What I see, oh, he sees, and how much more!
. . . . . .
He is ordained to call, and I to come!

And if anything more is needed in proof of the ineradicable optimism of this book, let it be afforded by the fate that overtook Guido. Browning does not represent Guido as a soul irrevocably lost; he represents him as still able to see, in one instant flash, God and his truth, and by that vision begin his salvation; he represents him as a soul who will yet be made, even though it involve that he be first unmade; and he represents the unmaking of him, not as waiting until after death, but as beginning here in that moment when the wretched man, confronted by the specter of death, confessed his sin, and called on Pompilia—on Pompilia, be it said—to save him!

So by his art, Browning takes the prosaic documents that report a law-court proceeding, and transforms them into a philosophy of life. He takes the commonplace, and in the commonplace he finds the eternal. At his call beauty comes forth from where there seemed nothing but the repulsive. What bade fair to be a triumph of all evil becomes an attestation to the indestructibility and the supremacy of good. Holiness walked unscorched through the very fires of hell. Crime protected itself behind a barrier of hoary privilege, but God's hand struck, and the barrier was as gossamer. And thinking of Pompilia, Caponsacchi, and the great good Pope, we make our own the words of the dying girl:

. . . Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

Edwin Lewis.

VALUES AND VALUATIONS

The question of life is one of interpretation and emphasis. It is an understanding of values, which discerns the permanent in the passing, which discriminates between what is of relative importance, and gives attention to what is really worth while. Jesus was silent on many subjects of social, political, and theological interest because he desired to stress that which was fundamental and which had to do with the root causes of progress. When he said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," he announced what was of momentous consequence, but in doing so he did not depreciate nor repudiate the lesser benefits. This kingdom, as he understood it, has bearings on the whole of life. It is an *ideal* which makes clear the supremacy of God everywhere and insists that we must find room for him in all our interests. It is an *influence* which imparts a sense of the realized presence of God, with whom there is fellowship in the unity of life. It is a *spirit* giving motive and power to those who make a loyal surrender to God. It is an *inspiration* which furnishes vital energy, to create a social order making for righteousness, not of one but of many, and ultimately of all. The kingdom of God is not an imperialism of force but of faith. It is superior to nationalistic barriers and receives into its generous fraternity all souls who are animated by the passion for justice, which insists on rights for the sake of right and the furtherance of the common good. Jesus set forth the program of the kingdom at Nazareth as one of mercy and grace. He announced its principles in the Sermon on the Mount, as love to God and love to man, capable of redeeming and renewing every economic condition. He expounded its progress in memorable parables, which enforced the truth that, in spite of interruption and distraction, it was bound to advance and expand, and finally bring every state of life under its captivating control. He committed its propagation to his followers who were to "make disciples of all the nations." Their constant prayer, "Thy kingdom come," was not to be a pious wish but a strenuous endeavor to realize its achievement on a world-wide scale.

The phrase "the kingdom of heaven," used almost wholly by Matthew, means the kingdom of holiness and happiness. The other phrase, "the kingdom of God," found in Mark and Luke, brings home the truth that without God there cannot be this twofold blessings; while the phrase "eternal life," in John's Gospel, brings out the thought of spiritual experience signified by the other two expressions. What is this but an emphasis on character as distinct from circumstances? It is not a matter of wealth but of well being, with a concern for truth rather than for territory. In the Beatitudes, Jesus began by congratulating those who *are* worthy by reason of their godly character and he ended by referring to those who *do* and whose deeds advertise their filial and fraternal conduct. This is a kinship which is graciously inclusive. Whatever interpretation life makes for the welfare of the human race finds hospitable welcome, and all that is required is that it show its credentials, which must be in harmony with the spirit that advances the greatest good of the largest number. It is an outlook of universality and not of uniformity. Differences of opinion are of secondary importance, and they can be tolerated if this opulent ideal of the kingdom is accepted, applied and assimilated, in earnest allegiance to its purpose to bring the whole of life under the sway of its lustrous influence. We have been dominated too long by other ideals. The militarism of Rome, the culture of Greece, the commercialism of Tyre represent three of the commanding ideals of civilization, which, down to our day, have stirred the imagination, secured the support, and won the plaudits of the peoples of the earth. But they have proved to be ineffectual and have brought neither purity nor peace. Why should we not give a fair trial to the idealism of Jesus Christ? Instead of shirking the issue and implying that the enterprise is hazardous, let us come out of the caves of conventionalism and compromise and begin to practice that which we have vainly professed. The blood of eight millions of our brothers and the desolations of a multitude that no one can number, call upon us to make this holy experiment without further delay. The filibustering of politicians, the dogmatizing of diplomats, the generalizings of commercial magnates and industrial leaders, the evasions of ecclesiastics, conspire to postpone an im-

partial trial of the ideal of Jesus, which must be appreciated and received on its own merits. And what gives it such opalescent distinction is the fact that it appeals in a luminous and liberal way to every class and condition. This ideal of the brotherhood of man touches all phases of thought and life because it is based on the Fatherhood of God and the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. It was through lack of vision and decision that the nations have repeatedly plunged into disasters, the latest being the greatest of them all. A vision of the reign of God and of the responsibility of men everywhere is our present most urgent need. We can receive it only as we have courage for such consecration and consistency, that takes no counsel with expediency nor consorts with patchwork and makeshift methods, nor permits of policies that crush principles and produce a condition of ethical and spiritual anæmia.

The demand then is for a higher standard of values which insists on the highest state of excellence. This is out of the question, unless we reckon with God, "the Spirit of the Whole." God and his kingdom of righteousness must be the corner-stone of our life. If we accept the control of God over every sphere, and realize that the companionship of God is the prerogative of everyone, we shall not hesitate to make the venture of faith and the advance of hope, and thus secure the conquest of love. To play for safety is not worthy of those who espouse the idealism of Jesus, and besides, such a course is hardly commensurate with the crying necessities of our tortuous times. One lesson that history teaches with the greatest impressiveness is that wherever God has been recognized and his authority accepted, men have enjoyed the best prosperity. Man was made for God and without him he will ever remain dissatisfied. Just as the fish when taken out of its native element will die, so also the spirit of man will become impoverished and perish, if he does not breathe the pure atmosphere of the presence of God. "Thou seemest to thyself rich, and if thou hast not God, what hast thou; thy neighbor seems poor, but if he has God, what has he not?" In these words of Saint Augustine we have an emphatic declaration of what is most worth while. The urgency of the kingdom of God was repeatedly advocated by Jesus

in startling sentences which reveal the spirit of the prophet and the poet. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force" (Matt. 11. 12). The greatest benefaction of life is here compared to a city attacked by a party of besiegers, who are determined to capture it at any cost. It is a picturesque way of describing the intense zeal and passionate earnestness of those who see the vision of its beauty and are intent on possessing it for themselves. The original reference was to the publicans and sinners, from whom the benefits of godliness and goodness had been withheld by the Pharisees, whose conceptions of religion were warped by the traditional perversions of ecclesiastical dogma. These men thought of the religious life in terms of ritual precisions, while Jesus, with the unction of the greatest prophet, proclaimed its essence in terms of spirituality.

What Jesus offered the world was a new point of view, which gave a better perspective of the manifold relationships of life. The emphasis was shifted from the individualistic to the collective basis, which nevertheless conserved the genuine gains of the individual and increased his worth by placing him in a larger context. And yet the transition was made without any scattering of power and influence, because the individual and social aspects were regarded as complementing and not contradicting each other. The religious spirit was thus shown to be more realistic and less dogmatic, more positive and less negative, and one that makes more of spiritual and less of institutional tests. Religion became humanized and was also deeply moralized and spiritualized. The self-inclosed type of piety, with its ascetic bias, was supplanted by a self-inclusive type of piety, which considered the needs of others and tested its character by the extent of its beneficial effects. Such a piety was static, in the sense that it was stable because well founded in God; it was also dynamic, in that it was an operating and operative power for an all-round righteousness. Fanaticism is due to defective perspective; and so it has come to pass that the very conscientiousness of people, who have zeal without knowledge, has been a menace both to themselves and to others. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light" (Matt. 6. 22). Sincerity alone is not enough; there must also be discernment which sees straight,

without a squint, and takes note of every related issue. We have heard it said that if we take care of the little things, the great things will take care of themselves. This is a fallacy. "The victories of faith have commonly been won by the proclamation not of a bare minimum, but rather of things strange and unlikely and hard to believe because they are so full of God" (Macgregor, in The Expositor, December, 1919). As Canon Barnett put it forcibly: "It is not so much sin as triviality which most hides God. People are like the woman in Ibsen's play who cared only for her dolls. Their business, position, appearances, schemes, are their dolls. The new discoveries, new duties, new dangers of the age, its warnings and prophet voices, go unheeded from this absorption in the trivial" (Life, vol. ii, p. 198). Let us guard against the tendency to become so immured in details, immersed in mint, anise, and cummin, that we practically lose sight of the weightier matters of judgment, and mercy, and faith. Rather take care of the big issues and let minor matters shift for themselves or go to the wall. We must disown the species of provincialism which thinks in terms of the village and not of the city, the nation, and humanity. The rural outlook is hopelessly inadequate, and in its place we should have the world view, which preserves the sanctity of personality and nationality. This is not found in individualism which magnifies the individual at the cost of society; nor is it in socialism which suppresses the individual in favor of the crowd; nor in patriotism which calls for devotion to one's country in disregard of other countries; nor is it even in internationalism which surrenders the life and traditions of the nation into the hands of a group of nations. It is found only in independence, established on the broad and deep foundations of a large self-respect, which not only thinks of itself but also recognizes the rights and responsibilities of all. Such a view moreover is inspired by the truth and spirit of brotherhood, which is the only hope of our distracted race. We thus come back to the scale of values and the method of valuations suggested in the Master's teaching on the kingdom of God. Indeed, we do not have to originate nor to exaggerate in order to find out what is decisively fundamental. It is given in its intrinsic excellence in the New Testament, but we must interpret anew its final

verdicts and apply them searchingly and fearlessly to our complications.

We recall with grateful satisfaction the heroism of our nation in consecrating all its resources to the exacting task of winning the war. It seemed as though we had changed overnight, from extravagance to economy, from frivolousness to seriousness. All party lines were obliterated, distinctions between classes were forgotten, rich and poor were united, and the whole nation became consolidated and solidified, by the whole-souled determination to exterminate the fiend of militaristic autocracy, and to give a fair and open field for the practice of democracy throughout the world. We insisted that the law of the tiger and the jungle must no longer prevail and that force should be subordinated to the higher interests of humanity. We keenly realized that it was a struggle between two civilizations—of order and progress and of chaos and brute force; between two ideals—of faith and freedom and of fatalism and slavery; between two empires—of brotherhood and spirituality and of tyranny and materialism; between two methods—of cooperation and strength and of competition and weakness. When the Greeks met the Persians, when the Romans faced the Goths, when the Christians confronted the Saracens, the same issue was faced, on a small scale, that was met by the Allied Nations when they crossed swords with the Central Powers. The result in every instance was in favor of the cause of truth, justice, and liberty. No one who had read history with an unbiased mind and trusted God loyally, could have doubted for a single moment what would be the outcome of the last conflict. It was therefore not surprising that in the hour of our emergency the whole nation, including men, women, and children, responded with unbounded enthusiasm. It is well to recall these things because they compelled us to alter our values of life. Our valuations were determined by the needs of the war. We learned that there were things of even greater value than life itself, and we understood, as never before, that the words put into the mouth of Satan, in the book of Job, express the sentiment of fiendish selfishness, and betray the spirit of the slacker and the coward. It never has been true that "all that a man hath will he give for his life," because liberty, justice, truth, and love are

greater than life, and he who is without these noble virtues merely exists in vanity and emptiness, knowing nothing of the true life which abounds in deeds of daring rectitude. The peril of distraction also came home to us as the urgent summons was heard, insistently calling us to do the one thing needful, and let everything else be set aside for the period of the war. The apostle Paul knew the spirit of warfare and the demand for hardship, when he reminded Timothy that "no soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier" (2 Tim. 2. 4). He was not a "victim of miscellany," who had many irons in the fire, but not one ready to be hammered into shape. What was true of the men in the training camps and the soldiers at the front was equally true of those in the backline trenches, the legions at home, in the ship-yards, the munition plants, the coal mines, the liberty loan drives, the Red Cross auxiliaries, and in the hundred and one other activities without which the war could never have been won. They all alienated themselves from everything that interrupted their devotion to the cause or that interfered with the prompt prosecution of their duty, and in a manner which said "This one thing I do" they assembled all their talents, possessions, and energies, in a spirit of undoubted consecration. And thus victory was achieved.

The kingdom of God can be established and advanced only as we manifest the same spirit of loyal enterprise and give sacrificial devotion to its entrancing interests. During the war mere conventionality was regarded as a form of stupidity, and all precedents were flung to the breezes, when principle called for initiative and adventure. Likewise, the claims of God should determine the character of our activities. Whether we deny ourselves or spend ourselves, it must be in relation to the extension of the kingdom of God. What the soldier gives up when he goes a warfaring, what the artist foregoes for the perfection of his art, what the scientist surrenders for the advancement of knowledge, what the patriot sacrifices on behalf of his country, that the disciple of Christ must do, with intensity of spirit and with eagerness of purpose, for the glory of God.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews presents a galaxy

of faithful men and women, who braved opposition, endured nobly and persevered zealously, because of their faith which enabled them to see beneath the surface shows of things and to adjust themselves to the challenge to perform heroic exploits for God and man. This list of brave and buoyant souls can be indefinitely extended from the annals of every nation and from the ranks of every state of life. Their appeal to us is that we continue and complete what they began. Whatever our methods might be, which perforce will be dictated by our altered circumstances, let us see to it that we show the same spirit of honor towards truth with a readiness to strip ourselves of every handicap that weighs us down, and to cast off every hesitation that entangles us like the clinging folds of the ancient athlete, that so we might run our appointed race steadily, our eyes fixed upon Jesus, the Pioneer and the Perfecter of Faith. There were cynics who doubted that men and women in these modern days were capable of unlimited sacrifices. No one believes in recklessly throwing away life, but when the occasion merits it the consecration of life, even unto death, is justifiable, as the missionaries of the church have repeatedly demonstrated. The same courage that was shown by the Pilgrims three hundred years ago, by the American Revolutionists about one hundred and fifty years ago, by those who struggled in the Civil War nearly sixty years ago, was also shown by their sons and daughters during these recent years of travail. We have confidence in Christian human nature to believe that if the cause of God is in peril recruits will come forward without hesitation or delay. We do not believe that the kingdom of God will ever be destroyed by the enemy, but the extension of its gracious influence can be delayed by the indifference of its friends. Jesus often warned his disciples against spiritual sloth and negligence, and exhorted them to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. Many whose lives were spent in ennui and listlessness found themselves by taking up some war work. Many of the boys returned home in better physical condition because of the stiff regimen to which they were subjected. The discipline was for the sake of the morale, and it braced them for the struggle. We need the discipline of richer values and of sterner valuations that our

lives may be adequately occupied, in harmony with the lustrous and mandatory claims of Christ.

The undeveloped resources of the church await the arrival of a leadership that is marked by discernment and discrimination, which will make demands, in the name of Christ, upon every sphere of life, without the bias of partisanship or the bane of partiality. "The world is looking for guidance, but the guide must be one who has the courage to discard what is obsolete and the insight to create what is new" (Streeter, in The Spirit, p. 367). The church has been severly criticized, not without reason, but it is beside the mark to say that similar criticism has been directed against the present social system. It is an easy matter to generalize in times of excitement, but this sort of random speech only confuses counsel and does no good. Facile explanations are really evasions which postpone the day of settlement. This spirit of speculation, under the influence of the deductive method, has been superseded by the spirit of inquiry in accord with the inductive method, and we are learning that the controversial temper and process must be checked by what is fraternal. Satisfactory conclusions can be reached only after we patiently obtain extensive and exhaustive evidence from first-hand sources. If some facts lead to the gloom of pessimism, other facts, equally important, make us optimistic. The claims to an exclusive monopoly of truth reflect the corporate arrogance of a church lost in the mists of traditionalism. Such an attitude is impatiently resented by our matter-of-fact age. The achievements of the apostolic church were due to the emergence and exhibition of the fellowship through the pentecostal Spirit, which gave the believers a "community of spirit issuing in community of life" (Anderson Scott, in The Spirit, p. 132f.). The church is still the unique agent for the spread of the worldwide kingdom of God. "Paradoxical as it may seem, the influence of the Christian Church on human history has been so vast and so pervasive that it is easy for superficial thinking to ignore it" (The Army and Religion, p. 300). But a similar superficial thinking should not permit us to take things for granted and to assume that what is must be. We do not have to follow free lances, whose torches go out just when light is most needed; nor should we be satisfied with the standpoint of

expediency that virtually discards Christian principle. "True idealism does not deny the realities but illuminates them." We must face the facts of evil and of good with the passion of candor, thoroughness, and calm, determined that we shall take no shelter in threadbare panaceas, and not rest until we have obtained a complete view of life in all its manifold actions, reactions, and interactions. Dean Inge writes in his challenging way: "It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from him." (Outspoken Essays, p. 265.) The call is for reconsideration with a view to reorganization, and the process requires us to begin from the bottom up. The church must do its own thinking and justify its place of leadership, in the name of Jesus Christ, who is the only Solvent and Solution. He awaits us at the dawn of the new day, and his creative Spirit is capable of guiding us through all the tortuous paths that lead to the City of our God. Have we the courage of faith to brave every risk; have we the boldness of conviction to take the initiative; have we the abandon of sacrifice to witness to the truth, even to the subversion of cherished but incomplete conceptions; have we the utter consecration to the living Christ, which relies on him alone and is resolved at any price to secure the crown for him, the "Adorable Monarch of all the Future"? *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

Oscar L. Joseph

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

To one who loves both Longfellow and the Bible the study of the allusions and quotations taken by the poet from Holy Writ has a certain charm. Longfellow's references to the Bible are varied, apt, reverent, and numerous. So numerous are the references that this present study is confined to the Old Testament alone. For the convenience of the reader the references are arranged in the order of the books of the Bible to which they refer. The list does not profess to be complete, but it is typical. References to poems on distinctly Bible topics have been omitted. No fewer than twenty books are referred to, the chief omissions being from the minor prophets.

It is not strange that Jacob's vision and the willingness of Abraham to sacrifice his son should be favorite themes for reference, but many of the themes, although never seeming inappropriate, are much less obvious.

GENESIS

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.
—A Gleam of Sunshine. Gen. 28. 10-15.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
—Evangeline. Gen. 28. 12.

Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
—Evangeline. Gen. 28. 10-22.

Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?
How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?
—Sandalphon. Gen. 28. 10-15.

Son of the Church! when Abraham of old
To sacrifice his only son was told,
He did not pause to parley nor protest,
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
In him it was accounted righteousness;
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (Torquemada). Gen. 22. 1-14; Gal. 3. 6.

When Abraham offered up his son,
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (Torquemada). Gen. 22. 3.

As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter!
—The Golden Legend. Gen. 22. 1-14; Isa. 53. 7.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!
—The Slave in the Dismal Swamp. Gen. 4. 9-15.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain.
—The Arsenal of Springfield. Gen. 4. 9-15.

But then, alas! It was the serpent tempted Eve to sin.
—The Spanish Student. Gen. 3. 1.

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.
—Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass. Gen. 37. 28.

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air.
—Thanksgiving. Gen. 4. 21.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!
—Evangeline. Gen. 21. 14-21.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?
—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. Gen. 21. 14-21.

'Tis not good for man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 2. 18.

Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God moving visibly over the water.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 1. 2.

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla, and truly they [women] seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight and memories sweet of the garden!"
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 2. 10-14.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 24. 42-49.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.
—Sandalphon. Gen. 3. 1-6.

For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote.
—Eliot's Oak. Gen. 18. 1-8.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet;
Though it is Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.
—Elegiac Verse. Gen. 27. 22.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil.
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Falcon of Ser Federigo). Gen. 3. 17-19.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright
While all the others bend and bow to it,
. . . . . .
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.
—Michael Angelo. Gen. 37. 5-8.

EXODUS

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals
That the angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
—Evangeline. Ex. 12. 21-28.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai.
—Evangeline. Ex. 34. 29-35.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a negro and enslavèd,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.
. . . . . .
Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.
—The Slave Singing at Midnight. Ex. 14. 26-31.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.
—The Lighthouse. Ex. 13. 21.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread,
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped.
—Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass. Ex. 3. 1; 14. 5-9.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.
—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. Ex. 32. 19.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
—A Ballad of the French Fleet. Ex. 14. 13; 2 Chron. 20. 17.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi). Ex. 33. 20.

Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!"
—The Golden Legend. Ex. 20. 13.

NUMBERS

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Num. 13. 23.

Little thought the Hermit, preaching
Holy Wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his teaching,
His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be gleaned,
And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.
—The Children's Crusade. Numbers 17. 8.

DEUTERONOMY

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible king of Bashan.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. 1 Sam. 17. 4; Deut. 3. 11.

JOSHUA

The trumpets sound; the echoes of the mountains
Answer them as the Sabbath morning breaks
Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,
Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,
O'ercame the Amorites.

. . . . . .

I am not Joshua. I cannot say,
"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in Ajalon!"
—Judas Maccabæus. Joshua 10. 8-14.

Hark! I hear the trumpets
Sound from Beth-horon; from the battle-field
Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,
Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,
Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem.
—Judas Maccabæus. Joshua 10. 3-14.

JUDGES

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry—
Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!
There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.
—The Warning. Judges 14. 5, 6; 16. 21-31.

RUTH

Everywhere about us are they [flowers] glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.
—Flowers. Ruth 2. 3.

Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Ruth 4. 9, 10.

1 SAMUEL

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!
—The Bells of Lynn. 1 Sam. 28. 7-14.

In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the witch of Endor.
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Saga of King Olaf). 1 Sam. 28. 7.

The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Birds of Killingworth). 1 Sam. 16. 23.

2 SAMUEL

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet: "It hath displeased the Lord"—and he thought of David's transgression, Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
—Courtship of Miles Standish. 2 Sam. 11. 27, 2, 3, 15.

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,
. . . . . .
I cannot mourn
As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned the dead,
From the beginning of the barley-harvest
Until the autumn rains, and suffered not
The birds of air to rest on them by day,
Nor the wild beasts by night.
—Judas Maccabæus. 2 Sam. 21. 3-10.

1 Kings

I know not Hebrew, but my High-Priest Jason,
As I remember, told me of a Prophet
Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea
Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was black
With clouds and rain.
—Judas Maccabæus. I Kings 18. 41-46.

2 Kings

And their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.
—Evangeline. 2 Kings 2. 11.

Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
—A Summer Day by the Sea. 2 Kings 2. 13.

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!
—The Golden Legend. 2 Kings 13. 14-17.

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time
Of Esekias, King of Israel,
And in the armies of Sennacherib
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.
—Judas Maccabæus. 2 Kings 19. 35, 36.

Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.
—Michael Angelo. 2 Kings 13. 21.

2 Chronicles (See under Exodus)

Esther

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.
—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. 1 Cor. 16. 22; Esther 3. 1-6.

Job

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
—Resignation. Job 5. 6.

PSALMS

Wherein amazed he read:
"A thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night."
—The Golden Legend. Psa. 90. 4.

PROVERBS

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!
—Courtship of Miles Standish. Prov. 31. 11-13, 19, 21.

He made of all this but small account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it was red.
—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Rhyme of Sir Christopher). Prov. 23. 31.

ECCLESIASTES

Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the Almond tree shall flourish,
. . . . . .
And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth to his long home.
Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher; all
Is vanity.
—Michael Angelo. Ecclesiastes 2. 3, 5, 8.

ISAIAH

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.
—The Good Part, that Shall Not be Taken Away. Isa. 61. 1; Luke 4. 18.

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.
—The Meeting. Isa. 17. 6.

From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."
—Divina Commedia. Isa. 1. 18.

Rather let me write:
"The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."
—Keats. Isa. 42. 3.

DANIEL

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
—Evangeline. Daniel 5. 25.

HABAKKUK

The fleet it a gale overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
—A Ballad of the French Fleet. Hab. 3. 7.

Arthur C. Boggess.

OUR EVANGELISM

The church has just emerged from one phase of what in many respects has been its greatest program. The Centenary movement at its inception demanded a staggering faith from the members of the Methodist Church. We have gone far enough to see that the program and the faith were both justified. It is probable that the church will never debilitate itself again by expecting small results when the trend of all things is toward great expectations.

But now the church is making another call, and this call is to evangelism. Very quickly have we disposed of a few fallacies which in the days of our poverty seemed to be irrefutable conclusions—such as, if a church becomes liberal, it by necessity becomes spiritual; or, an open pocket book means spiritual ascension in missionary fields. Now we have liberality, and, in comparison with other days, a deep purse, but there seem to be some deflections: first, the membership of the church has had a serious decrease; second, the ranks of the ministry are being depleted; third, great bodies of non-Christians—as in the mass movement in India—are calling in vain for help.

The call to evangelism must be opportune. We have the machinery, now we need the dynamics. But it is precisely in this call to evangelism that we need to orient ourselves. What do we now mean by evangelism? It is not presumed that any general statement as to evangelistic standards can be of much value. The personal equation of the preacher or the theologian will cause evangelism to be defined in many ways. We may simply speak of tendencies which are seeking definition and expression in our evangelistic program. It is evident that an evolution has been in progress since the days of camp meetings and revival excitement. Evangelism was then tied up with certain methods of individual approach, ethical and metaphysical preaching, strong denunciations of sin with convictions and emotional effects usually resulting therefrom. There is a growing scepticism as to the value of many of the methods then employed. The metaphysical and emotional

aspects both rest under a cloud. Sin is being defined with terms that look more toward the mercy side of God than the justice side. The chief things which emerge and find a place in the new evangelism are the ethical and social aspects, with the social side much more emphasized than in the older day. It is becoming increasingly evident that these changes have been wrought because of certain dispositions of mind which have grown up within the past few decades and which should be defined.

We are now living under the pragmatic method of finding values. Preaching is listened to with pragmatic ears. The question is insistent, What is the value of doctrine as measured by human conduct and human good? The injunction to the preacher is to keep close to earth and in touch with human nature. He is not willingly followed when he makes long forays into the unknown. The abstruse doctrines are held for mental discipline analogous to the higher mathematics. The Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the incarnation, are not as doctrines assailed as untrue, but no need is felt for a public rationale or even proclamation. They are occult, and are considered to have but little effect on life.

Immediately and naturally allied with pragmatism is the emphasis on good works. The doctrine of James is in the ascendant. The statement is that the church has too long forgotten the simple essential things of good will to men in its efforts to get men to believe a difficult and for some men an impossible doctrine. The definiteness of good works as contrasted with the indefiniteness of what may be called good doctrines has made its direct appeal, and the appeal seems to have brought a success unparalleled in altruistic enterprises. Winston Churchill's book Inside the Cup met with an immense vogue, because it seemed to call the church from a vague mysticism to an active participation in the affairs which touch men daily. H. G. Wells has run a long distance in advance of Churchill, and has learned a method of seeing it through by a combination of good works with an almost complete renunciation of all the essential doctrines of Christianity. Good things are coming not out of Nazareth alone: they are picked out of the air, as a conjurer picks coin out of that medium. Institutions and foundations are being established under the aegis of the church

which are enterprises of ethical value, but only remotely, if at all, relate themselves to historical Christianity with its old doctrines. It seems not a careless statement when we affirm that the church of to-day is afraid of the past. The present day is not unduly superstitious, but it seems to believe that there were ghosts in the past, and it now avoids a haunted history. It is almost feverishly active in expressing in a multitude of ways its concern for the present generation whose prototypes our forebears burned at Smithfield or permitted to rot in Spanish inquisitions.

Then there has been a growing scepticism as to the value of revivals. The history of such efforts indicates a waning power. The increasing difficulty of holding successful continuous services has been felt alike by pastors and evangelists. Two of the frequently embarrassing features of the Methodist preacher are the "staging" of a revival once a year and then finding some justification for the revival after it has become history and its results tabulated. It is evident that any evangelistic enterprise upon which the church may enter must permit an interpretation of the term evangelism that will not of necessity tie it up with any methods of the past or make its success or failure depend on the old computation tables.

Just how the church will respond to the general call of evangelism is a matter for serious consideration. It is not to be presumed that any general plans will be even tentatively suggested. For this reason the method of attack will be desultory, with something like a guerrilla warfare going on against the citadels of error. But there are some hopes which will not be realized. We cannot expect the institutional church to solve the problems of evangelism. Whatever merits may accrue to the religious community through this excellent plan of extending church influence to supply social and recreative needs, it has its distinct limitations. The Young Men's Christian Associations of the country have been at this work for many years, and with all their excellent work they have hardly begun to do that which the sanguine supporter of the institutional church deems will be done so quickly by this arm of the church. The Centenary movement of the past year has prepared the church to accomplish much in this field, but at the best it will be a simple

extension of the work of the church and will prove the solution of only a few minor problems which may arise.

Nor are we going to recruit our ranks in any great measure by any emphasis we may lay on the labor question or the social aspect of affairs. The Methodist Church is rightly proud of the position it has taken in regard to the relations between capital and labor. It has defined its position as favoring justice for both sides, and has refused to nervously prostrate itself before either labor or capital. But a great fear has been felt in some quarters that we may be misunderstood as to how we stand on labor questions. We are informed that organized labor is opposed to the church, while it keeps a fine sentiment for Christ the Founder of the church. Many have accepted this statement as true, and with a fear that the genuineness of the appeal of the church for the laboring man may be misunderstood, they have begun a propaganda of education concerning the democratic ideals of the church. This method has the value of well meaning, but as a practical method for gaining results it is of questionable value. It is better to assume some things than to attempt to demonstrate them. The demonstration of love is not so effective as the assumption and fact of love. A better position for the church to assume is that of dignity and impartial justice for all men with the privilege to speak freely and courageously on all moot questions. A manly pulpit, unhampered by any shrinking apprehensions of being misunderstood, definite in its utterances concerning wrong, sympathetic in its attitude toward all men, will be essential for a successful evangelistic church.

The emphasis which has been laid on democracy during the past war has brought the term into such popular use that it has been deemed necessary to get the church measured by this standard. This request has come from the church itself, and the result of the investigation has brought about what might have been surmised, namely, some discrepancies. The clamor for investigation is quite sure to breed suspicion, and whatever institution openly courts investigation for approval or disapproval is likely to receive both. The public sees what is suggested it may see. Hamlet said to Polonius:

"Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Polonius: "By the mass, and it is like a camel, indeed."
Hamlet: "Methinks it is like a weasel."
Polonius: "It is backed like a weasel."
Hamlet: "Or like a whale?"
Polonius: "Very like a whale."

It is not wise to affirm that the Methodist Church is growing democratic. The church is and has been democratic. We need to create no unwarranted suspicion concerning our past. It would not be difficult to show that the general church in itself is responsible for our present democratic ideals. It is unhistorical to affirm that democracy is the result of industrial evolution, or that the pressure of economic needs is bringing about the brotherhood of man. Economic needs are like to breed class distinctions, and it is chiefly the church which has shown the power to fuse all people with their various needs and aspirations into a democratic whole.

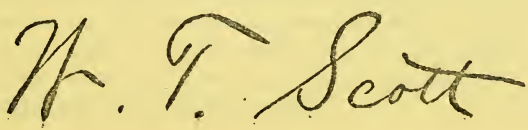
If the church should fail this year to attain the ideals which have been set before it, its failure shall not be laid at the door of meager institutional features, or silences in the pulpit on social and industrial questions. Our chief failures will be in the realm of the spirit, failure in philosophy, failure in faith, and failure in a message.

Pragmatism is not a philosophy, but rather a method to test values. Pragmatism, however, with many has assumed the place of a final philosophy. Herein is where the danger lies. Doctrines which are occult are set aside as unnecessary. The Deity of Christ, the Trinity, the incarnation involve metaphysics, and pragmatism does not presume to reach so high. These doctrines are proclaimed but little, because they are hard to believe. They do not seem to relate themselves vitally to our bread-and-butter existence. They are intangible and float in the air. This is not an inference that Methodism, even any considerable portion of Methodism, has discarded them, but that they as doctrines are simply considered unnecessary for present needs. In this respect we most surely err. Tennyson spoke of a higher pantheism, and we caught the Christian value of the vision. We may speak of a higher pragmatism which will grasp the fruits of these great doctrines and hold them to our lips for nourishment. Christianity cannot get along with

simply a philosophic method; it must have a philosophy. The scientific method of putting one finger on cause and another on effect is valuable, but the process is carried on under too low a horizon to nourish permanently spiritual life. Pulleys and curtains and paraphernalia, gymnasiums and soup kitchens—pragmatic devices to bait and hook men into the kingdom—are worthy considerations, but they poorly take the place of philosophy in the pulpit.

Then the church must have faith which has transcendental merits. To believe on the basis of sight or of reason will not get the church far. Faith is a belief in the realities which lie beyond sense or logic, or it is not faith. As a church we must assume ideals which are not indicated simply by the processes of social drift and order, or by the logic of events. We must have ideals and dreams which come down from above, and which are believed in despite many adverse things. Other-worldliness is quite necessary to lift people out of this wilderness.

And then there comes the message. This must partake of a sane faith and philosophy, nor lose sight of the actual conditions of life which insistently press upon society. But it must be a message which interprets things of actual potencies and which lie beyond the veil. A man's commission to be successful in the pulpit will be determined by the answer he can truly give to the old question, "Who do men say that I am?" Peter found the answer by a kind of divination which we call faith: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God," and this message, faithfully proclaimed through good and bad report, beat down the barriers of prejudice in the pagan world and set Christianity free for a conquest of the world. Whatever success we may have in meeting the call of the church will depend chiefly on the fact that we have not forgotten this truth, and whatever failure we may have, the failure must be charged chiefly to the fact that we have forgotten this message.



THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, A SUCCESS OR A FAILURE?

The birth of the Epworth League was not foreseen; it was spontaneous. It was not planned; it just happened. The League existed in reality before it came to life organically. And this is tantamount to saying that the Epworth League was formed by the uniting of five societies of young people already in existence. These five societies were The Young People's Methodist Alliance, The Oxford League, The Young People's Christian League, The Young People's Methodist Union, and The Young People's Methodist Episcopal Alliance of the North Ohio Conference. Each of these organizations was largely local. They needed to be united into one organization and commended to the church. It was this thought that directed representatives of these bodies to meet in Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, 1889, when the Epworth League was formally organized.

The General Conference of 1892 was impressed with the value of its work, and it was organized into a separate department of the church. Authorization was also given its Board of Control to elect a General Secretary. Its constitution was incorporated in the Discipline. In six years the membership rose rapidly to about nine hundred thousand, and now, after thirty years of activity, it has almost as many chapters as there are churches. Has it accomplished its purpose, or has it a definite contribution to make to the religious life of our young people? Let us see!

The Epworth League will be found a success or a failure according to the standards by which we measure it. If we judge it by the noise it makes, or the numbers who crowd its meetings, we will call it a failure. But are noise and numbers the only trustworthy criteria? Most Leagues are not overcrowded. In one Conference they average fifty members per chapter, with one out of ten chapters having a membership over a hundred. But is the purpose of the League to possess a long roster, or it is to mold and make worthy character? Many have been disappointed because they looked only for numerical results.

Remember, young people do not move naturally in large crowds, but in small groups. The League usually deals with one of these groups. During the 'teen age the group or social instinct ripens. Group or social life begins. At first the groups are small. As these groups mature the interests change, life's responsibilities increase, and definite fields of service require their time and strength. The groups are constantly moving. They are ever adjusting themselves, finding themselves. This makes the well-known "problem" of the young people. It is a perennial problem. It will cease only when the church no longer has any young people. It arises because they are *young* people. They are plastic rather than static. They are people in the making. A friend of the League explains that "Most criticism aimed at the League is based on the theory that the League is a corporate institution with momentum and machinery that needs only direction. In fact, the average League is more like a country school under a teacher who is trying to train them for something worth while, and who can never be sure of her ability to mobilize them." This sets the League work apart from all other church work.

In the Junior League the situation is quite different. The resemblance between the Junior and Senior Leagues is in name only. The Junior League deals with individuals under fourteen years of age, prior to the ripening of the group instinct. Therefore the Junior League is not a group, it is a collection of individuals. They assemble to be taught; not to express what they have previously acquired. It is not self-governing, but is superintended by an experienced worker appointed by the pastor. It is essentially a teaching process, although it may enliven the program with social and expressional work.

There is no less marked distinction between the Sunday school and the League. The Sunday school is the church school. It is a place where order is observed, where instruction is given and information imparted. It is primarily an academic process. The school is *run,* literally, by the superintendent, secretaries and teachers. The pupils are passive, receptive, receiving specific instruction. Socially, the Sunday school is a gathering together of a number of social groups under the leadership of teachers.

Every class forms a separate unit, a social grouping. The League is one of these groups—the one in which the young people find opportunity to test and develop their faith. The Epworth League may be called the intermediate and senior departments of the Sunday school in action. This should not involve any conflict. The class activity should continue. The class needs its own expressional work, but young people also require the broadening contact and socializing influence of the larger group.

But the League is unlike either of these. It is not a school. It is a confederation. It is a league. It is a company held together by the ties of common purpose and the natural bonds of the group. It is self-governing. It elects its own officers. These are inexperienced young people getting their training by attempting real work. The pastor exercises a general oversight. He furnishes the necessary inspiration and encouragement. Their chief purpose is to express their Christian life, not repress it; to give forth in conduct what already has been taught. This process puts religion on the motor nerves; all they do is but a testimony of the faith which is in them.

There is no conflict between the work of the League and the most up-to-date Sunday school program. They are interdependent; each reenforcing the other. The League wisely never attempted the teaching work of the Sunday school. The Sunday school has attempted expressional work similar to the Epworth League. This attempt was made by the Sunday school not to discount the League, but because it logically grew out of the more scientifically educational and pedagogical program of the Sunday school. Yet most Sunday schools complain of losing their young people. This shows that the Sunday school program of activity is entirely inadequate as yet. Therefore the League and Sunday school are allies. They supplement each other. The League, perhaps, was not so scientifically educational as the Sunday school, but before the Sunday school caught its larger vision the League started to bridge the gap between childhood and manhood in the church. In this it has never been supplanted, nor even rivaled.

The distinctive value of the League work, to-day, lies in its

expressional features. We know only what we express. There is no lasting impression without expression. This is the basis of all examination. We know only what we are able to write down in the examination. Life to-day needs more than vague impressions and soft generalizations. The youth of the church should be stimulated to thinking along the line of the indispensable Christian graces. Youth must know and believe and feel some things mightily, if it is to be persuaded that these things are worthy the sacrifices required to make them dominate in life. For the sake of emphasis let me state it categorically: youth knows only what it is able to express; and this includes vocal as well as motor expression. Here we join hands with the modern educational movement. It is the stressing of the motor side of religion. It arises from the natural reaction against the type of religion which was too exclusively vocal. The youth to-day wants to practice his religion. He stands in need of more drilling as well as more effective teaching. The League is the drill field on which the future leaders of the church are testing their capacities and measuring their abilities. There they are finding their moral strength, just as the athlete finds his physical strength on the athletic field. Dr. Brummitt says: "The League is the laboratory of youth. It fails, of course it does, but it is our laboratory of youth, and out of it comes now and again something the Church and the world can use." If we have discarded the old total-depravity idea, and accepted the total-immaturity idea, then the League is *the* place where faith is dramatized and developed, just as the gymnasium is the place where muscles are strengthened and trained.

Our young people need to be trained in their devotional life. Teaching is necessary. It fills the mind; but training molds conduct. Training in social service is excellent, but it is not all. Water will not run up hill; neither will the spirit advance beyond the source of its inspiration. The motive power of all worthy service comes from Christ. Our youth must maintain an intimate relation with Him—the source of dynamic. Yet the ordinary young person will not maintain this religious interest and experience unless he has, for himself, found the glory of personal

contact with Jesus Christ. During childhood his life was directed by parents and guided by thoughtful teachers. Now he is grown up. He follows his own will. He must likewise definitely assume for himself such parts of his religious teaching as he really believes. This may not be easy, but its importance cannot be overemphasized. It is the crucial point in development. And in every development there is one crucial moment—a moment which marks the boundary line. There is a conscious moment in which the youth actually passes over into a larger experience of power and joy. Matheson says it is like approaching a river bank. The walking is at an end—then comes the plunge which brings one to the other side. Professor Curtis used to insist that all youth, even those reared in the most favored surroundings, should possess the "redemptive equivalents." They should, for themselves, definitely accept Jesus as their Lord and Master. "I believe, therefore I have spoken" is the true order. As Christ is confessed openly his power over youth is enhanced. During the 'teen age period is the time when young life either does or does not accept Jesus as personal Lord and Saviour, and either does or does not reenforce the religious teaching of the years with the unimpeachable authority of experience. Here is the League with a wholesome and attractive program holding youth during these critical years, guiding life while life's decisions are being made.

In the privacy of the group the devotional life of the young people may be trained naturally. Such items as prayer and testimony are not impossible. They should not be forced, but fostered. This is the time when religion buds in the life of every individual. Then let it be expressed. Let the expression crystallize it. At this period the young people are full of the spirit of adventure. Routine produces restlessness. That beautifully simple prayer, "Now I lay me," etc., appears a bit childish. Grown boys say it out of a sense of duty, though secretly they feel like apologizing for it. The same thing happens later with "Our Father." These young people possess religious emotions and feelings of their own. They are looking for a religious exercise which will command their respect. They want to pray, and the League fosters this deeper spiritual life in youth. If the Centenary

movement is going to stimulate the prayer life of the church, would it not be easier to grow it with the youth than to graft it on the adults? Where do our young people get this religious training and nurture aside from the League?

Further, it furnishes courage and a consciousnes of power. Frequently the initial attempt is accompanied by trembling knees and feeble expression. I still remember vividly my own first attempt. But ease, assurance and courage come with practice. Who can number the ministers who discovered their gifts and graces for the ministry in simple beginnings such as these?

A word about action: The League is a sphere of activity. Even a casual view of the branches of service outlined in the constitution shows the wide range of activities. It runs from Bible and mission study groups to recreation and social life. It extends from missionary enterprise, like building an Epworth chapel at Rome, to raising ten thousand dollars for missions in China, and from settlement work to fresh air homes. It has long since passed out of the Mercy and Help stage into real social service and welfare work.

And nearly every member is busy in some capacity of the church. The League usually furnishes the leaders of the church. No, these people are not in the League because they are leaders. That is unkind to them. They are leaders because they were in the League. Here they found, through study and inspiration, the field of service. Then, with all the enthusiasm of youth, they have embraced the worth-while opportunity.

The Institutes call for a word right here. Perhaps this is the most promising single achievement of the League. These Institutes are great spiritual forces. They release the "dynamic of God," and send the youth of our churches to tasks with all the determination and consecration of the ancient prophets. Do the ministers, busy with their manifold tasks, realize the significance of these Institutes? This year sixty-one are being held. Their attendance will range from two to twelve hundred each. Nearly twenty-five thousand young people of Methodism will, this year, return to their churches full of new zeal for the religious enterprise. Recently the Board of Bishops commended the work of the

Institutes, and urged upon them the importance of gathering recruits for the ministry and mission field. Now the Centenary is upon us with its added demands for workers. It is clearly apparent that too great consideration cannot be given to this work. At the Madison Institute, through a number of years, there have been approximately ten per cent. of the attendance who consecrated themselves to special life work. This past year the percentage was a little higher.

These Institutes are regular courses in religious education. At Madison, when the diplomas were being given out, one of the men said, "We've been here a whole year." Well, he was about right. He had attended fifty sessions of definite instruction and inspiration, not counting the recreational and social hours. How does that compare with the half-hour on Sundays at home? The Institutes not only give dynamic but they enlarge the vision as well. One girl returned last year from Institute to organize and lead a Queen Esther's Circle in her church. This year she goes back to lead a mission-study class in addition. Another girl thought she was doing her duty as a Sunday-school teacher, but now goes back to bring that class into the church and into living contact with Jesus. A young man of ability returns to devote all his spare time to equipping himself for settlement work, mastering a language and understanding a people. Another young man enters the new field of religious education. A school teacher hears God's call to teach in Mexico, and at the Institute decides to offer her services to the Centenary work in Mexico. But I cannot go on; the story is too long.

And yet we hear that complaining voice, "What is the matter with the League?" Well, what is?

Karl K. Zwinby

THE BISHOP'S ADVENTURE: AN OLD MOTHER'S SURE CURE FOR BALDNESS

"Now don't be worried or discouraged at losing that young mother with her baby in Chicago; for as sure as the gods are good, if you will keep your traveling human weather ears and eyes open on the train out of Chicago, you'll find an old mother on her way to Omaha. The very fates themselves will cast her down at your feet, baggage and all. You will let her have your seat beside the window. You'll get her a pillow and a drink, and paper, and you'll pull the window up for her and you'll pull it down. Then you'll get her another drink and a fan, and before long you'll pull the shade down for her again. She may be seventy-five years old and she'll want you to wait on her every minute—but—"

"But I would think that she would make a nuisance of herself, making an errand boy of you, my dear Bishop."

He looked at me again pityingly.

"You seem to forget He whose Bishop I am was never too tired, never too busy, never too dignified to serve. Besides, as I have said before, there are compensations."

"Compensations? Yes, always compensations. You would find compensations, you old 'Mount Shasta,' if you awoke some morning and they told you that your church had decided to put a time limit on the terms of Bishops."

"Yes; I would say that the compensation there was that the church was coming to be a truly democratic institution. I think that that would not be bad. There would be compensations even in that."

"But what about the old mother?"

"Maybe she's a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, or a—and so are you. You'll notice that she isn't ashamed of it, anyhow, whatever she is. Or perhaps she's just a dear, sweet, motherly old lady, and loves everybody that wears pants just because she has a boy of her own. And you look like a boy to her because she is twenty years older than you are."

"You're not so old at that, 'Mount Shasta,' even if you do have white hair and a bald spot showing at the back. You were the youngest Bishop ever elected in the church; weren't you?"

"Yes, worse luck, I was. I'm not now; I just was! And now I'm condemned to be a Bishop all the rest of my days.

"And before you know it," he continued, just as if there had been no break, "before you know it you will be showing her that picture of your wife and children when they were younger. Then you'll hear about 'Nanny's' remarkable little grandson. And, say, my boy, her talk is worth listening to: 'That boy, would you believe it'—and she is so excited, the dear old soul, that she'll lay her trembling hand on your knee—'that boy knew the English alphabet off by heart when he was only three. And the doctor said we'd have to be careful of him, that his brain was developing too fast'—and then she rattles on with sweetest abandonment: 'and Professor Meredith—he's the principal of the school, you know—says he'd rather have a chat with "Sonny" than with any grown-up man he ever saw! Say, our baby is a wonderful child!'"

Then the Bishop laughed aloud as he told me of the old mother on the train between Chicago and Omaha; laughed aloud with happy memories of other days and other babies and other fond parents and fonder grandparents.

"And how familiar that old grandmother's phrase is: 'Say, our baby is a wonderful child!' How many thousands and how many millions of mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfather have said it and—worse—have meant it. Bless their hearts. Bless their hearts, all of 'em; even if some of them may be a little wrong. 'That baby of ours, say!' And those who don't say it are no better than those who do say it, for we all believe it!

"Then if you know how to draw her out she'll tell you how she raised eight children; she'll tell you that you never are a mother until you are a grandmother; she'll tell you that it's harder to raise one than three children; that they amuse themselves; and she'll advocate having a lot of children and having them decently close together; and she'll tell you why: 'If you don't you'll have a baby on your hands'—meaning that the far-between-ones always get coddled and petted too much. Ah! how much she will tell you,

this dear old superannuated mother of eight children. And how much worth while some of the things are that she will tell you!

"The sun has gone down behind a cloud as you speed through the level country, with corn- and wheatfields rushing past in a blur of rain. She'll breathe a sigh, and say, 'Well, we need rain.' Then there will be a silence for a minute. It seems that it is almost solemnity that steals over her and over you. She breathes a sigh and a faraway look comes into her eyes, beautiful brown eyes that they are, shaded with grey brows and lashes, once a glorious set of lashes that must have lain with a gentle touch like golden flower petals over a tiny set of pools in the woods. A teardrop steals over those half-closed lashes. She is thinking about her husband, as you soon discover. The rain and clouds brought it all back; and perhaps the suggestion of corn- and wheatfields. One does not know always the strange psychology of suggestion. Perhaps it was the scent of violated orange peeling in the car."

"Did she talk with you, Bishop?"

He did not deign to notice my interruption. He seemed to be going through that adventure with the old mother just as if I were not there, talking to himself aloud. He continued:

" 'He was the kind of a man that people turned about to look at!' She'll repeat that phrase twice slowly, to be certain that you get the full import of its meaning, and a look of pride will steal over her wrinkled features, like a flash of sunlight breaking through those clouds outside the car window, but the faraway look comes back as the rain continues to pour outside the train. 'Yes, daddy's been gone ten years now. All the men on this road loved daddy. He was a traveling engineer. I've given four sons and daddy to the road. Here's my pass. It reads, "To the widow of—"

" 'That last morning, daddy tried to get down stairs and help me get breakfast. He always liked to help me, daddy did. But he said that morning, "This'll be the last time I'll help you, mother." '

"Then perhaps the dear, lonely old mother will weep like the skies outside are doing and you will try to make yourself believe that things look blurred outside because of the shower, even though they also look blurred as you glance forward into the next

car when the train swings around a curve. Then before you know it the sun has burst out again, the rain has stopped, people are smiling and talking aloud in the car, and the dear old lady notices for the first time that you are getting bald. That's her cue to forget her own sorrows and start to mothering you. They just can't help it. Once a mother always a mother. They mother their own, these old-fashioned women; they mother their grandchildren; then their great-grandchildren, and between times and afterwards they mother us all. And that bald-spot-to-be on your head touches her heart."

"'Mount Shasta,' it would be a crime if you lost that crown of white hair. I'd have to get a new name for you."

"You might call me half-dome," the Bishop suggested with a twinkle in his eyes.

"But, I say, it would be a shame to lose that crown of white hair," I said.

"So the old lady thought," added the Bishop. "Yes, that bald-spot-to-be will touch the heart of any mothering woman. She will half scold, as if you are deliberately and with malignant malice and conspiracy aforethought planning to make yourself into that unromantic creature they call a 'bald-headed man.' You would think, to hear her comments, that you have deliberately been in the habit of rubbing it off each morning with a brick so that you wouldn't have to comb it any more.

"'There's not a bit of use of your losing that nice hair—and so young!'

"Maybe you blush at that. I did.

"'Why, you can't be over fifty, dear!'

"You blush again.

"'You just mustn't lose that fine hair! I can't let you; you poor boy.'

"All men are boys to the mother of five children when she has become seventy. President Wilson would be her boy if he were traveling human with her.

"'Why, you'll have colds all the time if you do!' And all boys are, at all times, in dire danger either of being hungry or of having colds to these mothers of ours.

"'Have you ever used anything on it?'

"Here you are tempted to wave your hand (nonchalantly) in the air and pass off the matter of your rapidly diminishing hair as of little moment to you. The wave of your hand carries the suggestion that 'It's brains that count in this world' even if you don't say it aloud. In fact, as you think of the three thousand six hundred and ten different applications that you *have* used, to save your life you can't think of a single specific remedy by name. You want to lie, even though you are a Bishop. But don't. No, don't lie, for you won't have to."

"Why?"

"Why, because it is one of the wonders of the dear old egotist that she isn't paying any attention to what you are about to say, anyhow."

"'Oh, don't mind what you've used. There's none of them remedies any good anyhow! Just use common vaseline, and rub it in every night. It's a sure cure. It cured Willie's.'

"It turned out later that 'Willie' was the president of the road over which you were riding; a man known from coast to coast as one of the biggest railroad men in America.

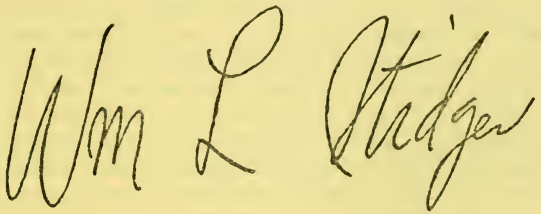
"Then she will tell you of about a hundred bald pates that were made to blossom like an irrigated desert by the simple application of vaseline. Then her stop comes. There is much confusion. She insists upon your going out at the stop to meet 'Willie' and 'Sonnie.' You don't want to intrude yourself in this family homecoming, but you go to please her. 'Willie' is there in a big limousine to meet mother. Back of him stands a liveried servant. The big, dignified gentleman whom she calls 'Willie' doesn't know you, and doesn't care much about meeting you just then. The 'All aboard!' saves you; but just as you turn to call good-bye to the old mother she thrusts her card into your hand. These new-fangled things like cards are so new to her that she has forgotten it until now. . . . The train is moving.

"'Good-bye, my boy! Be sure and let me know if that vaseline helps your hair.'

"And the train pulls out amid a roar of laughter from 'Willie,' the trainmen and the porter, who hear her admonition. Then

suddenly she glances down at your card, and with a wild gesture toward the train—in the meantime handing your card to 'Willie' —she yells, 'O Bishop! Bishop! Bishop! I didn't know. Come to see us!'

"Yes, son, there are compensations, even in being a Bishop and having to gallivant all over the country every year, and being away from your home all the time. There are compensations!"



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

SHYNESS

In the famous Boston Saturday Club the chief talkers are said to have been Lowell, Holmes, and Agassiz; Longfellow less talkative; while Emerson and Whittier were the least loquacious. A familiar story says that, at a meeting in honor of an illustrious member of the club, the most eminent name on the list of speakers was Emerson's. When his turn came and he was called to speak, he unfolded hesitatingly to his full six-feet height, stood silent some moments in apparent embarrassment, and then sat down without having uttered one word, leaving his place on the program vacant. Supposing this story to be true, his behavior seems unaccountable. Who would expect a man of Emerson's ability to flunk at such a time and place? The occasion was important, he was in the presence of friends even if critics, he was the most distinguished member of that club of celebrities, his genius the most crystalline, his mind the most purely platonic, in American literature. Why did he fail? Was it fear of the highly critical Sanhedrin before which he stood? Was it a sense of unpreparedness, and a decision to say nothing rather than offer the occasion anything below his own idea of its merits? Speculation is useless. Quite possibly he could not have explained why; perhaps there was no rational reason. It looks like sheer shyness, which is instinctive or inscrutable and cannot give reasons. A similar story is told of Thackeray. Riding to a meeting where Dickens was to preside and where he was expected to speak, he said to his friend: "They think I can't make a speech, but I'll show them. I'm going to speak to-night," and he named his subject. Yet when the moment came he balked and uttered not a word. In the cab going home he said to his friend, "That's the greatest speech that was never delivered."

Emerson's intellectual ideals were transcendentally exalted. High ideals are stern, imperious masters. One friend wrote to another: "You speak of ideals which you think we have in common. Ideals are tyrannical. Some of mine have treated me severely, giving me

forty lashes on the bare back at times. But I will cringe to them forever and die kissing their feet." Besides Emerson's exacting ideals and well-known shyness, sayings of his indicate that he was by preference and on principle rather a listener than a talker, for example: "The scholar's secret is this, Every man I meet knows something I do not know. Wisdom for me lies in learning that thing from him."

Public speakers not a few, even some of the ablest, have experienced "stage fright," fear of an audience; sometimes a nervous chill. Report says that if John Bright had to make a speech before night he would complain at breakfast of not having slept well, feeling poorly, and would remark nervously that it seemed likely to be a chilly day. A noted minister used to tell how once, in his very early ministry, when he was on his way to preach in a little country church, he felt so frightened as he approached the place that he left the road and hid among thick trees until the gathered farmers, tired of waiting for the preacher to arrive, had driven home. The scared young fellow literally "took to the woods."

J. M. Barrie, having been invited to come to America, to speak at the Lowell centenary celebration in New York, with the promise of an audience of at least one thousand, let his native diffidence play in his reply: "If I had to address a thousand persons my voice would sound from under the table, and only those in the front seats would hear. If the thousand would come singly to me under the table, I might be able to address them one at a time." Many years ago Max Strakosch was touring Canada with his company of singers and Emma Thursby as his leading lady. At Ottawa, before beginning the evening's entertainment, he told his nephew, aged seventeen, to go before the curtain and ask the indulgence of the audience for Miss Thursby's voice; "Tell them she has taken cold and is a little hoarse." The young Austrian sped to the front of the platform, and, on finding himself out there all alone, close to a vast crowd, was so frightened out of his wits that he lost his English and told them with a German accent that Miss Thursby was "a small horse"; whereat the house exploded in a roar of laughter. For this blunder his uncle Max did not reprimand him, but said, "You've put the house in a good humor and it does not matter now about Miss Thursby's voice." A clear case of stage fright.

Shyness is no sign of inferiority, but rather of the superior fineness found in the higher mental and physical organisms. It is the reaction which comes from a highly sensitized impressionability. It is

due to no defect, but to delicate susceptibility. Not the weak, nor the coarse, nor the common, but the gifted and the rare and the refined are its victims. Nor is it any evidence of demerit: often those who have nothing to be ashamed of are as timid as if they had done something wrong; while others who ought to be ashamed of themselves are unabashed and brazen. Examples confirmative of this abound. Really pathetic is E. R. Sill's letter from California to a friend in Boston, when he contemplated returning East. The poet and essayist was full of dread at thought of facing his old associates. He was in a panic of self-distrust lest he find himself out of tune with his Eastern environment, unable to function up to expectations of friends and critics, or even his own standards of behavior and performance, and so be a disappointment to his circle and a mortification to himself. He shrank from the ordeal and hesitated whether to come at all. Equally painful reading is the reply written by Joel Chandler Harris at the age of twenty-seven to a middle-aged lady friend who had urged him to come out of his seclusion, mingle more with people, go into society, make friends. His answer suggests the sensitiveness of one whose skin was sore to the touch, so did he shrink from social contact, so conscious was he of his defects, which his imagination magnified. He confessed to this wise, honest, sincere friend that he simply could not endure society. He felt himself destitute of social graces and unfit for social intercourse. Francis Thompson cites Shelley as an instance of a sensitive spirit made hypersensitive and shy by petty persecution from his fellows, who, though they stopped short of physical injury, caused him to be likened by Thompson to a little Saint Sebastian, stung by barbed arrows which filled his school days with rankling resentment. Shyest of women was Emily Dickinson, the Hermit Thrush of Amherst, who hid herself out of sight and out of reach in impenetrable seclusion, not only from the world outside her front gate, but even from old and honorable friends who traveled distances in hope of seeing her. Very recently two nieces of Henry Adams have told us that he was painfully sensitive and shy of revealing himself, shrinking from the approach of strangers and sometimes even of friends. He invented many devices for concealing himself. One of his ways of hiding from company was to devote himself to any child that was within reach. With utter humility and self-abasement he would become the awe-inspired playmate of the tiniest child that came where he was.

Biographies, autobiographies, and testimonies of friends give the

impression that the number of those who regard themselves as handicapped by disadvantages (which they exaggerate) in comparison with others (whose advantages they magnify) is larger than we would expect to find in the class counted worthy of biographical commemoration. And shyness resulting from the notion of personal inferiority is made to seem more prevalent than is generally supposed. Instances multiply upon our notice continually.

A great teacher revealed his sensitiveness over a defect so slight that no one else ever noticed or thought of it, by speaking of himself in a letter as "the man with a broken face."

That gifted woman Mary Russell Mitford betrayed her unhappy consciousness in a letter thus: "My verses are not graceful. They are lumpish, short and thick—squat, like their luckless author. If you wish a correct likeness of your poor little dumpy friend, get a round red radish or an overblown peony by way of head, on a good-sized white turnip by way of body, and you have her figure."

We have been told lately that Eliza Savage, the little lame lady whom Samuel Butler eulogized in verse and in his books as surpassing all other women in brilliancy and goodness, and with whom he cherished a fond and intimate friendship through many years, lived her life without love's fruition and died "paling with a hid chagrin" in bitterness of heart because her lover held back from marrying her on account of her homely face.

Charles Darwin was afraid to propose to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, because he conceived himself to be repellently homely. "A very unnecessary fear," said the lady, whose acceptance filled him with childlike gratitude for her goodness and condescension in consenting.

John Ruskin, High Priest in the temple of Beauty, was unbeautiful in the outward man and was acutely aware of his defects. When Maggie Benson wrote to him, asking for his picture, he told a friend he would not send it because he was so ugly. When he was lecturing on Modern Painters at Oxford University an undergraduate described his "tawny reddish hair, retreating chin, and nose hooked like an eagle's beak." In addition his mouth had a queer pugnacious twist from one lip having been torn by the bite of a dog when he was a child. He let his full beard grow to hide his face as much as possible.

John Addington Symonds believed, until he was a grown man, that he filled everybody with repugnance; if anyone happened to pass without noticing him he construed it as an intentional slight, a sign of aversion.

A. C. Benson recalls that in childhood and youth he suffered torture from a morbid fear of being ridiculed or disliked.

Emerson all his life felt himself ill adapted to society, a kill-joy, casting restraint and gloom and chill on the company by his presence. Shyness began in him in boyhood when he and his brother, who had only one overcoat between them, were made to feel their poverty by the jeers of other boys who taunted them with, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat next?"

A well-mothered and wise-mothering woman writes: "My own dear little mother suffered through life with a belief that strangers were repelled by her unpretty face; while her friends and her children loved her face, seeing only the charm of mind and heart that looked forth." Such shun society as if bowing to Milton's dictum, "It is for homely features to stay home."

A sensible woman of fifty confesses to her oldest friend that she has all her years been hampered and deterred by the notion that she is dull in comparison with more vivacious and voluble persons; whereas her friends know that she is above the average in brightness and solid good sense. Not a few fine women have been made shy by similar notions. Though they did not visibly pale and grow thin, as did the little Lady of the Castle in Browning's Flight of the Duchess, yet they carried, like her, "a hid chagrin."

Pathetic indeed is Laurence Hutton's account of his sufferings in early life because of his physical peculiarities and the heartless comments on them, which exaggerated them to his consciousness and intensified his pain. For years he was in dread of the coming of February 14, because of the comic valentines he was sure to receive with caricatures of his big, bulbous nose and his red hair. When Thackeray saw him and laid his hand on the boy's head little Laurence thought the great man, like everybody else, was noticing the color of his hair in pity or amusement, and shrank from the touch until he looked up to Thackeray's kindly face and heard him ask gently: "My boy, what are you going to be when you become a man?" When Laurence answered, "A farmer," the big man said, "Well, whatever you are, be a good one."

That famous woman Jane Addams of Hull House tells how she pitied her father, whom she considered very handsome, whenever he took her anywhere with him because she was such an Ugly Duckling. She avoided walking with him on the streets, and would let go his hand and stand aside from him in public places, to prevent people from

seeing that the "ugly pigeon-toed little girl, whose crooked back drew her head very much to one side, was the daughter of that imposing-looking man." The sensitive child wanted to save her adored father from mortification on her account.

Why cite a score or more of instances in illustration of a single trait? Simply to show how widely prevalent shyness is and what kind of persons suffer from it most.

One of Lewis Carroll's child friends relates how delightfully kind he was to her when she was seven years old—a thin, nervous, scrawny child and very sensitive about her poor ugly little self. One day in the Botanical Gardens Lewis Carroll told her Hans Andersen's story of the "Ugly Duckling" and impressed on her that it was better to be plain and good and obedient, respectful, truthful, and unselfish than to be a pretty child, spoiled, selfish, vain and disagreeable. And he said comfortingly, "Never mind, little Ducky, perhaps some day you will turn out a swan." Such a change is not an infrequent happening. "What a pity you are so homely," said a tactless relative to a growing girl at the ill-proportioned awkward age, when, in Lanier's words, "She do grow owdaciously." She broke that poor child's heart. Twenty-two years later, in that same college town, three gentlemen conversing on the street, lifted their hats to that girl as she passed and one, a lawyer, said: "There goes the finest looking woman in town."

What was the idea Rodin, the powerful French sculptor, tried to put into "The Man with a Broken Nose"? Two things plainly visible in it are pain and power. The married man has not less intellect than Rodin's "Thinker," and has more will. Was Rodin saying that those two things go together, that power is born of pain? That consciousness of outward defect rouses resolution and compacts character? That the soul capitalizes its suffering into capacity and richness of resource? Did this modern artist, who has something of Michael Angelo's ruggedness, get his idea from the spoiled face of that great master sculptor? M. Angelo was in his day "The Man with a Broken Nose," a fellow student named Torrigiano having broken it in a fit of jealous anger in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence. Thackeray was in his day The Man with a Broken Nose. It was a beautiful aquiline until an older pupil at Charterhouse School hammered it flat with a boot heel. However these wonderings about Rodin's meaning be answered, two things are plain. One is that no disfigurement or defacement, no defect in appearance, can minimize merit or diminish

greatness. The other is that educational environment and artistic culture and intellectual atmosphere cannot surely prevent boys or men from being savages.

Why should a man be reviled even in polite circles for his facial nonconformities? Most uncourtly was the behavior of the King's Men when they vented their dislike of an eminent essayist and critic by dubbing him "Pimpled Hazlitt." What philosophical necessity was there for Professor William James to comment on what he called "the flagrant physiognomy" of William Hunt, the artist? "It will require a long time to civilize mankind, to work the ape and tiger out and work the angel in," thought John Muir in the arctic when he saw his companions shooting polar bears just for the savage sport of killing. With Muir "near to nature's heart meant near to God." He would not needlessly set foot upon a worm, nor purchase his pleasure at cost of suffering to the meanest thing that breathes. John Muir was one of God's own gentlemen.

Some of those who presumably count themselves comely are severe toward the less favored. That perverse, pernicious, pestiferous thinker Nietzsche, disastrous misleader of many German minds, promulgator of ideas which brought ruin to his country, despiser of the Man of Galilee, opposer of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, was pitiless toward the uncomely. His doctrine is that the world was made for the strongest and the handsomest. His Calvinism is scientific and German. Roughly speaking its reasoning runs toward action thus: Only the fittest shall survive; we are qualified judges of fitness; our judgment is that we ourselves are the fittest; nature decrees that the less fit shall disappear; our duty is to cooperate with nature by accelerating the disappearance of the unfit. Therefore, exterminate them. Attention, company! Fix bayonets! Forward, march!

A fair sample of Nietzsche's feeling toward the uncomely is his sneer at Socrates: "He was ugly, and ugliness is often the sign of a thwarted development. The typical criminal and the decadent and defective are ugly. Socrates was a chronic valetudinarian and a mistake."

Of like æsthetic temper with Nietzsche toward the less comely was Wainewright, a dark-haired English artist, who, when arraigned in court for murdering Helen Abercrombie, a tall blonde with yellow hair, shrugged his shoulders and said coolly: "Yes, it was a dreadful thing to do, but she wasn't pretty and she had very thick ankles." Therefore he felt himself excusable for putting poison in her jelly.

Also we have witnessed most senseless and cruel fastidiousness on the part of our national government. When America entered the world war a young man of splendid physique, perfect health and more than average mental ability, left college to give his life to his country. He was refused admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis solely because of a small birthmark on his face. For a slight surface blemish, in no way affecting his fitness for efficient and handsome service, a first-class man was rejected; his mortification embittered by a feeling of injustice most stupidly inflicted. He had more reason to be ashamed of the senselessness of his government than of himself.

Taking Lincoln by his looks, Nietzsche would have put him in the class with Socrates as "a mistake." Our great Liberator was described by an American contemporary as "a Hoosier Michelangelo, having a face so awful ugly it becomes fascinating with its strange mouth, its deep-cut crisscross lines and doughnut complexion." John Drinkwater makes Lincoln conscious of all this by putting in his mouth the words, "I can take ridicule. I'm trained to it by my odd face and form." Homely and humble Abe Lincoln was murdered by a proud and handsome man, Wilkes Booth. Yet it has come to pass that Americans looking on that gaunt and angular figure feel themselves, like Lowell, "face to face with one of Plutarch's men," and recall without irreverence Isaiah's vision of Jehovah's servant, whose "visage was marred more than any man and his form more than the sons of men." And he is so lofty a figure that there is no man alive on earth to-day who approaches his stature or resembles

> "That kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The first but not the last American. We hear no voice now denying that the rugged, uncomely man who slept and forgot to wake at Oyster Bay January 6, 1919, was an American. That fine Americanized Briton Alfred Noyes, with a feeling of part ownership in the Founder of this Republic, looking back to our Revolutionary War, speaks of "George Washington, our Englishman, who fought the German king."

Marks of individuality serve to diversify the world. Chesterton insists that there is character, dignity and distinction in being different from the common run, and that it is one's peculiarities that make one noticeable, interesting and enjoyable. He says that Rembrandt in his

paintings declared the sane and manly gospel that a man is dignified, not when he is like a Greek god, smooth and symmetrical of form and feature, but when his face has individuality, say "a strong, clubby nose like a cudgel, a boldly-blocked square head, and a jaw like a steel-trap. As we like to see a crag jut out in bold decision from the face of the cliff and to see the cedars stand up hardily on the cliff's top, so we like to see a nose jut out decisively and to see a friend's red hair stand up hardily in bristles on his head." We quite agree with Chesterton, and in confirmation of his statement we will e'en admit that we like our Chesterton just as he is, huge and massive. We would not wish him to be less mountainous. And there is our own Bishop Bashford, whom we crown with love and honor. He is described as an awkward country youth, entering the University of Wisconsin, lanky, uncouth, unerect, a butt of ridicule. He never became the glass of fashion or the mold of form, but kept his characteristics life long, and every one of them endeared him to us. Not one outline or peculiarity would we alter. His stooped shoulders, his odd little lubricating laugh which even in his public speech bubbled without cause like the spontaneous laughter of a child; his half-lisping utterance, and even his phenomenal, inimitable cough—not one of these would we lose from our memory of Bashford, that apostolic bishop, who had the brain of a sagacious, far-sighted statesman, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and the pure heart of a child, harmless as a dove, guileless as an angel, a confirming illustration of the lines:

> "The best men ever prove the wisest, too;
> Something instructive guides them still aright."

Not for anything would we have James W. Bashford changed into the likeness of any man we know.

And now, without intending any disrespect, we will inquire of Mr. Handsome Phiz, proud of his fine façade, whether it is on the whole an advantage to a man to be conspicuously handsome. And as for prettiness, does anybody admire it in a man? A bishop lecturing on Abraham Lincoln said: "Next to a mangy yellow dog I hate to see a pretty man."

Which is the more impressive, Adonis or Hercules? The almost girlish grace and beauty of Raphael or the smashed and wrinkled face of his rugged rival, Michael Angelo? James Buchanan's smooth, bland, grandmotherly, clerical look, or Lincoln's craggy features and gaunt angular form? The urbane, polite society

club man's countenance and well-groomed figure of Chester A. Arthur,[1] or the knitted, intense, stressful, dynamic face and sinewy, hard-muscled body of Theodore Roosevelt? The suave, affable, courtly pink complaisance and shapely build of Chauncey M. Depew or the nobly rugged head and form of Cleveland H. Dodge?

Which of these are most impressive?

Some years ago a certain man was published as being the most perfect specimen of physical symmetry and soundness then existing. By scientific measurements and tests applied by experts he was the prize model of manly grace and beauty. Apparently that was all there was to say about that pink of perfection. He was never heard of before or since. Victor Emanuel I was the ugliest man in Italy, but the best king in Europe in his day—the best because the most honest and faithful. He said truly, "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." His signed pledge was not "a scrap of paper." He towers high forever above the despicably wicked gang of intentional, habitual, incorrigible liars who have ruled and ruined Germany and incurred the contempt of the civilized world.

Tennyson describes Maud, passing in her carriage, as "Perfectly beautiful, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null. Dead perfection, no more." Not such have been the mothers of the strong, wise, great men of the earth. None of them were born of peacocks or fashion plates and few were mothered by female beauties. Not such was the mother of King Lemuel, who gave her son the immortal description of the ideal woman preserved for all generations in that wonderful last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. It is a portraiture of sterling character, not of superficial charms. Grace and beauty are not dwelt upon. The only mention of them says they are deceitful and vain. It is a portrait of a womanhood compact of sterling virtues and imperishable values, a woman that feareth the Lord, undeniably magnificent. She laughs at time to come, for her ineffable charms are such as age cannot wither. Her husband and her children will always rise up to call her

[1] Mr. Arthur's tailor advertised him as the best-dressed of American Presidents. But Senator Capper, of Kansas, claims that distinction for the present incumbent. This senator, after an hour alone with Mr. Wilson, said: "I was most impressed by the nicety of his dress. He was attired in a blue coat, white flannel trousers, and immaculate white kid shoes. Certainly he deserves the title of our best-dressed President." If he had been asking approval for his attire, rather than for his treaty, when he appeared before the Senate, that body would have been constrained by sartorial standards to approve without reservations.

blessed, and her works will praise her in the gates. Before the most august assembly of men and angels, she has no reason to be shy or abashed, this truly ideal woman. And great is her reward in heaven.

ROOSEVELT ON THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Fisher Ames, the New England Federalist, and official eulogist of Washington, said of Alexander Hamilton, "The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the days of Aristides." Yet Hamilton ended his brief career with the inanity, asininity, and immorality of a duel. The mind of Theodore Roosevelt would have added moral dignity to Rome in the days of Marcus Aurelius. Tom Reed's remark about "Roosevelt's enthusiasm over his original discovery of the Ten Commandments," was not a jest. Roosevelt rediscovered them, and the ten fingers of his two clenched fists, like the laws of Sinai, were lifted to enforce righteousness. He drove money-changers out of the temple with a whip, and in the Venezuelan business he took the Kaiser by the throat and brought that swaggering bully to his knees, as John Hay relates. This spirit had the "truculent righteousness" which blazes against wickedness. And now even his opponents say, "The most remarkable and striking figure in public life in fifty years," and to-day, when the sharpest of all demands is for Americanism, men of opposing parties point to him and say, "The greatest American since Lincoln." In order that the permanent literature of our church may not be without a breath in its pages from the living soul and quickening spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, we reprint from the Metropolitan "The Great Adventure," written while our country was in the world war. It is one of his simplest commonplaces, for no particular occasion, as natural as the red blood in his veins and the wholesome breath in his nostrils. Yet nothing loftier on its subject has been spoken by man.

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual but as a link in

the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole. Therefore it is that the man who is not willing to die and the woman who is not willing to send her man to die in a war for a great cause, are not worthy to live. Therefore it is that the man and woman who in peace time fear or ignore the primary and vital duties and the high happiness of family life, who dare not beget and bear and rear the life that is to last when they are in their graves, have broken the chain of creation, and have shown that they are unfit for companionship with the souls ready for the Great Adventure.

The wife of a fighting soldier at the front recently wrote as follows to the mother of a gallant boy, who at the front had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died: "I write these few lines—not of condolence, for who would dare to pity you? but of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthly side of those clouds of glory in which your son's life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life worth offering had been entrusted. They are the ones to be pitied, not we whose dearest are jeoparding their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. I hope my two sons will live as worthily and die as greatly as yours."

There spoke one dauntless soul to another! America is safe while her daughters are of this kind; for their lovers and their sons cannot fail, as long as beside the hearthstones stand such wives and mothers. And we have many, many such women; and their men are like unto them.

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad founda-

tions must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace. No army was ever great unless its soldiers possessed the fighting edge. But the finest natural fighting edge is utterly useless unless the soldiers and the junior officers have been through months, and the officers of higher command and the general staff through years, of hard, weary, intensive training. So likewise the citizenship of any country is worthless unless in a crisis it shows the spirit of the two million Americans who in this mighty war have eagerly come forward to serve under the Banner of the Stars, afloat and ashore, and of the other millions who would now be beside them over seas if the chance had been given them; and yet such spirit will in the long run avail nothing unless in the years of peace the average man and average woman of the duty-performing type realize that the highest of all duties, the one essential duty, is the duty of perpetuating the family life, based on the mutual love and respect of the one man and the one woman and on their purpose to rear the healthy and fine-souled children whose coming into life means that the family, and therefore the nation, shall continue in life and shall not end in a sterile death.

Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is insured by a life of sterile selfishness.

But honor, highest honor, to those who fearfully face death for a good cause; no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism. And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. But the mother, and far more the father, who flinch from the vital task earn the scorn visited on the soldier who flinches in battle. And the nation should by action mark its attitude alike toward the fighter in war and toward the child-bearer in peace and war. The vital need of the nation is that its men and women of the future shall be the sons and daughters of the soldiers of the present. Excuse no man from going to war because he is married; but put all unmarried men above a fixed age at the hardest and most dangerous

tasks; and provide amply for the children of soldiers, so as to give their wives the assurance of material safety.

In such a matter one can only speak in general terms. At this moment there are hundreds of thousands of gallant men eating out their hearts because the privilege of facing death in battle is denied them. So there are innumerable women and men whose undeserved misfortune it is that they have no children or but one child. These soldiers denied the perilous honor they seek, these men and women heart-hungry for the children of their longing dreams, are as worthy of honor as the men who are warriors in fact, as the women whose children are of flesh and blood. If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure.

DEMOCRACY TO-DAY[1]

We find ourselves to-day in a world in which democracy is facing its supreme struggle. It has triumphed over autocratic aristocracy

[1] By Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of New York University.

only to plunge into a momentous conflict with autocratic anarchy. The nomenclature is chaotic, but not more so than the situation. Democracy has come to be the middle ground. It now represents our main hope for stabilized social relationships.

This main ground of our hope, on the human side—what does it mean for our institutions of religion and education? Let me touch on three or four outstanding features of the case.

The first essential of democracy is that men, however differently circumstanced, shall understand one another and shall care to understand one another. This is so obvious a fact that it is often overlooked. It seems to call for reiteration. Is not this essentially a Christian attitude? Whoever has this spirit has in him, I think, some of the real stuff of Christianity. Yet it will take all of the Christianity there is at large to bring the Christian world into this spirit.

In the second place, the spread of democracy means cooperation. This again is so elementary a fact that its significance is disregarded. It means that the helpfulness of man to man is to be reciprocal. It rules out servility and it rules out condescension. The lion is to help the mouse in the same spirit that the mouse shall help the lion. And each is to feel the same sort of gratitude toward the other.

In the third place, leadership in our democracy is singularly inwrought with the daily life of the people. It is harder than ever for one set apart, whatever his throne may be, to give direction to a people's life. This fact has led some theorists to maintain that mass-movements of popular opinion will put an end to all individual leadership. This conception has profound religious implications—that the moving of the great waters is to make the ocean-stream of history, flowing resistless through its appointed course, flowing unchanged by what any man or institution can do to hurry or to retard or to change its ways. The raw stuff of a world-religion is here. But closer examination reveals the movement of the crowd, as made up of the endless interaction of manifold forms and grades of leadership. The greater and the lesser prophets are still there, and their word is precious, down to the least of them, whenever they speak truth.

In the fourth place, the higher life of our democracy cannot be considered as apart from our economic life. In every form of human society from the beginning this has been measurably true. But history, under the spell of ethics and æsthetics, has walked backward with averted gaze, to hide the shame. Our democracy, on the other

hand, is finding new dignity, of humanity and service, in the daily need and the daily toil; is finding there a more rugged æsthetics and ethics. How shall people live their life in that part of life in which they are making a living? This is a concern of our newer democracy, an open and an honorable concern.

To what end do these considerations lead, as regards our coming education? They would seem to indicate, clearly enough, that the education that is to be will be predominantly humanistic. The obvious emphasis as we emerge from the war is on the side of the physical sciences. I cannot believe that this is to be the decisive and lasting emphasis. The deeper concern that we have brought with us from out the shadow of the conflict, is the concern for humanity, the gnawing hunger in our souls for a betterment of all human life.

The student body in our colleges has been gravitating, since the armistice was signed, toward chemistry and the several branches of engineering, with some indications of a similar drift toward medicine. These tendencies are natural and are not to be deplored. There is plainly a great work to be done by engineers, by chemists and physicians; and students are going forward to meet the age of reconstruction in making their preparation for these scientific pursuits. But as we study the trend of the time it becomes manifest that a returning current is to be anticipated, a second phase, perhaps, of the new education movement, which will concern itself more immediately with those human needs that loom large through the dimness of our day. More and more the engineer finds that his problem of construction is conditioned by the spirit of the men who are to do the work. The physician finds that he cannot rest with the treatment of his individual patients, but is carried forward into problems of community sanitation which are part and parcel with the social problems of the community.

Here is, indeed, a distressing paradox: At the same time that the demands for technical knowledge are advancing, the man who is merely a technical expert finds himself more and more in the position of an employee. His services are bought and paid for by men of larger vision. His captain and employer deals with the most intricate and exacting operations, not as interests beginning and ending in themselves, but as related to the wider needs of human society.

It is plain that the elements with which we are here concerned are not the same as those that have borne the name of humanism in the past. One is tempted to speculate with reference to the particular

branches of study that may forge to the front in the tumult of these times. At one time you will say that psychology is slowly making its way to the leading place, a discipline which has the advantage of being both scientific and personal. At another time, economics, particularly in its more human aspects, seems to be a very "man-of-the-hour" among our studies, the one that is to command the greatest following, if not numerically at least as regards its attendant throng of ideas. Perhaps the science of sociology might mediate between these two and become our very science of sciences. No one can say with any certainty. But each of these sciences is changing, to become less deductive and analytic; each of them is enlarging to take into its view the atmospheric qualities of humanity. Their scope is widening, too, to embrace a psychology of nations—a psychology, a social science, of mankind. And every day makes more evident the fact that to be a full-grown citizen, or a master of any business or profession, one must have an organized knowledge of the human race.

I must resist a temptation to speak of other departments of knowledge as related to our new problem of studies. But before I close, I should like to say a few words regarding the place of history in our new curriculum—or let us say, of historical studies, since we must realize that history is broken up already into many lines of instruction and research.

You will recall that passage in Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics beginning with the words, "History has no true importance save as it teaches a moral lesson. It should be explored, not for scenes of carnage, but for instruction in the government of mankind." More and more is it clear that the moral teachings of history, its instruction in the art of government, are not specific lessons. For history has been made in the past and will be made in the future altogether by the doing of unprecedented things. History is a record of surprises, of departures from the beaten track. The greatest master of historic science cannot predict what may happen to-morrow in Paris or in Rome, or furnish government with formulae to meet the crises of the new-born day.

The service of history goes deeper. It ripens our short-lived experience, with the suns of other years and other generations. It stabilizes our judgments, the judgments of our narrow time and place, by wider comparisons, reaching out into all the ages. It gives us a profounder knowledge of humankind. In so doing, it guards us against a reckless spirit of iconoclasm.

Yet it would be a mistake to regard history simply as a bulwark of conservatism. A renaissance has commonly begun with the re-examination of a traditional civilization. It is a fresh start from the beginning of things. In like manner, every new generation must find itself and form itself through a reinterpretation of its heroic traditions. The severer methods of historic research in our day and the rediscovery from time to time of documentary evidence, renders history in the modern sense a sword of power, a very maker of new history.

The record of recent centuries must obviously be rewritten in the searching lights cast backward from this war. And that rewritten history will have incalculable influence in the molding of our new democracy.

For all of us whose lives have been shaped and nurtured by an historic Christianity, the future of research and teaching in the field of history must be of capital importance. It goes without saying that such research and teaching must be free. The corollary of that freedom must be found in ripened knowledge and a matured sense of high responsibility.

The faith we cherish, the faith we would spread abroad, is faith in the eternal verities. We know that what is new has a moving appeal for unstable natures, in a time of sweeping change. We know, moreover, that what is new and only new shall in its time grow old—that the only things that never grow old are the things that never were new. We know that childish natures, and stronger natures, too, grown tired at last with disappointing novelties, will come drifting back again, a-hungered for the things that shall endure. What overshadowing responsibility must, then, be theirs who in each new generation shall seek to separate the truth that is eternal, from those accidents, attendant circumstances, which cling to it as if they would deceive the very elect.

No small part of this responsibility, in the years immediately before us, will fall upon our students and teachers of history; of institutional history, of the history of culture and the history of thought, and of the mighty literatures of our historic civilization. Any forecast then of new developments in our education must give an important place to the historical sciences and disciplines, and the teachers of history and its related subjects must bear their part in the making of the age that is to be.

THE ARENA

"BEING PICTURES IS BETTER THAN BUYING PICTURES"

The title is a borrowed quotation from the writings of John Ruskin. We each look at life from our own individual standpoint—in interpreting life our temperamental character colors it. To the natural musician the world is a place ever filled with music; to the painter the world is a vast panorama; to the scientist the world is a complicated scientific problem to be solved and explained. If we bear this fact in mind we shall not be in the least surprised that John Ruskin should have expressed the true purpose of life here below, with its lofty ideals and high aims, in such a picturesque manner. Speaking of the roadside pool, or pond, he says: "There is as much landscape in it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy, dull thing we suppose, it has a heart like ourselves, and in the bottom of that there are boughs of tall trees, and blades of shaking green grass, and all manner of different hues and pleasant light out of the sky. It is at your own will whether you see in this despised stream either the refuse of the street or the image of the sky." We can see the beautiful everywhere if we have only the eyes and the will to see.

Ruskin was a true artist, and we need only read the titles of the many essays he wrote to realize that his soul sensed and gloried in the beautiful in nature and in life. Though he saw pictures everywhere, and though he created for us wonderful word pictures, his artistic sense did not blind him to the fact that in life the one thing of supreme importance to us is not the pictures we see, nor the pictures we create, but the pictures we are. What is a picture and what are its purposes? By a picture we understand a painting, an image, a representation of some object or objects—a likeness which vividly brings to mind some person, place, or thing.

(1) The true picture is an exhibit. It is meant to be displayed. No real picture was ever drawn or painted that was not intended to be seen, and no picture is of any practical value unless it can be exhibited. I have never known of a single example of an artist at work who did not hope and labor secretly to produce a work of art worthy of being exhibited. As he works faithfully on the canvas he is fired by the possibilities that his own creative work, featuring some aspect of life, may eventually find a place on the walls of some Hall of Fame. Of course we have all seen pictures never worthy of such a splendid fate; pictures which had they been put under lock and key or destroyed would have been a real kindness both to the public and the artist himself. Works of this kind are not true pictures; they are but caricatures of true art. Does not this striking analogy of Ruskin's between the picture and human life bring before us one of the most needed lessons to-day? The Divine Creator intended that your life and mine should be seen. God never intended that our lives should be masked, or covered, or disguised; neither did he plan that any life should be wasted between the four

walls of some monastery or retreat. God meant that every life should be an open life. If there are features in our lives of an unpleasant, disagreeable, and unworthy kind, they should be eliminated and improved upon, so that every man can stand erect and face the world with a life of which he is justly proud and which he is ever ready to exhibit. Unless our life is such it means that we are not God's true pictures.

(2) The true picture is of great educational value as well. If you doubt its educational value, I need only remind you that it is said upon the best authority that more than half of the general knowledge we gain comes to us through the sense of sight. It is not what we hear but what we see that is of tremendous import in life, because what we see impresses itself indelibly upon the mind. The illustrated weeklies, the stereopticon lecture, the movies, are all founded upon this fact. The only fault we have to find with them is that they have commercialized it; they have utilized it for purposes of gain rather than for the extension of knowledge. The great art galleries, established and maintained in the great cities of the world, are there to educate the world and purify its taste by examples of true art. If then we are true pictures in the world, our lives should be a constant stimulus to others to cultivate to the utmost their powers; to understand life better, to draw out the best that is in them, and above all other things, to lead them to that higher knowledge, the possession of which is nothing short of personal salvation.

(3) The true picture should charm and please. How often I have said to myself, "If there were no pictures of any kind in this world, either natural or created, what a desolate, monotonous world it would be." How much would you give for a world in which there were no pictures? The true picture brings before us beauty and power, and when beauty and power are properly blended, the appeal is irresistible. In an issue of the Methodist Review several years ago, there is a reference to a visit Robert Louis Stevenson paid to the New Jersey coast in the year 1887. Mrs. Wyatt Eaton describes his personal appearance at that time. He was entertained at Sanborn cottage by a number of friends. "He was tall, frail, emaciated, and ethereal-looking, yet gay, boyish and contagious. Yet in a playful mood, when responding to the banter of his friends, there would creep into his eyes now and then a look which was like a beatitude." We have not found yet the true secret of living unless our life, even in its externals, is like a beatitude, bringing charm, and pleasure, and blessing to others about us.

A recent writer said, and with perfect truth, "Every day is a judgment: judgment waits at the doors of our homes and at the corners of our streets. We are in the midst of judgment." What kind of a judgment is it for us? Will it be a judgment of a favorable kind or not? The verdict is with us; if we are living lives which are open, helpful, useful, and charming, we need never fear the judgment of man or God. The one pressing need to-day for each of us is to make up our minds we shall always be God's true pictures in the world. "Being pictures is better than buying pictures."

Evan Evans.

Turin, N. Y.

MIRACLES

"The greatest offense of religion is its superstitious belief in miracles," says Strauss. The Christian believes in a miracle-working God, and the entire ground-work of our faith is the fact of miracles. He who does not believe in miracles must be either a Deist or an Atheist. Miracles can be an offense only to one who is offended at religion itself. Ignorance and superstition are not constituent elements in the Christian belief, as Strauss does charge. The truth of miracles, a divine revelation, and God are the best established facts in the world. The Rationalists, who claim to believe in God, but will not accept anything that is not in harmony with the laws of nature, that cannot be accounted for and explained by a course of human reasoning, are guilty of being illogical and inconsistent. A denial of the possibility of miracles leads to the annihilation not only of Christianity but also of the free, living, personal God. Our religion is based upon the fact that certain superhuman powers extend their influence into the sphere of our lives. To deny the immediate action of those higher powers in the world, as in miracles, is to deny that God has any present interest or concern in the world, which is Deistical. If we grant that God has a personal existence, yet separate him from the world, and leave it to its own laws, then we need not care much for God, for he does not care specially for us, and we really have no need of divine service and prayer, for God cannot interfere with our life. He has no freedom of action in opposition to the course of nature, no true vitality, no continuous activity. He is only a sleepless, inactive, listless something above the world, but without communication with it, like the dot over the i. Is such a being a God worthy of worship, or indeed a God at all?

The personality of God and the personality of man stand or fall together. To abandon the personality of God, you destroy the personality of man. To separate the world from God's oversight and immediate supervision confines us to our present temporal existence, and leaves us without any safeguard against the worst materialism. Consider what effect the extermination of miracles would have on our personal life. If you think you can trace the guiding hand of God at many a turning point in your history, you are only a dreamer! He does not know you or inquire after you. You need not beseech God for the recovery of that child who lies at the point of death; you must wait with a trembling heart the blind, deaf process of nature, and then give it up forever, for there is no resurrection. You claim to experience the new birth; that is most unnatural, and you are self-deceived!

He who believes in a living God must logically believe in miracles. The Rationalists admit that at the creation God performed miracles upon miracles. What God has once done he must always be able to do, otherwise he would cease to be God. The necessity of miracles arises on the one hand from the divine end and aim of the world, and on the other hand from the disturbance introduced into its development through sin. Miracles are not unnatural, but supernatural. They don't

violate the condition of life, of nature, or of humanity. Miracles are the notes of a higher harmony which resound throughout the discords of earthly history. Hume said, "If anything could take place in nature contrary to its laws, God would contradict himself." We maintain that just the reverse is true; if God performed no miracles, and left the world to itself, he would contradict himself. He must perform miracles in order to maintain the end for which the world was created, and to bring it to the destination which was originally intended. God's miraculous action does not contradict nature and its laws, but the unnatural, which has entered the world through sin, and counteracts its destructive consequences in order to restore the life of the world to holy order. Only those who, like Hume, deny the reality of sin and its destructive power can question the necessity of miracles.

It is said that the world would go to ruin if God, through his interference, should violate the order of nature. But just the reverse is true: it would immediately go to ruin if left to itself, and therefore it exists to this day only because in every age God has graciously interfered in its self-inflicted disorder. Miracles supernaturally break through the unnatural. It is certainly contrary to the laws of nature, and of truth most unnatural, that one should have eyes and not see, ears and not hear, organs of speech and not speak, or limbs without the power to use them, but not that a Saviour should loose his fetters. It is unnatural that there should be so much misery in the world, but not that a Saviour should seek to remove it. It were, indeed, unnatural that the five thousand who had gone out after the Word of life should starve in the wilderness, but not that the bountiful hand of God should open and make much out of little, as he once made the universe out of nothing. It was unnatural that the world should nail the only righteous One to the cross, but not that he should conquer death, should rise and victoriously enter into his glory. In every one of these cases the unnatural is removed by means of the miraculous, and the original laws of nature are reestablished. Miracles can be understood only when considered in connection with redemption. A miracle is the creative act of God, for the furtherance of his kingdom. The object created and introduced into the world produces no changes in the laws of nature, but as soon as it enters the world it becomes subject to the laws of nature. So Christ came, not by the will of man, but through a creative act of God, the greatest of all miracles. The order of nature, too, is respected. A man about thirty years of age does not come suddenly from heaven, but from the moment of conception by the creative act of God, he is subject to all the natural conditions of birth and individual life in its gradual development.

With the truth of miracles Christianity stands or falls. For its beginning was a miracle, its Author is a miracle, its progress depends upon miracles, and they will hereafter be its consummation. If the principles of miracles be set aside, then all the heights of Christianity will be leveled with one stroke, and naught will remain but a heap of ruins. Thus we see what a great victory it would be for our adversaries, if they were able to banish miracles, and this is why they concentrate their at-

tacks upon this point. To one who has experienced in his own heart the miracle of regeneration through the power of Christ, this miraculous power is the most certain of all things.

Do miracles still occur? If miracles are directed against the disorder of the world, as we have shown, and sin and evil, misery and disorder still abound, then there still exists a necessity for miracles, and for the reestablishment of the original order. The first stroke made against miracles generally is, they do not happen now-a-days; therefore they never happened at all. But we are not willing to admit, on our part, that the day of miracles is past. Miracles have taken place in every epoch of the world's history from creation's dawn to the present day. There have been times and occasions when there was special display of the miraculous power, as in the times of Moses and Christ and the apostles, and again, at the last epoch of the consummation of the church, the Scriptures tell us, many great and miraculous things shall take place. The special miraculous period is when the kingdom of God is on the eve of a momentous advance. However, there were miracles before Moses, and the miraculous power was often demonstrated from Moses to Christ. But, as we have already seen, miracles are a matter of education, and that may be one reason there are fewer miracles now than formerly; they are less needed. But I am persuaded that the trouble of our times is that we have lost the key to miracle-working faith. God only can work miracles. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down," and, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you." Miracles are no more impossible now than they were in the time of our Lord.

A missionary in South Africa tells of a native Christian who came up with an old friend that was a cripple in both legs. After he had gone out and prayed he came back to the cripple and said, "The same Jesus who made the lame to walk can do so still; I say to thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, rise up and walk." The lame man, with kindred faith, arose and walked, to the astonishment of all who knew him.

On one occasion deadly poison was put in the rice of the missionary, and the heathen watched for him to fall down dead as he ate it, but he did not experience the slightest inconvenience. The promise was fulfilled, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."

Nothing but the fact of a miracle can explain how that, without ever applying to any one for a gift, George Muller built those great palaces near Bristol, in which he provided for hundreds of orphans. Thus, similar incidents might be piled up to prove that miracles do still occur.

He who does not believe in the continual government of God's providence has lost the key for understanding the entire history of the world and has no longer any safeguard against the thoughtless belief in chance, which explains nothing.

I have seen a miracle. A man who was a drunkard, and had gone down to the depths of degradation, is saved and cured by the hand of an unseen Christ, and he became a blessing instead of a blight to

society. We have all seen the acts of such wonder-working power, yea, many of us have realized it in our own lives.

One day a lady missionary in New York found a fallen woman in a low dive, but could make little impression on her. Some days afterwards she found her sitting on the steps of the "Door of Hope." Her first thought was, "She is too low to be saved," but when she came up to her she took her sin-stained face in her hands and kissed it twice. The touch of love broke the girl's heart, and she gave herself to God. She herself soon became a missionary to her fallen sisters, and when she died a few years later she had won hundreds to Christ. They came and looked on her when she was dead and exclaimed, "Her face is like an angel's." The miraculous work done in Mary Magdalene was certainly no greater than that that was done for this woman.

Mr. Moody tells of an opium-eater that came into his meetings in Boston. His case was one of long standing, every human remedy having utterly failed, and he begged to know if there was any hope for him in Christ. And prayer was made for him and he was led to accept Christ, and he came out the next day with the glad tidings that his appetite was gone. Mr. Moody testifies that he was not only saved but permanently cured from the habit of that awful drug. "With God nothing shall be impossible."

N. R. Stone.

Durango, Colorado.

THE PASTOR IN HIS STUDY

In the seventeenth century John Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, said that Shakespeare "was naturally learned, and needed not the spectacles of books to read nature."

However, few preachers, if any, are Shakespeares. Like all humans, excepting Shakespeare, we are naturally unlearned. We have great need of the spectacles of books, not all of which, of course, are sure cure-alls, whether one is mentally near-sighted, far-sighted, moon-eyed, or just generally out of focus. Some books, like the wares of some traveling opticians, have nothing to recommend them for clarifying one's work-a-day vision excepting the gullibility of the purchaser; while all of those that are perfectly fitted for ministerial use must not be put at once and forever into their cases. Too many ministers, like buyers of some sure-on glasses, put their literary spectacles away, and then straightway forget where they have placed them. Books, like spectacles, are to be instrumental in better seeing, rather than ornamental for better appearing. In this regard the following words of Gilbert Garnet in reference to Charles II. of England concerning that king's loss of the battle of Worcester and its consequent prevention of his coming into immediate possession of his crown, "He showed more care for his personal appearance than became one who had so much at stake," must not be appropriate concerning the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And what with him is "at stake"? Not less than victory for God and immortal souls, and the pastor's throne in the community life as a

"workman of God that needeth not be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." Or, changing the figure, the cure of souls and his efficiency as a doctor of sick immortals are the interwoven and inseparable issues he must meet. The ancient medicine man, with his yells and "yarbs," is not sufficient for these things. Which is to say, the Christian ministry will not depend for success on the incantation of pious ignorance. Here the science and art of rightly handling the word of truth is the necessary skill. And for it there are three rules. The first is prayerful application in study. The second is more of prayerful application in study. And the third is still more of prayerful application in study. And when one has become altogether rooted and grounded in this practice, he then may hope to go profitably to others than himself in visitation from house to house and from shop to shop during week days, and into the public dispensary, his pulpit, twice a Sabbath as a workman approved unto God, and as one who needeth not be ashamed among skilled workmen of other trades or callings.

In his study the minister of Jesus Christ will first of all study the Bible in reference to the cure of souls. The Bible is at once both his pathology and his materia medica. It may be interesting privately to know whether E or J or D or P, or some of these, conjointly, recorded the facts or compiled the information contained in revelation. But, when it comes to combating the disease of sin in any or all of its forms the patients both desire and need the medicine direct, without any ado whatsoever. A physician studies his patients' symptoms, then mixes and compounds his medicines, and gives the doses according to his patients. The ministry, like the students of a great medical university in the eastern part of the United States, must learn that in practice there is no iron-clad dose. An iron constituted sinner will need from a double to a treble dose. This sin-sick world knows that it needs the gospel, though it may not always want the gospel, except as a last resort when all other remedies in vogue have failed and the patient has all but breathed his last. And for its needs, whenever fully recognized, it asks for "a doctor of the old school," like Ian MacLaren's in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," one who can "ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and have a firmer grip with his knees, all for mercy's sake, than any one it has met." And when this good doctor gets to his patient, something direct, like old Drumtochty's doctor's words, "There's naethin' wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Give 'im a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he'ill be a' richt in the morn," will count for more than pale pills of poetic sentiment and critical analysis for pink intellectuals. Moody as a successful business man brought to his cure of souls plenty of initiative and tact: but the chief element of his wonderfully successful career was his thorough knowledge of the Bible and his constant use of its plain truths for getting people saved.

Along with being prayerfully a man of The Book; of being one who reads his Bible in reference to the cure of souls, one must study everything in reference to his Bible as he pursues his courses of reading. History, biography, sociology, natural science, philosophy, poetry, theology, fiction,

wit and humor, and current events must not be studied for their own sakes, nor just for love of them. They must serve the evangelistic and prophetic pastor's high calling. They must be made subservient to the Book of books. You will pardon this allusion to my personal habit in this regard. I study my Bible primarily in reference to my life work as an evangelistic pastor, and the books of my library in reference to my Bible. I keep four Bibles going. In one of them, an Oxford Teacher's English revision of 1881, with concordance, I jot down remarkable and illuminating sayings from the poets Browning, Elizabeth Browning, Bryant, Byron, Burns, Homer, Kipling, Longfellow, Lowell, Milton, Shakespeare, Whittier, and the lesser poets of to-day, the place of transcription being the margin of the page nearest the text they illustrate, illuminate, or amplify. In another Bible, a one volume Modern Reader's Bible, I jot down only short sayings of biblical scholars, preachers, statesmen, scientists, philosophers, and "multum in parvo" illustrative material. Another, a leather-bound library edition of the American Revised, with a very wide margin, which I have had since 1901, is my cross reference work and index file to my whole library, and also the repository of the lengthier extracts from everywhere and everyone worth while I have visited in my journeys of religiously literary "wander lust" and found especially helpful in reference to those texts of the Bible that to me are great and good. This inexpensive library file and index meets all my needs, and that so completely that my present salary of $2,000 never tempts me toward the more expensive and elaborate ones sold by vigorous and tactful agents. Still another Bible, of joint-ownership with my wife, is never marked by either of us, each of us desiring to come often to the reading and study of the Bible with no other prejudice than that of seeing it anew. There is a wise philosophy in this. Bible readers in their use of a marked Bible may only be reviewing, while often the very need to arrive at a point of view never before had is the prejudice one must, and may, gladly meet.

A minister's office hours really are his hours out—his hours when visiting from house to house, and from man to man, and from child to child as a pastor. Folks do not realize how much these hours are to him, nor what supreme issue he is bent on as he leaves his home and study at 3 p. m. in these times to practice daily hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart touch for their moral and spiritual health. Some men may only think him out for an easy-going lounging about with them, or out for a little bit of exercise at arguing politics or the war. Of late I tell such persons in reference to such a bout that I positively decline, since they might suffer the injustice of my thinking them ram-headed, and they might be human enough to think just as highly of me. So, we stop before we begin. Our office hours as ministers of Jesus Christ are for pastoral visiting—not for formal calling and dilettante lounging around with sofa-loving souls. The hours that are naturally ours for mingling with our people are for faithfully keeping the appointment of moral and spiritual oversight of them.

If a minister's office hours are his hours out, what are his hours in his study, with myself from 7:45 a. m. till close to 3 p. m., excepting time off for luncheon and correspondence in keeping with mail closings? They

are not less than a continuous post-graduate course of approaching the sublime degree of "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus." But, they are more. A minister's study hours are his sacred trust from God for personal exercise in keeping himself personally fit, and in increasing his mental, emotional, and volitional powers in and for work moral and spiritual. No man in the world has the personal stewardship that is the equal and size of the Christian minister's. Preparation for sermons and public addresses, and preparation for prayer meetings and Sunday school class work, when these are made with the care that befits a physician to souls, whose needs he would rather die for than neglect in the least, cannot but make a minister of Jesus Christ what Bacon said, "reading, writing, and conversation" make a person to be—"a full man, an exact man, and a ready man." Writing these all out in full, and later revising them and giving them permanent form by pen and ink, or typewriter, as reserves for future battles and larger victories have permitted me the pleasure of seeing some of my sermons, Sunday school lesson talks, and prayer meeting talks finding place in the Methodist Review and Christian Advocates and Sunday school publications of our church, even in one secular magazine. And this I mention simply to emphasize that the average Methodist minister has the talent to prove himself to exacting editors, as well as to charitable brethren in the church and the considerate heavenly Father, "a workman who needeth not be ashamed." And if he but take the time in his study and the careful and prayerful care there he ought, he will not have to strain his mental powers "to show himself a workman that needeth not be ashamed." His work will show him a skilled laborer whose inspiration and perspiration in his study have rewarded him and his people with an hundred-fold of increase in ministerial efficiency. Yes, if in his study he carefully read, carefully write, and fraternally and Socratically converse with authors, and above all else humbly commune all the while with the Bishop of his soul in reference to his ministry as the high and worthy art of moral and spiritual healing, and at once follow all this up with soul-to-soul visitation every day, he may greatly rejoice in a work greater and grander than is the work of any other human's. May the vision of its possibilities transfigure us daily, however average we feel, for the transformation of others!

RALPH W. WYRICK.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE EMANCIPATED CHURCH IN GERMANY

WHEN with the fall of the monarchy the Moderate Democrats assumed control of affairs in Germany, it was a foregone conclusion that the church would be disestablished. And now without wavering, and yet without undue haste, the National Assembly has brought the thing

to pass. It is an event of immense significance. There is need that some of the Christians of America, as well as some of those of Great Britain and France, be warned not to minimize the victory that God has wrought. For is not the liberation of the German people a greater victory than the overwhelming of German arms? And is not the emancipation of the church in Germany one of the most glorious aspects of the emancipation of the German people?

Even before the outbreak of the war the movement toward church disestablishment had grown to very significant proportions. In the earlier period of the war, however—the period in which Germany's hopes of victory ran high—the thought of a separation between church and state seemed quite submerged. Toward the close of the war the altered situation brought back the thought of disestablishment with an irresistible force. The state of mind that widely prevailed is reflected—to take a single instance—in the fact that only a few days before the signing of the armistice, the Lutheran Conference for the Altmark, meeting in Salzwedel, took as the chief subject for the discussion the theme: "What must we do in order to be prepared for the coming separation between church and state?"

There was a great stir in church circles when the leaders of the new republic issued a manifesto in which, among other matters, the separation between church and state was made a prominent feature of their program. On November 18 in Berlin a goodly number of the clergy organized a Pfarrerrat (Council of the Clergy). At the same time Pastor Gay in Chemnitz and Professor Rade in Marburg issued a call addressed to the Protestants of the land: "We are in the act of forming a (local) National Church Council. Will not others in many places form such councils and enter into communication with us?" As Rade, the well-known editor of the Christliche Welt, is an able organizer and a man of great influence in certain circles, he is sure to be an important factor in shaping the policy of the church in the new era. His immediate purpose was simply to help to form a preliminary organization that should be representative of all interested Protestant Christians. There was no intention of prejudicing questions of permanent organization and policy. Another proposal, however, goes at once to the bottom of the whole question as to the character of the new church. Karl Heim and Otto Schmitz, professors in the new Protestant theological faculty at Münster, call for the forming of "a free evangelical national church" (*Volkskirche*—the term can be translated, "people's church"; it is to be a *free* national church, in no way dependent upon the authority of the state), which should unite upon "the primitive Christian confession: 'Jesus is Lord.'" On this basis, they hold, Lutherans, Reformed, adherents of the union (of Lutherans and Reformed in Prussia), adherents of the "Fellowship Movement," and the so-called sects might get together. This call was issued December 15, 1918, and it has made a marked impression. This effect is due in part to the largeness and boldness of the plan, but also to the very extensive confidence that Karl Heim enjoys. For he is not only a theologian of exceptional force and

originality, but also a very marked leader along more practical lines. Our space will not permit us to notice the many other proposals and organizing movements until we come to the great culminating National Protestant Church Diet (*Kirchentag*) in Dresden. It is, however, necessary that we bring to the attention of our readers some of the problems which the disestablished church was facing.

Germany had, until the fall of the monarchy, a national church, whose unity subsisted only by the force of political organization. The strife of the parties and "Richtungen" was nothing less than a scandal, so that the name "National Church" was almost a mockery. The situation is frankly met in an article by Dr. Blau (former general superintendent in Posen, which, by the way, is no longer a part of Germany). Dr. Blau called attention in the first place to the want in Germany of a generally satisfactory concept of the church. For it is only a fiction to speak of the church of Germany, as we find it a "communion on the basis of a confession of faith" (*Bekenntnisgemeinschaft*), since there are millions of baptized persons who are indifferent to the church's creed or even opposed to it. There is not even an "association on the basis of a mommon way of thinking" (*Gesinnungsgenossenschaft*). The various tendencies have hitherto been housed together, but there has been no peace in the household. Here as everywhere politics makes strange bedfellows. What was to happen when the artificial bond should be definitively loosened? Must not the church inevitably fall to pieces? Blau seriously raised the question, whether it were not best that each group should build for itself. He takes the position, however, that everything should be done that can be done to avoid a needless disintegration. He would conserve the unity that really exists. This can be accomplished only by the local organization of all that want to abide by the church. In a later article Blau recommends the appointment of bishops for dioceses. To this many agree. Some, however, are strongly opposed to the episcopal organization, largely on the ground that it would tend to a restriction of Christian liberty, somewhat after the manner of that seen in Catholicism.

Not without serious misgivings and yet with a large hope the Protestants of Germany, in so far as they represented the old state churches, prepared for a great church diet. This was held in Dresden. While it was designed primarily to represent the body of Christians formerly in communion with the state churches, other Protestant communions were not altogether excluded. To this diet the Methodists of Germany sent their greetings, which the assembly received "with applause"—a really significant and memorable thing. Of course the opposing tendencies in the religious thought of the age were more or less in evidence in the diet, and yet the measure of understanding and harmony far exceeded anything that could have been dreamed of before the war. The details of the work of the diet shall receive due attention in a later issue of the REVIEW; at present we only note that the problems to be solved by the Free Church of Germany have been faced with much courage and faith and with no little tact.

The seriousness of the problems of the new Free Church we can scarcely comprehend. Of genuine self-government, government from within, the state churches knew next to nothing. And now the former adherents of these churches are all at once forced to accomplish a most complex task without having learned how. This, too, in a time of profound economic distress. How shall pastors be chosen? How shall they be ordained? What shall be the confessional basis of the whole organization? What about the liturgical formulae? What shall be done in the matter of the religious instruction of the young in the schools? What about theology in the universities? Or what substitute shall be proposed for the old system of theological study? These are some of the many problems that cry for solution. Incidentally, it should be remarked that some aspects of the problem are not yet acute; for instance, it is not the policy of the government to dispossess the incumbents of professorial chairs and others in analogous situations. This considerateness lessens the shock; still, the complete separation of church and state will doubtless be consistently carried out in time.

The formal and economic readjustments required by the new era will prove difficult enough, but it is probable that the inner readjustments, in the people's way of thinking, will be even more so. The terrible truth is that a very large portion of the clergy and of the religiously disposed laity of Germany had been assiduously schooled to think in the terms of German imperialism. In the minds of multitudes of such men it seemed eminently Christian to uphold junkerdom, imperialism and autocracy, but sympathy with the tendencies of social democracy was held to be utterly incompatible with Christianity. Doubtless the main tendencies of social democracy have been foreign to Christianity—but what of the Christianity of the Prussian system? Manifestly many of the German preachers have a lot to unlearn. On the other hand, there have been some who have not bowed the knee to Baal. And now multitudes of well-meaning but hitherto infatuated men are "finding themselves." For example, Professor Rendtorff of Leipzig writes very wholesomely on "The New Form of Preaching" for the new era (Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift, June, 1919). And Hilbert's thesis, that the German church must undertake a systematic re-evangelization of the people, which met much contradiction when it was first put forth in the midst of the war, is now widely regarded as quite sound.

It is gratifying that our own church is now fairly in the way of solving our part of the problem of evangelical Christianity in Germany. We are realizing that the war is over; we know that the Germans themselves recognize their complete defeat. We can never thank God enough for the general outcome of the war. But it were possible to throw away the best part of our victory by fancying that the triumph of arms is the real victory. The war will have been fully won when real peace shall have been given—and peace is the gift of God, a fruit of the Spirit. Doubtless God has most gracious purposes respecting Germany: that she may deeply and truly repent and turn again to the sincere gospel and walk in the light of God. And on our part we are to be ready to extend

the hand of fellowship and of help wherever we can find the marks of Christian faith. We shall do well to take the fullest cognizance of the fact that not a few voices have been raised in contrite confession of guilt. We wish there were far more such voices, but we must be thankful to God for as many as there are. Dr. Charles S. Macfarland did well to give wide publicity to the significant statement of the German representatives at an international conference of Christian leaders, especially in missionary activities, held some time ago in Switzerland. In answer to the formal inquiry of some of the members of the conference, the German members made, by the mouth of Dr. Spiecker of Berlin, the frank and unequivocal statement that they acknowledged that in violating the neutrality of Belgium Germany committed not only a technical but also a moral wrong. To be sure, there are many, very many, that continue as brazenly unrepentant as ever. But with us, as Christians, the question is not merely what evil there may be to abhor, but also and chiefly what good there is to acknowledge and encourage. It must be gratifying that we have so competent and eminently Christian a body of men acting as a special commission on the religious situation in Germany and our duty in relation to it. There can be no thought of any true American and lover of liberty abating one jot or tittle of his faith in the cause for which we fought; if we had not fought thus we should have lost our soul. But having been led by God to a sublime victory, let us not forfeit that further and higher victory of seeing a renewed Germany rise in true liberty and obedience to the gospel. But as Christians we shall not—no matter how far we once yielded to a bitter pessimism regarding the future of Germany—as Christians we shall not renounce the higher victory that is within our reach, we shall not regard even Germany as a *massa perditionis*. It is a cause for humble thanksgiving to God that our church, along with others, begins to hear clearly the call of God to help the Christian forces of our former enemy. Doubtless the next General Conference will hear such reports and discussions as will wonderfully illuminate the situation and show us more clearly what we can and ought to do.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Leaves in the Wind. By Alpha of the Plough. Crown 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $2.50 net.

An original *nom de plume*, Alpha of the Plough, the author uses to conceal his identity: it begins on the level of the Greek alphabet and runs into the ground. A rustic in an academic gown between the plow handles, his rusticity more romantic than realistic, his furrows glittering with drops of dew or bits of broken crystal, or now and then a gem. The book does not pretend to be what it is not, nor the author think of himself more highly than

he ought to think. Leaves in the wind are all aflutter and awhisper and arustle in this breezy volume of essayettes. How many of us did "Alpha of the Plough" expect to mislead or puzzle by his pseudonym, we wonder? His disguise is futile. Does he suppose we do not know the voice of E. V. Lucas when we hear it, or his handwriting when we see it? Our first sample shall be this Englishman's essay "On the American Soldier." "I hope the young American soldier, with whom we are becoming so familiar in the street, the tube, and the omnibus, has found us as agreeable as we have found him. We were not quite sure whether we should like him, but the verdict is very decisively in the affirmative. It has been my fortune to know many Americans in the past, but they were for the most part selected Americans, elderly persons, statesmen, writers, diplomatists, journalists, and so on. Not having been in America, I had not realized what the plain, average citizen, especially the young citizen, was like. Now he is here walking our streets and rubbing shoulders with us in sufficient numbers for a general impression to be taken. It is a pleasant impression. I like the air of plenty that he carries with him, the well-nourished body, the sense of ease with himself and the world, the fund of good nature that he seems to have at command, the frankness of bearing, and, what was least expected, the touch of self-conscious modesty that is rarely absent. If I may say so without offending him, he seems extraordinarily English. Physically he is rather bulkier than the average English youth, and his accent distinguishes him; but these differences only serve to sharpen the impression that he is one of ourselves who has been away somewhere—in a civilized land, where the larder is full, the schools plenty, and the family life homely and cordial. It is very rare that you see what you would call a foreign face in the uniform. This is singular in view of the mighty stream of immigration from Continental countries that has been flowing for three-quarters of a century into the melting pot of the United States; but I do not think the fact can be doubted. The blood is more mixed than ours, but the main current is emphatically British. Perhaps the difference that is observable could be expressed by saying that the American is not so much reminiscent of ourselves as of our forbears. He suggests a former generation rather than this. We have grown sophisticated, urban, and cynical; he still has the note of the country and of the older fashions that persist in the country. Lowell long ago pointed out that many of the phrases which we regarded as American slang were good old East Anglian words which had been taken out by the early settlers in New England, and persisted there after they had been forgotten by us. And in the same way the moral tone of the American today is like an echo from our past. He preserves the fervor for ideals which we seem to have lost. There is something of the revivalist in him, something elemental and primitive that responds to a moral appeal. It is this abiding strain of English Puritanism which is responsible for the tidal wave of temperance that has swept the United States. Already nearly half the States have gone 'bone dry,' and it is calculated that, perhaps in two years, certainly in five, with the present temper in

being, the whole of the Union will have banished the liquor traffic. A moral phenomenon of this sort might have been possible in the England of two or three generations ago; it is unthinkable in the moral atmosphere of to-day. The industrial machine has dried up the spring of moral enthusiasm. It will only return by a new way of life. Perhaps the new way of life is beginning in the allotment movement which is restoring to us the primal sanities of nature. We may find salvation in digging. It is sometimes said that the American is crude. It would be truer to say that he is young. He has not suffered the disenchantment of an old and thoroughly exploited society. We have the qualities of a middle-aged people who have lost our visions and are rather ashamed to be reminded that we ever had any. But a youthful ardor and buoyancy is the note of the American. He may think too much in the terms of dollars, but he has freshness and vitality, faith in himself, a boyish belief in his future, and a boyish zest in living. His good temper is inexhaustible, and he has the easy-going manner of one who has plenty of time and plenty of elbow room in the world. For, contrary to the common conception of him as a hurrying, bustling, get-on-or-get-out young man, he is leisurely both in speech and action, cool and unworried, equable of mood, little subject to the extremes of emotion, bearing himself with a solid deliberateness that suggests confidence in himself and inspires confidence in him. You feel that he will neither surprise you nor let you down. Not the least noticeable of his qualities is his accessibility. The common language, of course, is a great help, and the common traditions also. You are rarely quite at home with a man who thinks in another language than your own. The Tower of Babel was a great misfortune for humanity. But it is not these things which give the American his quality of immediate and easy intercourse. There is no ice to break before you get at him. There is no baffling atmosphere of doubt and hesitancy to get through; no fencing necessary to find out on what social footing you are to stand. You are on him at once—or rather he is on you. He comes out into the open, without reserves of manner, and talks 'right ahead' with the candor and ease of a man who is at home in the world and at home with you. He is free alike from intellectual priggishness and social aloofness. He is just a plain man talking to a plain man on equal terms. It is the manner of the New World and of a democratic society in which the Chief of the State is plain Mr. President, who may be the ruler of a continent this year and may go back to his business as a private citizen next year. It is illustrated by the tribute which Frederick Douglass, the negro preacher, paid to Lincoln. 'He treated me as a man,' said Douglass after his visit to the President. 'He did not let me feel for a moment that there was any difference in the color of our skins.' It is a fine testimony, but I do not suppose that Lincoln had to make any effort to achieve such a triumph of good manners. He treated Douglass as a man and an equal because he *was* a man and an equal, and because the difference in the color of their skins had no more to do with their essential relationship than the

difference in the color of their ties or the shape of their boots. The directness and naturalness of the American is the most enviable of his traits. It gives the sense of a man who is born free—free from the irritating restraints, embarrassments, and artificialities of a society in which social caste and feudal considerations prevail as they still prevail in most European countries. Perhaps Germany is the most flagrant example. It used to be said by Goethe that there were twenty-seven different social castes in Germany and that none of them would speak to the caste below. And Mr. Gerard's description of the Rat system suggests that the stratification of society has increased rather than diminished since the days of Goethe. The disease is not so bad in this country; but we cannot pretend that we have the pure milk of democracy. No people which tolerates titles, and so deliberately sets up social discriminations in its midst and false idols for its worship, can hope for the free, unobstructed intercourse of a real democracy like that of America. It was said long ago by Daniel O'Connell that 'the Englishman has all the qualities of a poker except its occasional warmth.' It is a caricature, of course, but there is truth in it. We are icy because we are uncertain about each other—not about each other as human beings, but about each other's social status. We have got the spirit of feudalism still in our bones, and our public school system, our titles, and our established church system all tend to keep it alive, all work to cut up society into social orders which are the negation of democracy. And as if we had not enough of the abomination, we are imitating the German Rat system with the grotesque O.B.E. We shall get stiffer than ever under this rain of sham jewelry, and shall not be fit to speak to our American friends. But we shall still be able to admire and envy the fine freedom and human friendliness which is the conspicuous gift of these stalwart young fellows who walk our streets in their flatbrimmed hats. Perhaps when the account of the war is made up we shall find that the biggest credit entry of all is this fact that they did walk our streets as comrades of our own sons. For over a century we two peoples, talking the same language and cherishing the same traditions of liberty, have walked on opposite sides of the way, remembering old grudges, forgetting our common heritage, forgetting even that we gave the world its first and its grandest lead in peace by proclaiming the disarmament of the Canadian-United States frontier. Now the grudges are forgotten and we have found a reconciliation that will never again be broken and that will be the corner stone of the new world order that is taking shape in the furnace of these days." * * * The next is on "The Duel that Failed." "I think," said my friend, "that the war will end when the Germans know they are beaten. No, that is not quite so banal a prophecy as it seems. Wars do not always end with the knowledge of defeat. They only end with the admission of defeat, which is quite another thing. The Civil War dragged on for a year after the South knew that they were beaten. All that bloodshed in the Wilderness was suffered in the teeth of the incontrovertible fact that it was in vain. But the man or the nation which

adopts the philosophy of the bully does not fight when the certainty of victory has changed into the certainty of defeat. I have never known a bully who was not a coward when his back was to the wall. The French are at their best in the hour of defeat. There was nothing so wonderful in the story of Napoleon as that astonishing campaign of 1814, and even in 1870-71 it was the courage of France when all was lost that was the most heroic phase of the war. But the bully collapses when the stimulus of victory has deserted him. Let me tell you a story. In 1883, having graduated at Dublin, I went to Heidelberg—*alt Heidelberg du feine*. You know that jolly city, and the students who swagger along the street, their faces seamed with the scars of old sword cuts. I was one of a group of young fellows from different countries who were studying at the University, and who fraternized in a strange land. It was about the time when the safety bicycle was introduced in England, and one of our group, a young Polish nobleman who had a great passion for English things, got a machine sent over to him from London. If not the first, it was certainly one of the first machines of the kind that had appeared in Heidelberg. You may remember how strange it seemed even to the English public when it first came out. We had got accustomed to the old high bicycle, and the 'Safety' looked ridiculous and babyish by comparison. Well, in Heidelberg the appearance of the young Pole on his 'Safety' created something like a sensation. The sports of the 'Englander' were held in contempt by the students, and this absurd toy was the last straw. It was the very symbol of the childishness of a nation given over to the sport of babes. One day the Pole was riding out on his bicycle when he passed a couple of students, who shouted opprobrious epithets at the 'Englander' and his preposterous vehicle. The Pole turned round, flung some verbal change back at them, and rode on his way. That evening as he sat in his room he heard steps ascending the stairs, and there entered two students clothed in all the formality of grave business. They had brought the Pole a challenge to a duel from each of the two young fellows with whom he had exchanged words on the road. The challenges were couched in the most ruthless terms. This was to be no mere nominal satisfaction of honor. It was to be a duel without guards or any of those restrictions that are common in such affairs. The weapon was the sword, and the time-limit eight days. The seconds having fulfilled their errand went away, leaving the Pole in no cheerful frame of mind. He was only a very indifferent swordsman, and had never cultivated the sport of dueling. Now suddenly he was faced with the necessity of fighting a duel in which he would certainly be beaten, and might be killed, for he understood the intentions of the challengers. It was clearly not possible for him to acquire in a week such expertness with the sword as would give him a chance of victory. In this emergency he came along to the little group of which I have spoken. We were playing cards when he entered, but stopped when we saw that something unusual had happened. He told us the story of the bicycle ride and the sequel. What was he to do?

He must fight, of course, but how was he to get a dog's chance? Now the oldest of our group, and by far the most worldly wise, was an American. He listened to the Pole and agreed that there was no time for him to become sufficiently expert with the sword. 'But can you shoot?' he asked the Pole. Yes, he was not a bad shot. The American took up a card and held it up. 'Could you, standing where you are, hit that with a revolver?' 'I am not sure that I could hit it,' answered the Pole, 'but I should come very near it.' 'That's all right,' said the American. 'Now to business. These fellows have forgotten something. They're so used to fighting with the sword that they've forgotten there's such a thing as the revolver. And they're trying to bluff you into their own terms. They've forgotten, or don't choose to remember, that, as the challenged party, you have choice of weapons. Now we'll draw up an answer to this letter, accepting the challenge, claiming the choice of weapons, choosing the revolver, and putting the conditions as stiff as we can make 'em.' So we sat around the American and composed the reply. And I can assure you it had a very ugly look. The Pole signed it with great delight, and the American and I as seconds delivered it. Then we waited. One day passed without an answer—two, three, four, five, six. Still no answer. We were enjoying ourselves. On the evening of the seventh day the seconds reappeared at the Pole's rooms. They brought no acceptance of his challenge, but an impudent demand for the original conditions. The Pole came along to us with the news. 'That's all right,' said the American. 'We've got them on the run. Now to clinch the business.' And once more we sat around in great glee to draft the reply. It was as hot as we knew how to make it. It breathed death in every syllable, and it gave the Germans eight days to prepare for the end at the muzzle of the revolver. Again we waited, and again the days passed without a sign. Then on the eve of the eighth day the seconds once more appeared. I was present with the Pole at the time. I have never seen a more forlorn pair than those seconds made as they entered. Their principals, driven into a corner, faced with the alternative of fighting with weapons which did not assure them victory or of accepting the humiliation of running away, had decided to run away. They would not fight on the conditions offered by the Pole, and the seconds were a spectacle of humiliation. Their apologies to us struggled with their indignation at their principals and they went away a chastened spectacle. That night we had a gay gathering with the American in the chair, and I think the incident must have got wind abroad, for thenceforward the Pole rode his 'Safety' in peace and in triumph. . . . You may think that story is a trifle. Well, it is. But I think it has some bearing on the end of the war." * * * And the next, "On a Smile in a Shaving Glass": "As I looked into the shaving glass in the privacy of the bathroom this morning, I noticed that there was a very pronounced smile on my face. I was surprised. Not that I am a smileless person in ordinary: on the contrary, I fancy I have an average measure of mirthfulness—a little patchy perhaps, but enough in

quantity if unequal in distribution. But I have not been hilarious for a week past. There is not much to be hilarious about in these anxious days when the tide of war is sweeping back over the hills and valleys of the Somme and every hour comes burdened with dark tidings. I find the light-hearted person a trial, and gaiety an offense, like a foolish snigger breaking in on the mad agony of Lear. Why, then, this smiling face in the glass? Only last night, coming up on the top of the late bus, I was irritated by the good humor of a fat man who came and sat in front of me. He looked up at the brilliant moonlit sky and round at the passengers, and then began humming to himself as though he was full of good news and cheerfulness. When he was tired of humming he began whistling, and his whistling was more intolerable than his humming, for it was noisier. Hang the fellow, thought I, what is he humming and whistling about? This moon that is touching the London streets with beauty—what scenes of horror and carnage it looks down on only a few score smiles away! What nameless heroisms are being done for us as we sit under the quiet stars in security and ease! What mighty issues are in the balance. . . . And this fellow hums and whistles as though he had had no end of a good day. Perhaps he is a profiteer. Anyhow, I was relieved when he went down the stairs, and his vacuous whistling died on the air. . . . Yet this face in the glass looked as though it could hum or whistle quite as readily as that fat man whom I judged so harshly last night. It was certainly not the sunny morning that was responsible. The beauty of these wonderful days would, in ordinary circumstances, charge my spirits to the brim, but now I wake to them with a feeling of resentment. They are like a satire on our tragedy—like marriage garments robing the skeleton of death. Moreover, they are a practical as well as a spiritual grievance. They are the ally of the enemy. They have come when he needed them, just as they deserted us last autumn when we needed them, and when day after day our gallant men floundered to the attack in Flanders through seas of mud. No, most Imperial Sun, I cannot welcome you. I would you would hide your face from the tortured earth, and leave the rough elements to deal out even justice between the disputants in this great argument. . . . No, this smile cannot be for you. And it is not wholly a tribute to the letter that has just come from that stalwart boy of nineteen, boy of the honest, open face and the frequent, hearty laugh, stopped on the eve of his first leave and plunged into this hell of death. Dated Saturday. All well up to Saturday. The first two terrible days survived. Those who love him can breathe more freely. But though that was perhaps the foundation, it did not explain the smile. Ah, I had got it. It was that paragraph I had read in the newspaper recording the Kaiser's message to his wife on the victory of his armies, and concluding its flamboyant braying with the familiar blasphemy, 'God is with us.' I find that when I am cheerless a message from the Kaiser always provides a tonic, and that his patronage of the Almighty gives me confidence. This crude, humorless vanity cannot be destined to win the

world. It cannot be that humanity is to suffer so grotesque a jest as to fall under the heel of this inflated buffoon and of the system of which he is the symbol. I know that other warriors have claimed the Almighty and have justified the claim—have won even in virtue of the claim. Mohammedanism swept the Christian world before it to the cry of 'Allah-il-Allah,' and to Cromwell the presence of the Lord of Hosts at his side was as real as the presence of Jehovah was to the warriors of Israel. Stonewall Jackson was all the more terrible for the grim, fanatical faith that burned in him from the days of his conversion in Mexico, and, though Lincoln had no formal creed, the sense of divine purpose was always present to him, and no one used the name of the Almighty in great moments with more sincere and impressive beauty. You have only to turn to Lincoln or Cromwell to feel the vast gulf between their piety and this vulgar impiety. And the reason is simple. They believed in the spiritual governance of human life. Cromwell may have been mistaken in his conception of God, but it was a God of the spirit whom he served and whose unworthy instrument he was in achieving the spiritual redemption of men. The material victory was nothing to him except as a means of accomplishing the emancipation of the soul of man, of which political liberty was only the elementary expression. But the Kaiser's conception of God is a denial of everything that is spiritual and humane. He talks of his God as if he were a brigand chief, or an image of blood and iron wrought in his own likeness, a family deity, a sort of sleeping partner of the firm of Hohenzollern, to be left snoring when villainy is afoot and nudged into wakefulness to adorn a triumph. It is the negation of the God of the spirit. It is the God of brute force, of violence and terror, tramping on the garden of the soul in man. It is the God of materialism at war with all that is spiritual. In a word, this thing that the Kaiser calls God is not God at all. It is the Devil. On this question of the partisanship of the Almighty in regard to our human quarrels, the best attitude is silence. Lincoln, with his unfailing wisdom, set the subject in its right relationship when a lady asked him for the assurance that God was on their side. 'The important thing,' he said, 'is not whether God is on our side, but whether we are on the side of God.' This attitude will save us from blasphemous arrogance and from a good deal of perplexity. For when we claim that God is our champion and is fighting exclusively for us we get into difficulties. We have only finite tests to apply to an infinite purpose, and by those tests neither the loyalty nor the omnipotence of the Almighty will be sustained. And what will you do then? Will you, when things go wrong, ask with the poet,

'Is he deaf and blind, our God? . . . Is he indeed at all?'

The Greeks got out of the dilemma by having many deities who took the most intimate share in human quarrels, but adopted opposite sides. They could do much for their earthly clients, but their efforts were neutralized by the power of the gods briefed on the other side. Vul-

can could forge an impenetrable shield for Achilles, and Juno could warn him, through the mouth of his horse Xanthus, of his approaching doom, but neither could save him. This guess at the spiritual world supplied a crude working explanation of the queer contrariness of things on the human plane, but it left the gods pale and ineffectual shadows of the mind. We have lost this ingenuous explanation of the strange drama of our life. We do not know what powers encompass us about, or in what vast rhythm the tumultuous surges and wild discords of our being are engulfed. No voice comes from the void and no portents are in the sky. The stars are infinitely aloof and the face of nature offers us neither comfort nor revelation. But within us we feel the impulse of the human spirit, seeking the free air, turning to the light of beautiful and reasonable things as the flower turns to the face of the sun. And in that impulse we find the echo to whatever far-off, divine strain we move. We cannot doubt its validity. It is the authentic, indestructible note of humanity. We may falter in the measure, stumble in our steps, get bewildered amid the complexity of intractable and unintelligible things. But the spiritual movement goes on, like the Pilgrims' Chorus fighting its way through the torrent of the world. It may be submerged to-day, to-morrow, for generations; but in the end it wins—in the end the moral law prevails over the law of the jungle. The stream of tendency has many turnings, but it makes for righteousness and saps ceaselessly the foundations of the god of violence. It is to that god of harsh, material things that the Kaiser appeals against the eternal strivings of man toward the divine prerogative of freedom. Like the false prophets of old, he leaps on his altar, gashes himself with knives till the blood pours out and cries, 'O, Baal, hear us.' And it is because Baal is an idol of wood and stone in a world subject to the governance of the spirit that, even in the darkest hour of the war, we need not lose faith. That, I think, is the meaning of the smile I caught in the shaving glass this morning." * * * The Kaiser's "good old German Gott," whose aid he invoked for his ferocious assault on his neighbors—the civilized world—is recognizable as Odin, the chief god of the Northern pantheon, the worship of whom prevailed among Teutonic peoples, especially in military circles, among princely families and the retinue and escort of warriors attached to them. This god armed his favorites with deadliest weapons, and prisoners taken in battle were slain as sacrifices to him. At the distance of many centuries, Odin's features look decidedly Hohenzollern. Our author had a dream in which he saw this bloodthirsty god in old age. "I had a strange dream last night. Like most dreams, it was a sort of wild comment on the thought that had possessed me in my waking hours. We had been talking of the darkness of these times, how we walked from day to day into a future that stalked before us like a wall of impenetrable night that we could almost touch and yet never could overtake, how all the prophets (including ourselves) had been out, and how all the prophecies of the wise proved to be as worthless as the guesses of the foolish. Ah, if we could only get behind this grim

mask of the present and see the future stretching before us ten years, twenty years, fifty years hence, what would we give? What a strange, ironic light would be shed upon this writhing, surging, blood-stained Europe. With what a shock we should discover the meaning of the terror. But the Moving Finger writes on with inscrutable secrecy. We cannot wipe out a syllable that it has written; we cannot tell a syllable that it will write. . . . You deserved bad dreams, you will say, if you talked like this. . . . When I awoke (in my sleep) I seemed like some strange reminiscence of myself, like an echo that had gone on reverberating down countless centuries. It was as if I had lived from the beginning of Time, and now stood far beyond the confines of Time. I was alone in the world. I forded rivers and climbed mountains and traversed endless plains; I came upon the ruins of vast cities, great embankments that seemed once to have been railways, fragments of arches that had once sustained great bridges, dockyards where the skeletons of mighty ships lay rotting in garments of seaweed and slime. I seemed, with the magic of dreams, to see the whole earth stretched out before me like a map. I traced the course of the coast lines, saw how strangely altered they were, and with invisible power passed breathlessly from continent to continent, from desolation to desolation. Again and again I cried out in the agony of an unspeakable loneliness, but my cry only startled a solitude that was infinite. Time seemed to have no meaning in this appalling vacancy. I did not live hours or days, but centuries, æons, eternities. Only on the mountains and in the deserts did I see anything that recalled the world I had known in the immeasurable backward of time. Standing on the snowy ridge of the Finsteraarjoch, I saw the pink of the dawn still flushing the summits of the Southern Alps, and in the desert I came upon the Pyramids and the Sphinx. And it was by the Sphinx that I saw The Man. He seemed stricken with unthinkable years. His gums were toothless, his eyes bleared, his figure shrunken to a pitiful tenuity. He sat at the foot of the Sphinx, fondling a sword, and as he fondled it he mumbled to himself in an infantile treble. As I approached he peered at me through his dim eyes, and to my question as to who he was he replied in thin, queasy voice: 'I am Odin—hee! hee! I possess the earth, the whole earth . . . I and my sword . . . we own it all . . . we and the Sphinx . . . we own it all. . . . All . . . hee! hee! . . .' And he turned and began to fondle his sword again. 'But where are the others? What happened to them?' 'Gone . . . hee! hee! . . . All gone. . . . It took thousands of years to do it, but they've all gone. It never would have been done if man hadn't become civilized. For centuries and centuries men tried to kill themselves off with bows and arrows, and spears, and catapults, but they couldn't do it. Then they invented gunpowder, but that was no better. The victory really began when man became civilized and discovered modern science. He learned to fly in the air and sail under water, and move mountains and make lightnings, and turn the iron of the hills into great ships and the coal beneath the earth into incredi-

ble forms of heat and power. And all the time he went on saying what a good world he was making . . . hee! hee! Such a wonderful Machine. . . . Such a peaceful Machine . . . hee! hee! . . . Age of Reason, he said. . . . Age of universal peace and brotherhood setting in, he said. . . . Hee! hee! . . . We have been seeking God for thousands of years, he said, and now we have found him. We have made him ourselves—out of our own heads. We got tired of looking for him in the soul. Now we have found him in the laboratory. We have made him out of all the energies of the earth. Great is our God of the Machine. Honor, blessing, glory, power—power over things. Power! Power! Power!' His voice rose to a senile shriek. 'And all the time . . . hee, hee! . . . all the time he was making the Machine for me—me, Odin, me and my servants, the despots, the kings, the tyrants, the dictators, the enemies of men. I laughed . . . hee, hee! . . . I laughed as I saw his Machine growing vaster and vaster for the day of his doom, growing beyond his own comprehension, making him more and more the slave of itself, the fly on its gigantic wheel. What a willing servant is this Power we have made, he said. What a friend of Man. How wonderful we are to have created this Machine of Benevolence. . . . And it was mine . . . hee, hee! . . . Mine. And when it was complete I handed it over to my servants. And the Machine of Benevolence became the Monster of Destruction. First one tyrant seized it and fell; then another and he fell. This white race got the Machine for a season, then another white race got it; then the yellow race. And they all perished . . . hee, hee! . . . They all perished. . . . And with every victory the Machine grew more deadly. All the gifts of the earth and all the labor of men went to feed its mighty hunger. It devoured its creators by thousands, by millions, by nations. It slew, it poisoned, it burned, it starved. The whole earth became a desolation. . . . And now I own it all . . . hee, hee! . . . I and my sword. We own it all. . . . We and the Sphinx.' His voice, which had grown strong with excitement, sank back to its infantile treble. 'And what was the meaning of it all?' I asked. 'And what will you do with your victory?' 'The meaning . . . the meaning . . . I don't know. . . . I've come to ask the Sphinx. I've sat here waiting for years, centuries . . . oh, so long. But she says nothing—only looks out over the desert with that terrible calm, as though she knew the riddle but would never tell it. . . . Sometimes I think she is going to speak. . . . Look . . . look now. . . . Aren't her lips . . .' His thin voice rose to a tremulous cry. The sword shook in his palsied hands. His rheumy eyes looked up at the image with a senile frenzy. I looked up, too. . . . Yes, surely the lips were moving. They were about to open. I should hear at last the reading of the enigma of the strange beings who made a God that slew them. . . . The lips were open now . . . there was a rattling in the throat. . . . But as I waited for the words that were struggling into utterance there came a sudden wind, hot and blinding and thick with the dust of the desert. It blotted out the sun and darkened the vision of things. The Sphinx vanished in the

swirling folds of the storm, the figure of the man faded into the general gloom, and I was left alone in the midst of nothingness." . . . Nothing could be more suitable to follow Lucas's dream of Odin in old age than Edwin Markham's dream of Semiramis, the warrior goddess queen of Babylon and Assyria, in his verses "A Look Into the Gulf," the one poem of his which he and we like best.

"I looked one night and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road to Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
'The Bugles. They are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.
. . . . . .
Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill.
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind.'
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound."

Freedom and Advance. Discussions of Christian Progress. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. ix+272. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.75 net.

Here is a volume that is not to be lightly passed by. If anyone is tempted to suppose that the balanced form of the main title contains an affirmation of liberalism, let him put away his fears. The author is no free-thinker except in the best meaning of the term. If free-thinking be the same as intellectual candor, mental clearness and vigor, with a trenchant purpose of the will to know the truth—all this indeed one finds in this volume. Yet somehow the reader does not find himself thinking much about theological positions, whether *pro* or *con*, conservative or liberal. The comforting thing about it is that the author is never looking backward. There are no dull pages in it, because there is no dull thinking going on. He is valiant for the faith, nor does he count it in any way disloyal to seek new avenues of approach and to achieve new formulae of interpretation. The historic sense which is a writer's guardian angel, the continuity of Christian thought and Christian institutions to which religious phenomena, when closely considered, bear an irrefutable witness, are the main features of Mr. Joseph's equipment. He does not propose to exchange old lamps for new ones except the latter give more light. The present reviewer lays down the volume with a vivid impression of having read about old subjects, yet with so much of new vigor and freshness, such clearness and force of statement, and withal such genuine interest in things both divine and human, as to leave in

one's mind a fresh deposit of intelligence and feeling. If we were to state the author's purpose in a single sentence it would be like this—to think clearly, devoutly and hopefully on the subjects that are engaging men's minds to-day, and to try to put these subjects in such a way as to make men feel how imperative and necessary they are. His standpoint is well expressed in the Foreword: "We are hearing a great deal in these days about re-construction, but there must first be re-consideration. The foundations must be re-investigated and the character of the material to be used for the structure of Christian character must be carefully examined. Otherwise we may find ourselves in the position of the man in the parable who built on the sand. The Christian Faith furnishes a system of thought and a rule of life, and both are based on a vital Christian experience. Happy the preacher who expounds this Faith in terms of the whole of life. He it is who stands upon his watch tower and clearly sees the course of events with a deepening conviction of the efficiency of the Everlasting Gospel to meet every crisis and condition." Mr. Joseph is at one with the ablest thinkers of our time in believing that spiritual topics are the main topics for able and constructive minds. His always facile pen, shown in his previous five volumes, is also fertile in this, his most important production. He shows a thorough acquaintance with the needs of the ministry and with the best literature which bears upon the satisfaction of those needs. Hence, he has very appropriately dedicated his book to his brethren of the pastorate, who will heartily thank him for the material he places at their disposal. But it is a book not only for preachers but also for every eager spirit that is seeking light for the darkness of our times. And light, not heat, is the prime requisite just now. Preachers have been exhorted into weariness to be ardent, but they have not received the guidance which precedes ardor, and without which their passions, however pure in aim, are in danger of being jettisoned for want of knowledge, and of the wisdom meditated knowledge supplies. The author is happily free from that dull and wall-eyed pessimism which men of little faith so frequently succumb to. Concerning preaching, for example, he is more than ever persuaded of the urgent need of it, but it must be "a type of preaching with the spiritual accent and the note of dynamic assurance." "A sermon is a deliverance not only in the sense that it is delivered, but in the far deeper sense that its purpose is to deliver the hearers from doubt, uncertainty and hesitancy into the clearer light of sober truth and compelling duty." "Preaching is a living voice delivering a living message concerning the living and loving Christ, to a world that has lost its way and knows not how to return to the living God." "The creeds are documents of historical significance, and they reflect the intellectual atmosphere of the times when they were formulated. We treat them with reverence as milestones in the path of Christian progress; but we do not regard them as final decisions, closing the doors for further investigation and achievement or preventing yet larger discoveries of the inexhaustible wealth of divine grace." "The gospel is not the word of aspiration, but the word of reconciliation. Its sublime ideal is a compassionate Saviour, through whom man rises into

union with God and realizes his eternal destiny." "Religion is both real and reasonable. It is a synthesis of the intellectual, the institutional and the mystical factors; and there is true catholicity only when all three are considered in a thoroughgoing appraisal of religious experience. Faith then is an intellectual grasp, a moral apprehension, an emotional seizure, a volitional practice, all of which unitedly result in a spiritual experience." Such happily worded and satisfactory statements of difficult subjects abound in this volume. More than once the reader finds himself ready to pick a quarrel with the author, only to discover a little later that he is himself yielding to the sweet reasonableness of a fair and uncontroversial statement of the subject in hand. Almost every one of the twelve essays takes a very high level of thoughtful discussion. The chapters on "The Christian Ministry" and "Christian Worship" are especially helpful in their tone and care of discrimination. Such topics as liberty, authority, the sacraments, apostolic succession, reunion, Christian education, social Christianity, are dealt with in a way that stimulates both interest and thought. The chapter on "Comparative Religion" opens a large field of spiritual wealth for the helpful ministration of the preacher. This is further illustrated by the chapter on "The Expansion of Christianity," which expounds with forceful clearness the challenge of Christian missions in view of their signal achievements and imperative needs. "The only message which can satisfy the yearnings of the human spirit is the gospel of Christ, with its liberal offers of pardon, its large openings into progress, its splendid proofs of spiritual and social salvation. No other power has been known to work such wondrous cures. Other efforts have been tried with sincerity of thought and purity of intention, but they have all failed. The attempts of legislation however well meaning, the schemes of education however alluring, the influences of material civilization however gratifying, the programs of nationalism however imposing, are insufficient of themselves. They only skim the surface and touch the fringe of life. They are allies of the Kingdom of God, results of its redemptive ministry, agents for its furtherance. The only master of the soul is Jesus Christ. His call is irresistibly clear to the church to go forward with the message of redemption and relief, to fulfill its mission of building up a broken and discordant world, and to bring all nations into the higher unity of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit." It is indeed a pleasure to ponder the richly suggestive pages of Mr. Joseph's volume, and to note the maturity of his observation and reflection, his simplicity of method and purpose, and his adequacy of expression. When preachers turn from the trite and hackneyed homilies which have subjected doctrinal sermons to some discredit, and inform their pulpit efforts with the vivification, the breadth and the sanity which this volume exemplifies, there will be a rehearing for the truths which never perish. It is a privilege to recommend a book like this to men who are seeking light and stimulus concerning central things for this momentous time in which we are living. It is a rich contribution to the really vital literature of high and earnest minds.

How to Know the Bible. By GEORGE HODGES. 12mo, pp. 353. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Story Books of the Early Hebrews. By CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN. 8vo, pp. 352. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, $1.75.

The Religious Experience of Israel. By WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS. 12mo, pp. viii+519. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, $1.90.

THE Bible continues to interest the best scholars of the world and the results of their labors are seen in the books which are published. Dean Hodges was the author of a Class Book of Old Testament History, in many ways one of the best popular manuals on the subject. The present volume is the best introduction to the Bible as a whole. It furnishes a clear conception of the vitality and authority of the Bible, and any student who desires to have a constructive estimate of what Biblical scholarship has done will find it in these chapters. History and literature are here united in a discerning way, and the reader gets a better grasp of the writings and their message because they are considered in connection with their historical context. Such questions as inspiration and revelation as affected by criticism are answered with much reassurance, and we are able to appreciate with gratitude the author's conclusions in the last chapter, on "The Library of the Grace of God": "The Bible is a dangerous and dynamic book, radical and revolutionary, essentially democratic, and puts all conservatisms in peril. Thus it is an armory for the forces of militant progress. . . . The Bible belongs not only to the literature of revolution but to the literature of defeat. The prophets were persistently and almost unfailingly defeated. . . . But the Bible belongs also to the literature of comfort. The amazing fact which it sets forth is that defeat does not result in disbelief. This 'comfort of the Scriptures' is based in part upon the exaltation of the spiritual over the material side of life. The Bible people, as we accompany them from book to book through their long history, attach less and less importance to their possessions. They discover by experience that they can get along without them. In the New Testament this becomes an accepted standard of living. . . . The Bible is the golden book of noble conduct. Its unfailing message is that to do right is the whole life. The reading of these books will make us sharers of their spirit. Here we will be admitted to the high company not only of saints and heroes but of plain people whose supreme thought is of God, whose lives are lived in the sight of God. And here, especially, the flower of their religion is Jesus Christ, in whom the supreme ideal of the good life is revealed. To attend to his words, and to enter into some measure of his spirit, is to attain salvation, which means the good health of the soul, both in this life and in the life to come." As we follow this writer, we are impressed by his lucid exposition of the benefits imparted by scholarship, in giving us better facilities to appropriate the inexhaustible treasures of Biblical revelation. One who masters this handbook will receive an adequate view of the course of God's grace, mediated through lawyers, judges, prophets, priests, poets, historians, wise men, apostles, who had the forward look and whose visions

assured them of the ultimate and final conquest by God, in the universal enthronement of his righteousness and truth. The volume by Dean Brown of Yale University illustrates how the best results of scholarship could be used for Scripture exposition. He affirms that "the hour cometh and now is when literary and historical criticism will be appraised at its true value—and in my judgment its value is high—but a yet higher place will be reserved for the man whose pure heart gives him spiritual insight, whose competent scholarship is supplemented by a precious discernment of that inner message to the souls of men whose knowledge can rightly divide the word of truth, separating the local from the universal, the passing from the permanent, to the end that the deeper meaning of this ancient literature may make men wise unto salvation and furnish them thoroughly for all good work." In these sentences he unwittingly describes the character of his own volume. It is no small praise that a writer is able to come so near to his own high ideal of what constitutes adequate Biblical exposition in relation to the needs and interests of our own day. Dean Brown's ability as a college preacher may be seen from his recent volume, entitled Yale Talks, which were first given from several of our leading university pulpits. Dealing as they do with the essentials of Christian manhood, they will be found intensely suggestive by all preachers to young men and women. The lessons which he draws from the biographical and historical incidents of the Old Testament, based on exact, scholarly insight, with illustrations from every phase of modern life, give unusual value to his other book. The demand for expository preaching can be created, where it does not exist to the disadvantage of the pew, only when preachers follow the high standards set by Dr. Brown. A different sort of exposition is given by Professor Hutchins, although his volume also reckons with the best findings of modern Biblical learning. He takes the reader through the whole Old Testament period and traces the growth of the religious experience of Israel in connection with the history and literature of the nation. The material is divided into fourteen chapters, with subdivisions for daily study, in the style familiar to readers of the Association Press text books. But this arrangement can be discarded by any who desire to study larger portions at a time. Some of the chapter titles suggest the character of their contents. "Freedom and the Foundations of National Life and Faith" deals with the mission of Moses as Liberator, Leader and Legislator. "Conquest and Chaos" is on the period of Joshua and the Judges; "Politics, and Faith Nationalized," on the times of Samuel, Saul and David; "Exilic Hopes and Emphases"; "The Daybreak Calls," on the Maccabean and Hasmonean periods; "Songs of the Centuries," on the book of Psalms. There are many pointed illustrations from the mission field to enforce the truths of the Old Testament. On the reaction during the reign of Manasseh we read: "Few facts are more startling than the persistence of ancient superstitions and of heathen customs. A university man of India may loudly proclaim his agnosticism among his fellow-students, and bow reverently with his family in devotion to the gods of his village. One thinks of China as casting her idols into the river, 'facing the dawn'; but one reads as well of a new

temple to cost $230,000, nearly twice as much as its predecessor." On another page we read: "A missionary in India says in a somewhat discouraged fashion, 'We often hear about secret Christians in India, but we do not stop to inquire how many secret Hindus there may be'—those who have named the name of Christ, and try to follow him, but yield to the terrific tug of the ancient faith and ritual." Scholars have recovered the Old Testament for us and these three books suggest some of the ways its treasures might be used. Preachers need to breathe the exhilarating atmosphere of the Old Testament and interpret its supreme ideals. They will then avoid what Professor Rogers in his matriculation day address at Drew Theological Seminary described as "a ministry of milk and barley water, of gruel and mush, of sanctified inanities and soft sentimentalities."

A READING COURSE

The Army and Religion. An Enquiry and Its Bearing upon the Religious Life of the Nation. Edited by PROFESSOR DAVID S. CAIRNS. New York: Association Press. Price, $2.

Religion Among American Men. As Revealed by a Study of Conditions in the Army. Edited by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. New York: Association Press. Price, $1.35.

MANY over-sanguine predictions have been made about the inevitable changes that will take place after the war. Several of these utterances are mere platitudes. It is an easy matter to generalize in times of excitement, with limited data, but this sort of random speech only confuses counsel. Facile explanations are really evasions which postpone the day of settlement. Satisfactory conclusions can be reached only after we patiently obtain extensive and exhaustive evidence from first-hand sources. Some of the facts may produce gloom and pessimism but other facts counterbalance such a result. In any case, the situation is a challenge to the church to rise to its new opportunity and bear witness to the great truths of its changeless commission: to win the whole world for God and his Christ. We, therefore, welcome these two volumes of investigation and interpretation. The first volume deals with conditions in the British Army and the second with what was discovered in the American Army. What impresses the reader is the similarity in both instances. The personnel of both the committees of inquiry is a guarantee of the value of their findings. The war was truly an apocalypse, in the sense that it revealed in the hidden depths of the human heart the foundations of the Christian faith and laid bare, in the crisis of conflict, the real nature of the religious life of the nations. The general topics on which information was sought by the British committee were—What the men were thinking about religion, morality and society; what changes were made by the war; the relation of the men to the churches. The American committee has divided its report into three parts—the state of religion as revealed in the

army; the effect of the war on religion in the army; lessons for the church. The importance of these inquiries is in the fact that the armies were not professional but the nations within certain limits in arms. On certain important points the witnesses were divided and the reports were even conflicting, because they looked at opposite sides of the shield. In some instances, the reticence of men to speak about their religious life was misjudged, while at the same time the bearing of the men under the ordeal of war indicated where they stood, even though there was no parade of religious feeling. Some of them who were religious "chucked religion altogether," and showed their misunderstanding of its essence; on the other hand, several embraced religion and, in finding God, found themselves. The testimony of one was that "the soldier has got religion, I am not so sure that he has got Christianity." Another wrote: "The religion of ninety per cent of the men at the front is not distinctively Christian, but a religion of patriotism and valor, tinged with chivalry, and at the best merely colored with sentiment and emotion borrowed from Christianity." The Moslem type of religion was common and the idea prevailed that death in battle for one's country would insure salvation. Not a few confused Christianity with the church and attributed the defects of the latter to Christianity, which they regarded as "an organized system rather than as truths or realities of which Jesus Christ is the center." The idea of religion as intercourse with God was something new. Many were perplexed because they could not reconcile the thought of God with the problem of suffering. These facts have led to the conclusion that the thought of God needs to be Christianized and a presentation of his character given which recognizes "his all-power and all-knowledge, his everpresence, his unchangeableness, his creative freedom, his moral government of the world, his purpose in the Kingdom of God, his perfect purity and love." Note carefully the evidence on this subject in chapters I and II of The Army and Religion, and then turn to the chapter in Part II on "The Vitalizing of Doctrine," which shows how this and the other great truths of religion should be preached with a "new orientation." Compare the evidence relating to the appeal of the personality of Christ with your own pastoral experience. Do our people really reckon with Christ or is he a far-off historical figure? A staff-chaplain wrote: "I think the appeal of Jesus is seriously hindered by the unreality and sentimentality of our traditional presentation. He remains remote until we can show that the ideals of the average man are summed up and perfected in him." We need to recover the heroic side of Christ's character and to bring out "the real glory of his personality by setting it forth in the great context in which alone it can be understood, by showing him as at once the solver and the solution of the problem of evil, the Man who by virtue of his love for men was more awake than any other to the whole tragedy and mystery of human life, who yet showed the most unbounded confidence in God." The bearing of the Incarnation on the Kingdom of God is in "the claim that Christ shall have control over all our social and industrial life." This implies a "translation into practical terms of our faith in his Divinity." One reason why the truths of the Incarnation and the

Atonement have been misunderstood was that they were expressed in technical and theological language, unfamiliar to most people. Another reason was the amazing ignorance of the Bible. It is contended in both reports that the misconceptions of the meaning of Christianity and of church membership demand a greatly increased emphasis on the teaching office of the church. What makes the situation so hopeful is the fact that the men were not anti-Christian but were in an "impenetrable fog." Ignorance is not the same as apostasy. "A quarrel which rests upon a misunderstanding is much more easily healed than one which rests upon antagonism." It is passing strange that with all the resources of the church, the generations of preaching and the activities of the Sunday school, we should have reached an *impasse*. But there are great grounds for hope since a recognition of weakness is a prime condition for readjustment. Read the two chapters on "Social Evangelism" and "The Message of Evangelism" in The Army and Religion, and find out how we should adapt our preaching to meet the needs of to-day. Note also what is said about the gospel of the worldwide Kingdom of God and that "the church has never adequately appealed to the heroic in man." Then turn to Part III in Religion among American Men and study the practical suggestions concerning church membership, religious education, fundamental teachings, public worship, moral life and standards, responsibility for the community, church unity. The failure of the church was before 1914 in not imparting to the peoples of Christendom the real Christian idea of what they ought to be. The churches were found to be lacking in the spirit of reality and evading the actual difficulties of society; they were lacking in the spirit of love and showed little or no fellowship, with a culpable indifference toward the economic struggles of the people; they were lacking in life and incapable of initiative because cramped by "the red tape of tradition and convention." We cannot deny that "the church, which should have stood for the hope of the whole world and shown the nations how to throw off their misery and sin, seems itself too much to have succumbed to the materialized life of the world around it." These are not captious criticisms, but heart-searching declarations, and should be taken not sceptically but seriously. A great deal is mentioned in both volumes about the "inveterate ecclesiastical differences" which have checked moral and spiritual progress. It is acknowledged that much of the criticism of the church has come from "those who have no real understanding of the truths from which the church draws its life, and who have an almost exclusive interest in legislative changes which they believe will of themselves bring about a happier and better world." On the other hand, we cannot overlook our Lord's test: "by their fruits ye shall know them." We are impressed by the notes of confidence and assurance in both reports. There is timeliness in the contention that the real foe of the church is within: it is the spirit of indifference, which can be removed by "a widening and deepening of the whole outlook and aim of the churches." We must therefore consider the entire situation "from the standpoint not of expediency but of Christian principle," and realize that the supreme task in the leadership of the church is a full interpretation of Christ,

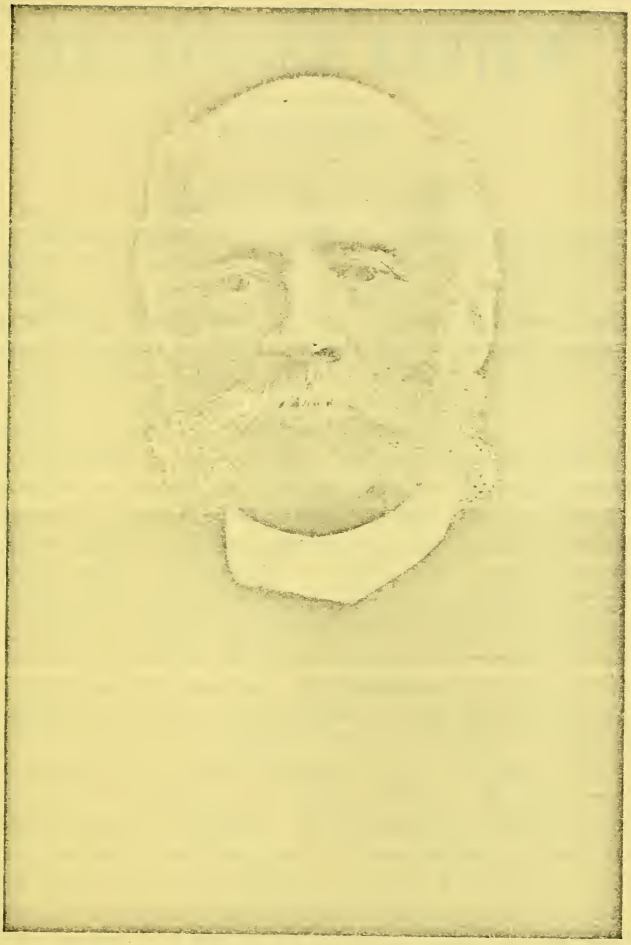
sustained by the illuminated lives of its membership. The church of Christ has by no means outgrown its usefulness. Materialism has been discredited as a theory, but its practice is all-dominating. The forces that emanate from this subtle influence can be effectively counteracted only as the church returns to Jesus Christ and is renewed in its inner life. There must first be spiritual regeneration before there can be social reconstruction. What then is the call to the church? "The hardest and deepest thinking that the churches can put into this matter is essential. The best men will not be put off with any superficial and *ad captandum* treatment. The sooner we realize that the men want thoroughness, reality and candor, the better will it be for all. Perfunctory teaching by men who have never felt the edge of the problem will be of no avail with the men who will really be the leaders of the generation after the war. Men who have seen their comrades dissolved by high explosives will want to know what are the reasons for believing in immortality, and what is their present state. Men who have lived in the shambles and putrefaction of the salient and the trenches at Souchez will want to know how they can remember these things and believe in Almighty Love. They will want to know why prayer in danger gave them such intense relief, and why it seemed so often to be unanswered. They will probably give the churches a chance again in order to see if they have anything vital and comprehensible to say. If they do not get it from professional teachers of religion, they will take their own road once more. We may be quite sure that most of them will not take their faith on mere authority, or be content with superficialities uttered by men who have never either in body or soul suffered along with them, or with them battled for faith in the wild revel of Sin and Death in these awful years."

Side Reading

What the War Has Taught Us. By Charles E. Jefferson (Revell, $1.50). A series of sermons on the great truths of the Christian Faith, enforced by new arguments and illustrations furnished by the experiences of the war.

Home—Then What? The Mind of the Doughboy, A. E. F. (Doran, $1.50). These informal papers by thirty American soldiers reveal a serious purpose and suggest to the church how high impulses might be crystallized into noble deeds.

For information about books and subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



J. M. Buckley

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1920

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

After a meeting of the Liberal Association in a certain English town, during the period of Gladstone's political supremacy, an independent member of Parliament who had spoken was chided by the chairman for having made an unfortunate reference to the great statesman. "Why," was the defensive reply, "I only said that Gladstone was not infallible." "I know; and perhaps he is not, but our people don't like to be told so," was the cautious rejoinder. This almost fanatical devotion to a leader can be matched by the complacent reliance which thousands of Methodists in America and elsewhere placed on the authoritative utterances of James Monroe Buckley. If they had no opinion of their own touching a mooted question of morality, social propriety, political sanity, ecclesiasticism or religion, they remained mute till his pronouncement had arrived. If they had convictions they held them in abeyance, subject to rectification as soon as the arbiter had committed himself. No greater tribute to the man's imperial personality could be imagined. It witnessed not only to his keen intelligence, but also to that indefinable thing called character. His wide constituency believed in him. The father of Daniel Webster was in the State Convention of New Hampshire which ratified the Constitution of the United States. He had come pledged to oppose its adoption. He soon secured release from his obligation, and before voting said, "I have followed the lead of Washington through seven years of war, and I have never been misled. His name is subscribed to this Constitution. He will not mislead us now." A similar charm held multitudes to the guidance of Dr. Buckley, particularly during the middle period of his public career.

What is here set down about this man must, in the nature of the case, be such an exposition of his worth and work as springs from a friendly acquaintance and a sincere admiration. Even this modest attempt is beset with unusual difficulty. No more elusive personality ever tried the ingenuity of a conscientious student of psychology. At the moment one feels the essentials of a correct estimate have been discovered, he turns a new facet toward the observer, and the appraisal must be commenced anew. He was himself a searcher of the human spirit, whose penetration enabled him to write with amazing accuracy of other men's characters. Rembrandt and other artists of renown have given us paintings of themselves. Cartoonists and caricaturists have in moments of humorous candor struck off the salient characteristics of their own countenances. Occasionally a man has professed to give an honest disclosure of his inner life. Dr. Buckley was not prone to dissect his character for publication. But no one could have described him as he might have etched his features in a few incisive words.

One of the cleverest pieces of portrait painting in the English language—it is rather a series of pictures—is found in the last chapter of Dr. Buckley's book on the Constitutional and Parliamentary History of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a gallery of celebrities more interesting to Methodists than any collection of portraits in the art museums of the world. Every bishop from Thomas Coke to Henry Spellmeyer is delineated with respect to his ability as a presiding officer, while other phases of his personality are incidentally revealed. A single paragraph is devoted to each portrait. No characteristic indispensable to a right understanding of a man is omitted, even when it subtracts from his dignity. Yet all deficiencies are handled with a delicate touch. Where the artist cannot praise he does not blame. Contemporaries of some of the bishops portrayed can scarcely repress a smile as they look. Still it was a serious business for the painter. These are free-hand sketches. A few strokes and the picture is done, the likeness perfect. But when Dr. Buckley wished to be less impressionistic, and more faithful to detail, he wielded an equally facile pencil. He made editorial portraits of hundreds

of distinguished Methodists and not a few immortals outside the church. If they could be brought together they would constitute an invaluable collection of biographical miscellany. Here again his absolute fairness and striking precision were illustrated. He told whatever was determinative of his subject's character. He ignored or treated lightly what was of minor significance. Laudable traits and admirable achievements were effectively presented. Delinquencies were not cast aside, but they were not permitted to mar the picture. They were a part of the shadings which the observer knew were there, but which were counted as incidental. His was a rare art; it had the charity of a clean mind and a pure heart. Now, if there were some parallel genius to do a like thing for James M. Buckley, how gratefully he would be hailed! But the man probably does not exist. He who is commemorated in this article was many-sided and unique. He was like no one else in appearance; the processes of his mind were apart from those of most men; sometimes it seemed as if he did not feel as others do.

Here are the bare facts of his life in their chronological order: He was born in Rahway, New Jersey, December 16, 1836. His father was the Rev. John Buckley, of Lancashire, England, who came to this country in 1827 at the age of twenty-two, entered the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1831, and eleven years later died of pulmonary consumption. His mother was Abby Lonsdale Monroe, daughter of a judge in Mount Holly, New Jersey, a woman of much refinement, piety, and energy, who reached nearly fourscore years. James Monroe Buckley was her first-born, and being bereft of his father at six years of age, owed his early training almost exclusively to his mother. At fourteen he went to Pennington Seminary in New Jersey, where he remained but a short time. Casting about to find his way in the world, he tried various occupations, and finally returned to Pennington and fitted himself for Wesleyan University. Meanwhile, he had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and entered college in 1856 with the intention of preparing himself for the profession of the law. Ill-health interrupted his scholastic plans. He had inherited the disease which shortened the life of his father. Finding that public speaking

was beneficial to his lungs, he began to avail himself of every suitable opportunity to use his gifts in that exercise. He had gone on the stump in the Fremont campaign, and later while teaching school delivered addresses on moral and religious subjects in the towns where his services were required. He now began to supply churches in the neighboring rural communities which were without settled pastors. Feeling called to the ministry of the gospel, he fulfilled an apprenticeship in a Wesleyan Methodist Church in Exeter, New Hampshire. In 1859 he was admitted to the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed at Dover. In 1861 he removed to Manchester. In 1863 he traveled in Europe and on his return was appointed to the pastorate of the Central Church of Detroit, Michigan. In 1866 he was transferred to the New York East Conference, of which he continued to be a member the balance of his life. His subsequent pastorates alternated between Brooklyn and Stamford, Connecticut. He quickly became a leader in the Conference. In 1880 he was elected editor of The Christian Advocate, a post which he held for thirty-two years. Eleven times successively he was chosen a representative of his Conference in the General Conference, leading the delegation in the majority of instances. He soon became one of the most conspicuous figures in the great law-making body of the church. He traveled widely in America and the Eastern Hemisphere. He published many books, delivered hundreds of lectures, occupied himself with a diversity of investigations in the realm of science and philosophy, became the most famous Methodist preacher of his day, and died full of years and of honors at Morristown, New Jersey, February 8, 1920. When he retired from the editorship of The Christian Advocate in 1912 thousands of subscribers were inconsolable, and when he departed this life after eight years of quietude, only infrequently broken by some literary work or public appearance, a wave of sorrow swept over the entire church.

It is evident from the dates mentioned in the foregoing outline that the public activity of Dr. Buckley covered the most vital and dramatic epoch in our national history since the adoption of the Constitution, and the most productive era in the development of

Methodism in the United States since the hour of its organic genesis. When he began his ministry the war between the States of the Union was opening, and when he laid down his work the war of the world for the defense of democracy was about to break upon the astonished earth. Between these pivotal conflicts stretches a course of events which forced a republic uncertain of its own integrity to become a nation held in an indissoluble unity, and which drew a people isolated from the old world both by political principles and geographical barriers into a world-power without whose interest and consent no international policy can prevail. Our industrial, social, and moral advancement in the same period was no less remarkable. We passed from simplicity of manners and customs to the complexity of life which wealth and luxury invariably bring; from homely and crude social and domestic usages to the adornments and extravagance of culture and opulence; from a submissive form of popular government to an aggressive and constantly fermenting democracy; from the easy industrial conditions common to a new country to the conflict of interests which increasing prosperity entails. In intellectual change the marks are equally clear. The nineteenth century saw portentous movements in science and philosophy. Religion could not escape the influence of these upheavals. The raw infidelity of a former day gave way to the subtle materialism of a keener intelligence, but this in turn has been mastered by spiritual idealism. Despite the follies which spot our speculations, we are a better people than our forbears.

It is not too much to say that among the personal forces which contributed to the upward reach of the last generation in moral and religious development James M. Buckley must be reckoned an outstanding factor. He fought the enemies of the evangelical faith with resolute fearlessness, and wherever his words were carried he created sentiment in support of sound doctrine. The denomination of which he was the best known leader during the period of his public life multiplied its numbers and increased its activities as never before. It had but one theological seminary when he began preaching, a mere handful of colleges, and not a hospital in America. When he laid aside his pen the church

of his choice had attained eminence for centers of theological training and institutions of advanced scholarship, and had planted philanthropic agencies far and wide. It was by the inspiration of his words that the first hospital of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country was built, and the educational expansion of the denomination owes much to the efforts of his genius. When one reflects on the part he played in the evolution of Methodist polity through his commanding influence in the General Conference and his vigorous articles in the church press, one realizes that our current place among the Protestant bodies cannot be accounted for without taking into consideration the services of this extraordinary man. He saw African slavery go out of America, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic come in, and he contributed to the triumph of both reforms. He saw sectarianism attain its climax and then culminate in the federation of denominations, having aided both processes. He participated in critical transitions in the life of his own church. He witnessed the triumph of lay representation in the General Conference, having battled for its establishment. He saw the traditional view of woman's position in state and church pass into the broad acceptance of woman in all departments of public service, though he sturdily resisted the movement. Women were admitted to the General Conference despite his earnest protest. During his ministry the pastoral term of two years was gradually extended till all time restrictions were removed, while he opposed the change and warned the church of the injury which would probably follow. The Methodist system of general superintendency underwent great modification in his day, and he gave consistent support to a series of alterations which are not yet completed. He labored to place the episcopacy under restraints deemed necessary to the welfare of the church, and to render more flexible the adjustment and more dignified the retirement of men elected to the bishopric. The policy of stationing the bishops, not according to their own choice in the order of their seniority in office, but with due regard for the needs of various cities and their contiguous territory, and in conformity to the aptitudes and abilities of the bishops themselves, owes much to his influence and direction. For five successive General Con-

ferences, from 1892 to 1908 inclusive, he was chairman of the Committee on Episcopacy, before which body of more than two hundred ministers and laymen come all questions relating to the administration and the personnel of the bishopric. He guided the movement which developed our system of general superintendency from a plan of genial accommodation to the preferences of the bishops to an order of strict surveillance of the episcopal office by the General Conference and a quadrennial accounting of the great stewardship not uniformly agreeable to those who occupy it. If the attempt were made to trace Dr. Buckley's hand in the evolution of our constitutional and parliamentary history as a church from the time he entered the forum of discussion, it would be found that no ecclesiastical statesman among us had touched and shaped so much of our vital legislation as passed under his vigilant inspection and cautious review.

Here we meet a problem in his personality which has baffled many inquirers. Dr. Buckley's conservatism is the one element in his public work which is most difficult to understand. He was by nature and disposition inclined to radicalism. In his youth he seemed likely to swing toward dangerous extremes. Possibly the recognition of this tendency admonished him to be wary. His determination to follow reason in all things was a corrective in moments of temptation to inconsiderate action. His sense of responsibility as he acquired leadership also restrained him. Hence he rarely championed a new departure. He customarily ranged himself at the head of those who refused to be hurried into change. His habitual temper is well illustrated by his position on the admission of women to the General Conference, as declared by himself in 1900 at Chicago: "I took two grounds: first, to convince the church that it was wrong, if I could; secondly, to see if I could, that it should be done so as to silence all critics." That describes his invariable policy on proposals which did not have his approval. If the church voted to adopt what he had antagonized, he submitted to the decision without complaint, but labored to prevent the introduction of the new legislation by any methods which could be questioned by a future investigator however fastidious or captious. The welfare of the church as he con-

ceived it was his supreme objective in every attack he made on experimental policies and in every defense he offered in support of well-proved expedients. That he was sometimes mistaken in no sense affects the indisputable fact that by retarding the action of the ultra-progressives he frequently saved the church from ill-digested schemes, and prepared it for the gradual acceptance of changes which were demanded but could not have been made without disaster if suddenly thrust upon it.

He was born to be dominant. His will goaded by his intellect conquered disease, mastered infirmities, corrected deficiencies, overcame limitations, disciplined his talents, developed his elemental powers, and made him victorious over himself and his circumstances. How could such a manipulator of his own resources fail to be authoritative in the tone of his utterances or self-assertive in his approach to the problems he was set to solve? Until he was nearing threescore and ten years many persons called him an egotist. They professed to be scandalized by his insistent thrusting forward of himself in every speech and editorial. They were irritated by the air of certainty with which he promulgated his views. They were even exasperated by the frequency with which his bold declarations of wisdom were justified by the demonstration of events. After forty years of expert service he was less often charged with self-conceit. He had proved that he was worthy of deference whenever he claimed special knowledge. He was sixty-four years old at the General Conference of 1900 and, though he did not have his way in several decisive contests, he was by all odds the greatest figure on the floor. Only men of inferior caliber publicly resented his repetitious appearance on the tribune or his oft-expressed consciousness of superior wisdom. It never occurred to him that, if he knew a thing better than another person, there was any reason for him to conceal the fact. It was his duty to set people right even though they resented it and chose to rest in complacent ignorance. As he approached old age he became the acknowledged mentor of the new race of preachers and laymen, and the alleged egotism of middle life was obscured by the unquestioned sagacity of a brilliant mind arrived at maturity.

The Buckley legend will in time undoubtedly grow to large

dimensions and acquire features quite apart from reality. This is the common fate of all forceful personalities in public life. Dr. Buckley could not escape the fictitious glamour which enswathes the brow of every man whose individuality is marked by distinction. Before he was forty stories of his idiosynerasies were bruited about which bore the flavor of verisimilitude, but which in many instances were mere inventions. Numerous other tales of like character were substantially true. They were based on his reputation for intellectual agility, ready wit, biting sarcasm, and extraordinary memory. An old man in Connecticut told the present writer while a freshman in college that young Buckley once described in his presence the famous steamship The Great Eastern from stem to stern, from keel to top-mast, omitting no least detail. When some one asked the speaker when he had inspected the huge vessel which was then an unparalleled wonder, he replied, "I have never seen it. I once read an account of it." The anecdote reminds one of Von Humboldt's description of Jerusalem, which he had never seen, forty years after he had prepared himself to visit it. Stories of this kind multiply easily after a man has established his fame, and on the death of Dr. Buckley the press and platform issued many well worn examples of his versatility in speech and action. Such illustrations will be bandied about at dinner tables and in assemblies of ministers so long as anybody survives who had an acquaintance with this remarkable man, and then pass into prolific traditions for later generations.

Those who knew James Monroe Buckley even slightly require no picture of his unique personality. But for all who failed of an opportunity to study him at close range because of his withdrawal from public life before they were old enough to be interested in the leadership of the church, there is need of as faithful a representation as possible of his physical and mental characteristics. It is a misfortune that no description can give the reader a just understanding of the bodily presence of any man. One is often shocked to discover by accident that the picture of a great personage which one's imagination has framed is seriously at fault. Even paintings and photographs are often misleading. No portrait of Dr. Buckley is satisfactory to those who were most in-

timately associated with him. There is a certain mellowness and serenity in his latest photographs which, while true enough to his declining years, is utterly false to the type of his manhood at the zenith of his powers. He was of medium stature, yet no observer thought him a small man. His figure was lithe and his carriage erect. He stood squarely on his feet, which turned outward, and were encased in broad-soled, comfortable shoes. His head was large and domelike. He was bald and while sitting in public assemblies he often wore a black silk skull cap, which he doffed when addressing an audience. He was attired in a long black frock coat. His shirt front was concealed by a clerical scarf. He wore a straight standing collar of good height. In these respects only did his appearance suggest the ministerial vocation. In all else he looked more like a physician, a lawyer, or a college professor. His eyes were dark, clear, luminous, and piercing, though frequently softened by humor, or made scintillant with earnestness. His movements were dignified but not slow. He never relaxed into an indolent attitude. His action on the platform or in the pulpit was rapid without leaving the impression of haste. In his most intense moments of public discourse he never stamped, or made violent gesticulations. He did not swing up and down the platform. He usually stood within a circle of comparatively small circumference. His voice was a sonorous bass, which by sedulous cultivation had become the obedient instrument of his will. Its pitch sometimes rose to uncomfortable heights as he became absorbed in a heated argument. Then he would abruptly drop it, and begin a new paragraph with a wholly altered tone. To some hearers the effect was startling. It came to the verge of the ludicrous. But the majority of his auditors were refreshed by the expedient. Their mental poise was restored, and they took hold of his discussion with renewed zest. He had saved his life by breathing properly, and he proposed to relieve the nerves of those who heard him by speaking properly. He was a trained elocutionist, a master of vocal expression. His gestures were graceful, following the curved line of beauty even when confined to a small arc. A characteristic action was the turning of his wrists by the opening of his extended palms, as if to signify

the conclusion of a logical demonstration which must be convincing to all his auditors. He had learned to use the fittest words for his purpose, and he never sacrificed plainness of speech to rhetorical ornament. He exercised great care of his body, but was not a valetudinarian in any disagreeable sense. He was very particular about the ventilation of his sleeping apartments, the food he ate and the clothing he wore. He had several grades of underwear for each season. He developed his body by suitable exercise. Sawing wood he found very helpful to physical reinforcement. Walking was his favorite recreation. He kept numerous pairs of shoes for the purpose, and was as fastidious about them as any golf-player over his sticks. Some one who was impressed by his habitual pedestrianism asked him: "Do you expect to walk to heaven?" "Enoch did," was the instant reply, and without another syllable he trudged forward.

He was easy to meet if the interviewer had any justification for interrupting the work in which he was engaged, but he could drive a bore from his presence with consummate skill. He was capable of profound and prolonged silence when the occasion required it. In cases of extreme difficulty, he would sit down, throw one leg over the other, and fix an abstracted gaze on the point of the extended shoe, remaining mute till the absorbed stare and the intolerable stillness awoke his tormentor to the realization that the conversation was ended. Dr. Buckley could ask more questions—and every one of them relevant—than the shrewdest philosopher could answer. He seldom waited for a full reply. He divined the conclusion from the beginning, and sprang at the next query. The individual thus interrogated would often feel that he was being turned inside out. The searching glance of the questioner's eye never wandered from its objective. He would have been a terror as a cross-examiner to a witness on the opposite side and a delight to those who relish the grueling of others in a court room. Yet only when he was puncturing the flimsy pretenses of a braggart, or exposing the shams of a false philosopher, were these questionings intended to embarrass his victim or gratify his own liking for the discomfiture of an opponent. He was learning something every minute and packing the information away for future use.

He once told the author of these lines that he never repeated an illustration which he knew had appeared in print. Historical allusions, biographical items, and reports of current events were not rejected, but illuminating examples were drawn almost exclusively from his personal experience and observations. This method demanded that ceaseless asking questions which marked his conversations with people of every sort, and supplied him with an enormous fund of original illustrations with which to adorn and vivify his speeches. These were humorous, pathetic, quaint, curious, homely, tragic, as the immediate argument required, but they were always effective. Some of his critics said that he occasionally drew upon his imagination for his facts, especially when he staggered them by an array of instances to the point of which they had never heard. But no scientist ever more scrupulously gathered data from the widest survey of nature in order to make a safe deduction, than he collated facts to create a general rule or establish a principle he had already glimpsed. His memory was in the main as reliable as it was capacious. He had studied all the systems of mnemonics he could lay his hands on. Yet he compiled material for future reference with as great care as if he never expected to remember anything. Pointing to a mountainous pile of scrapbooks he said to a friend one day: "If I were beginning life over again, I would make more scrapbooks." Such an affirmation throws a strong light on the importance which he attached to general and specific preparation. He had a deserved reputation for unusual ability as an extemporaneous speaker. But of all famous men on the American platform he depended least on "the inspiration of the moment." He could meet the demand for impromptu speech, as he often did with astonishing deftness, because he had qualified himself by assiduous application. On an ocean voyage in his early manhood an elderly clergyman urged him to read an average of fifty pages a day in books of permanent value. He adopted the course, and in late life said: "For twenty years I carried out that suggestion to my satisfaction both in the consciousness of knowledge gained and its ready utility." His antagonists were sometimes surprised at the ease with which he would confront them with the record of their own previous utter-

ances. There was no magic about this feat. The General Conference journals and the verbatim reports of The Daily Christian Advocate for considerable periods were studied for weeks in advance of the great quadrennial session. Every conceivable subject that promised but faintly to appear on the horizon was rehearsed in his mind. He was fortified against any supposititious emergency when he walked into the General Conference with his bag full of memoranda, and his brain stored with useful knowledge. Many years ago in Pittsburgh the writer saw him rise in a deliberative assembly and begin to revolve a question which had just been tossed into the circle for any one to catch. It was evident that as he started he had no convictions on the matter. But he kept turning it over, all the time speaking his meditations in ingratiating sentences, until he had reached an opinion, and then said with magnificent impudence: "Mr. Chairman, the longer I talk on this view of the case, the more I convince myself it is the right position for me to take." He had occupied the time of the body in making up his mind out loud, but he had also given a fine exhibition both of the processes of his thinking, and also of his power to speak without previous reflection. Yet long years of study and practice were focussed on that precise exigency.

At fourteen years of age he casually met Daniel Webster on a railway train. Having acknowledged that he sometimes recited the great statesman's speeches, he received this admonition from the orator: "Go on; speak as well as you can, but don't try to imitate people." Both parts of the advice were faithfully followed. He became a speaker of distinctive qualities. Having been censured in his early days for a political speech which ran to interesting but unfruitful extravagance, he immediately thereafter turned to the opposite extreme, and was equally condemned for the gravity and dullness of his address, being warned that he did not know how to mix his liquors. From that day he strove for a judicious blending of the solid and the diverting, with the result that few men in any country have ever matched him in the ability to captivate popular audiences. Having in his first pastorate returned to his home town for a short visit, he was invited to preach, which he did under such embarrassment and with such absurd

swiftness of utterance that a hearer said to him: "You have spoiled a first-rate auctioneer to make a poor preacher." By these and other criticisms not less severe he was spurred to make the most determined effort to acquire a style which should be effective under all circumstances. He so far succeeded that whether he was addressing hostile crowds in England, as he did in 1863, or Ecumenical Conferences of Methodists here and abroad, or academic audiences in colleges and before learned societies, or groups of the lowly in mission halls, or cultured congregations of any sect, he held his course without faltering and both interested and profited his auditors.

He was possessed by the debating fever from childhood. He wrestled in discussion with his school fellows at Pennington. He fought the beasts of heresy in Connecticut towns where he taught young people the elements of a practical education. He hurled Arminianism against Calvinism in personal encounters on the field of controversy. He measured weapons on the floor of his Conference with the mightiest warriors of his day. He became the foremost debater of his denomination, and probably of Protestantism. Aside from the knowledge his brain carried and his tongue could always command, and the discipline of his intellect which worked like a complicated but accurate machine, his chief qualification for debate was what may be called *nimbleness*. The name is not precise, but it will serve. Unless one saw it in him, and accepted it as determinative of his power, one did not know the man. It was not physical agility, but the mental pliability which is symbolized by the suppleness of the gymnast. Let it be called *alertness* also, if we have certain swiftly moving creatures in the animal world as the type, or the quivering of the magnetic needle as a still more vivid emblem of his quick responsiveness to the instant call of forensic exigency. No man ever excelled him in that indispensable endowment for the brightest triumphs in debate.

In brilliant repartee, in easy humor and caustic wit, in the power to turn an enemy's shaft into the breast of him who wielded it, in the capacity to overwhelm a critic with the humiliating consciousness that he had released an indefatigable hornet, Dr. Buck-

ley was unsurpassed. Broadly speaking he exemplified Beaconsfield's counsel, "Never complain and never explain." Among all his recorded speeches in the General Conference there is none which reveals petulance, cheap apology, plausible extenuation, or whining subterfuge. He practiced the course advocated by Lyndhurst when Lord Chancellor of England: "Never defend yourself before a popular assembly, except with and by retorting the attack. The hearers, in the pleasure which the assault gives them, will forget the previous charge." Dr. Buckley would have gone to the stake for his convictions if fidelity to truth required the sacrifice. But he would have argued out the charge with his executioners before submitting to martyrdom, if permission were obtainable; in which case he doubtless would have secured a reversal of the verdict, and escaped destruction. Had he failed at this—an unlikely contingency—he would have perished without a whimper of weakness.

He passed into the ministry through an experience which inevitably affected the style of his preaching. His early struggle with doubt, the practical bent of his mind, the successful effort to vanquish transmitted disease, the conflict with hard conditions in gaining a livelihood, developed in him the spirit of combat whatever the field of activities. Teaching brought him into fellowship with the young. He observed the reliance they placed on his words. The necessity of serious-mindedness deeply impressed him. A revival of religion in the community where he taught intensified his feeling of responsibility. He tested the growing suspicion that he ought to preach by taking a temporary pulpit. He was convinced of his further duty. He determined to win young men from infidelity. He joined a Conference, received ordination to his holy task, and started out to battle for righteousness.

Theology is the most fascinating of the sciences. Over a mind like his it could not fail to exercise compelling power. As a boy he was arrested by the problem of God and human destiny. In his young manhood he convinced himself of the immortality of the soul in a debate against a defamer of humanity's glorious hope. He reasoned himself into faith in the central doctrines of Christianity. Even the sacred influences of a pious home and a

religious school would have been insufficient to make him a Christian, had not the logic of his own investigations forced his assent to the teachings of the Church. If he had become an agnostic, he would have been a serious protagonist of unbelief. Having been driven to Christ by the command of his reason, he brought all the resources of his mind over to the defense and furtherance of the gospel. Religion was an experience of the soul, and the final test of its authority was the consciousness of eternal life which it awakened. But its claims required justification in the very constitution of things. Hence he argued for religion as he argued for a question of ecclesiastical polity. It has been affirmed by some of his warmest admirers that he was not a theologian, but a logician; that he lacked the philosophical temper and genius; that he was more the debater than the thinker. With this criticism he would not have agreed. He had an ambition to teach systematic theology in a great seminary, if the fortunes of life ever shifted him from the editorial chair. He coveted the privilege of lecturing before students in divinity schools. His course on the Quintillian foundation at Emory College, reproduced in a book entitled The Fundamentals and their Contrasts, would seem to vindicate his judgment. If in a strict technical sense he was not a master theologian, at least no one could speak or write more convincingly or impressively on those aspects of theology which most appealed to his intelligence and imagination.

A practical man of sense was James Monroe Buckley, who sought to deliver himself and all others who would heed him from illusions and delusions. He saw things in their right relations and tried to set forth every matter he handled in a reasonable way. He fought with merciless vigor every species of imposture, until he became a celebrity among the dissectors of freakish cults and psychological vagaries. His attitude toward fanaticism, announced in his first lecture on the subject, is yet valid: "There is a central ground between apathy and fanaticism, and that ground is a blended courage and common sense, which is the true position for the citizen and the religionist." His study of morbid mentality made him an authority among alienists. As to apparently inexplicable things, like the phenomena of spiritualism, he

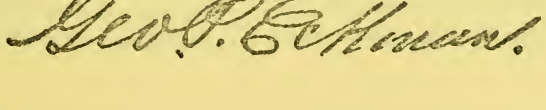
gave this formula which is pertinent at the present hour: "Before endeavoring to explain *how* phenomena exist, it is necessary to determine precisely *what* exists; and, so long as it is possible to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably *is*, there is no reason to suspect—and it is superstition to assume—the operation of supernatural causes."

His preaching was calculated to give his hearers a working philosophy of life on which they could fall back in times of crisis when they were uncertain of their way, and had no leisure to think themselves into safety. Her sermons drew professional men and other thoughtful persons to his ministry. They relished the tonic of his intellectual achievements in the pulpit, and they came away with a spiritual invigoration which stood them in good stead in the turmoil of life. His pulpit prayers were utilized not only to lead the congregation to the throne of grace, but also to afford the people instruction in principles of a devout life. When he was invited by the pastor of a church he happened to be visiting to make the main prayer, he invariably inquired what event of the past week in the community or what special need in the membership of the church required consideration. He then built up a series of reflections and advices in the form of an address to the Lord of hosts which was framed to be helpful to the afflicted and of inspiration to the tempted. Sometimes this habit produced strange impressions. A wag in Morristown, where Dr. Buckley lived after he became editor of The Christian Advocate, recalled a prayer he made on a certain Memorial Day, and said: "When he had concluded the orator of the occasion had not much left to be said; Buckley had covered the ground." Still it must not be assumed that he was lacking in tenderness, sympathy, or spiritual grace. No better pastoral counselor ever blessed a parish by his ministrations. His funeral discourses were filled with strong consolations. He lived with God, and was a pure-souled prophet of the Eternal.

Every great possession which gave Dr. Buckley distinction in public discourse and in the comradeship of men shone with luster in his work as an editor. For the time of his incumbency in The Christian Advocate, the paper was the embodiment and expression

of his peculiar genius. His editorial contributions were voluminous enough to fill a library of considerable magnitude. They covered a vast field of research and study. They guided the denomination, inspired the ministry, goaded the laity to philanthropy and practical religion, and furnished illuminating advices for young and old. He came into the realm of religious journalism with Henry C. Bowen, S. Irenæus Prime, Henry M. Field, and Henry Clay Trumbull, and made a deeper impression than any of them on the life of his times. Dr. James R. Joy, once his assistant, now his successor, properly ranges him with those giants of secular journalism, Greeley, Dana, Bowles, McKelway, and Watterson. He was a superb editor, and the columns of The Christian Advocate were like the aisles of the auditoriums wherein the General Conference assembled—they gave access to one of the finest minds and noblest hearts the Protestant faith has produced.

It is not unusual for attractive preachers in Methodist pulpits to be solicited for exalted positions in other denominations. The allurement of such invitations was inevitable when by the law of the church no minister could hope for a settled pastorate. To James Monroe Buckley came several most flattering proffers of eminent places outside the fold in which he was reared. It was characteristic of him that he gave each of these opportunities careful and devout consideration. "Never say anything peremptorily" was one of his maxims. In one instance the promise of a bishopric was held out as an inducement to withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal Church. All these proposals he declined for reasons which in the main ran back to his obligations to the church of his father and mother. That church, but for his protest, a dozen times would have made him an *episcopos*. An election would not have elevated *him*. No bishopric could compare with the moral sovereignty which James Monroe Buckley—preacher, editor, statesman—exercised for more than thirty years over the Methodist millions of America.



THE DEAD MASTERS OF LIFE

How mysterious and moving a fact it is that the chief masters of life are the dead. Death blows its wind in the face of life to make life more vital. The mighty living hands are dead hands. From beyond the grave come those voices whose mystic music lifts the tune for the living world.

To an extemporaneous opinion it appears that life must be ministered to by life, and by life only. Their schoolmasters must be flesh and blood, color and speech, visible and obtruding and journeying along the busy thoroughfares where life makes laughing way among the multitudes. That is how things plainly seem at the first intake of the breath of thought. How else? Who could be our rowers at the oars of the boat of life save living hands of sinewy fingers and gripping palms? We must see, hear, feel the hot breath of our preceptors in the majestic episode called life.

We cannot extemporize on the main matters of the soul. We are bound to go to school to know how things are. *A priori* has been taught modesty in part; and *a posteriori* is yet to be taught modesty. Experience must not be so loud in its table talk as to drown out the voices of dreaming. That is true. As is usual, truth lies somewhere between. Even poets must shake hands frequently with life before they can stammer out the drama of living. You cannot wholly prophesy life nor can you wholly experience life. The vastness of the thing is its impediment. How entirely reasonable that those landscapes which shall impress us and compel us must be those whose skies bend very blue above us and those whose fields lie very green around us and whose waters fling back cloud for cloud of the high, bending heavens. This self-evident consideration is battered to pieces like a German offensive by things as we find them. The River Duddon, over which Wordsworth has expended such a wealth of sonnet sequence, cannot compare with Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. The River Duddon fades from the landscape of hill and stream while the Forest of Arden blows playful shadows across our faces and our hearts undy-

ingly. Things we never saw are more visible than the things we always saw.

By an unanswerable logic we shall be led by hands warm at the palm and palpitant. And when we come to take the path and wind across the lea to neighboring worlds we find our fingers gripped by hands dust so long ago the marble monument must be invoked to tell when they dwelt under the azure sky and felt the passing of the wind and viewed the wide-eyed daisies looking wonderingly at the sun. By the appeal to life, our chief masters are the dead. And if any should shudder at this, as if the thought were uncanny, let that one pause and recall how the father, long since passed into the spacious silence named eternity, is not less present to the heart than when in the fields or along the streets he worked to earn his family a livelihood. That sweet mother who sang about the house at work in other days sings now a sweeter song about the heart though she has years ago invaded the territory of eternity. This is no uncanny consideration. Rather it is a consideration which links life and death in a beautiful fraternity which may well be called immortality. The dead are still kinsmen of the living. No alabaster bowl of precious ointment is broken when death saunters past. With his rude clutch he did but let the precious fragrance out to sweeten all the air. What is History save the land of the dead? It is the Land of Things That Were. And when we need to walk in the To-day of things we scan the Yesterdays of things. Perforce 'tis so. We do not read history grimly: we read it entrancedly. It is that place where voices which ought not to be silenced remain unsubdued; where the rasp and squeak are taken from the chariot and all we perceive is the chariot racing toward its goal. The things that stay are the things that count. Action is perpetually vital. I was the other day reading a volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, selecting a volume at random; not as reading the series as I had done before, not beginning at a beginning and passing wisely through to a conclusion, but picking a volume up to drink from as from a sudden wayside spring. And, familiar as I am with that really noble historian, the thrill upon me by rushing into the thick of things (the Revolutionary War), where we were busy telling

England to stay away from our shores and vex us no more with its peremptory policy, was like fire running its naked fingers over my naked body in these days when England and France and America are grinding bloody shoulder against bloody shoulder for the rescue of the world from infamy. This bleeding experiment is tutored by a bleeding yesterday. Dead as regards all participation, alive in calculation as the fierce oratory of battling guns. And the thing we learn from this Bancroft battle volume is that right will win the war. Temporary defeats are trivial things when weighed in the balances of God. He wants and means well by this world and will not sit a calm, careless spectator while evil weighs down with its infernal bulk and crushes the world and smothers it. We must shake hands with the dead to know the touch of the hands of the living. These times making faces at the future, like grim gargoyles from a roof, become less fearful and fearsome when viewed at long range; and so viewed they are perceived to be specters of things which suffer no reincarnation.

The parallel, the fussy little German reincarnation now making faces at the whole world, will in due time become a perpetual grimace which will scare nobody and will mainly serve to make everybody laugh. This is the prince of The-Things-That-Ought-Not-To-Be and That-Must-Not-Be and That-Will-Not-Be. George III and his minions who assented to his crazy, despotic, and distracted word were then a menace, now only an infelicity. What George III never dreamed to do he did; namely, enfranchise America and make the United States a co-custodian of the liberty of mankind. The words of men dead give an information totally different from their living intent. And those dull strategists of the king's cabinet, the Lord Norths, the Earl Butes and the Lord Howes and Cornwallises, seem now the fussy blotters of a page which in our day England would wipe clear by an alliance for perpetual freedom. Once these paraded showy and periwigged as the clinging tapestries on the walls of a palace. Now, discriminating descendants desire to hang some tattered finery over their faces so they may be forgot.

Plainly, the dead days are very vital days. We shall steady our nerves by an appeal to those programs of battle and defeat

when men tramped stolidly to defeat, like Washington's retreat from Long Island, not knowing into how hard a pass they were to come. Their ignorance is our enlightenment. We may well learn from them not to be scared but to be awake. They will keep us from neuroties. They steady us by the sense that there is an Overruler of rulers. The great deeds last; and Hunism then or now has no power to frustrate the grace of things. Some crossing of the Delaware will bring their frightfulness to catastrophe and they shall whimper back into some fierce jeopardy to try to cleanse their hands of the horrid blood, not of battle but of murder.

As I consider the way my life has taken through these years it is an astonishment to perceive how much my mind and career have companied with the dead. While the touch and glance by the way have kept the laughters alive in my soul, and while I knew my contemporaries were the living folks among whom I dwelt, I now perceive how I was constant contemporary of the dead. Not those I met on the street were my familiars as those I met at night with the lit lamp among my books. Longfellow died when I was just come to college, but dead and buried he was seen a friend as when at Craigie House we saw the River Charles go mutely by. His voice lost none of its sweet wistfulness by death.

I recall once when speaking in New York city at a banquet I was co-speaker with Richard Watson Gilder, that slender reed which the winds blew upon to create sweet melody and illustrious music. Then a brief time after he passed to the Land of Peace, of which he had never before been citizen, though I never felt to weep at his death, for his autographed Poems in my library wear the touch of his hand like the lingering of a kiss on our lips from one greatly loved. God's Acre is not only the most popular city of our world, but holds the most vital population. They have no sick nor tired days, they know no bleak east winds nor foggy coast, they encounter no burning day of summer drought-winds; their leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever they do shall prosper. If I or any were to chart the immense intrusions on his soul, those mighty moods like the vast sea at tide, he should be compassed about by voices which in the tables of mortality were scheduled among the silences. Their voices trumpet most. Their bugles

are not as Tennyson's, "horns of elfland" faintly blowing, but as those trumpets set to blow the reveille of Resurrection.

What this amounts to clearly is argument for immortality. Death does not quiet things down: death tunes things up. It tones things up. Genius dies, and when his living face vanishes from the ways he often trod then are his lineaments hung out on the wall of the sky so all persons along their busy ways may, without stopping to look, behold them. Who goes out to the graveyard may label his excursion "A visit to the deathless." Life is so prodigal an exploit as to be impossible to be got rid of. Job of the desert spoke of things leaded in the rock forever, and my lord Horace Flaccus, poet friend of Mæcenas, talked of tables of brass. He of the desert and he of the city had a mind on the continuing of oneself, a grave endeavor in spite of things, whereas the scheme of things seems to be fashioned to preserve self by the nature of self. Grant endures solely by being Grant; soul endures by being soul. Such as stammer out cachinnatory words about "We cease from life" do slight credit to themselves, seeing they have fattened themselves on dead immortals. Those who read Shakespeare to marvel at him and rejoice in him are poor arguers for a day of death. The dead who being dead yet speaketh is the dead who did not die. They fooled us by a funeral into stolidly believing them dead. A funeral is a theatrical specularity, a bit of gaudy pantomime, which gulls the gullible who bromidically rehearse, "What I have seen I know." It is a pity to be so witless and dupable. Does not the firmament of the world's majesty continually resound with the diapason, "The immortal dead," which, when we weigh the meaning of words, expresses a contradiction? "Immortal" belies "dead." The deathless dead. Yet think what a cavalier way to accost death. Really we should be more polite to so ancient a potentate as King Death, though, now that we think of it, he has never been other than unmannerly with us; so rub his name off the page of the Doings of the World. Read the births and omit the deaths. They do not count—only births count.

It is a thing to make a soul delirious with joy to consider this continued springtime of life, and to elucidate it with ourselves is getting down immortal helpers to our souls—father, mother,

daughter, son, husband, wife, whose wings made momentary breath upon our cheeks as they fared forth as going from where to where. And we shall not write far but that as we turn eyes back over the page of our lives we shall find page after page scribbled over with the names of the dead, the dear and sainted dead. What high thing have I set quiring on the choir loft of my soul which has not been told me or been illuminated for me by the dead deathlessnesses?

Have we recalled that our American Emerson—our American solitary—had thousands of quotations on his lips? Yet had we counted him original. He was out under the sky when the comet passed over and the dust of that far passage sifted on his speech. He talked much with the dead when he walked alone in the woods, and in the wandering Concord ways the yesterdays took liberties with him. What he took to be a pine tree's melancholy harping was the vesper murmuring of the celestial dead. John Burroughs is alive, Richard Jefferies is dead—I speak after the manner of men—yet do we know it or imagine it? Jefferies's voice sounds as near and as clear as Burroughs's. No rasp of death is in the throat of The Story of My Heart. Both lovers of wild things are hearty, and both out of doors—where we wish to be with them.

Tiplady's books of battle, The Cross at the Front, and The Soul of a Soldier, are not more voices of battle than Hankey's A Student in Arms; and Tiplady is Methodism, and here in the flesh, and Hankey was Church of England man and dead in the flesh, slain on the windy field of war but lustily immortal in the spirit. And that extraordinary chapter in Empey's Over the Top, entitled "The Coward," which records a great soul tragedy leaping into the very noon of a great soul conquest, and the writer thereof must be set down as a servant of all in the writing of it, nevertheless not more resonant with the rich tones of life than Hankey's The Black Sheep. Both stories laugh out loud, shout out loud with redemption. They clamor hope like a company of angels.

Clearly, we are kinsmen of the dead. Our playfellows are the children of eternity. This radiant springtime, where no autumnal tears drip on the cheeks but only vernal youth, and shaping of new leaves and the putting forth of fresh blossoms beautiful as im-

mortelles of the peaceful land which lies past all stormy waters and rude winter winds. Counting our rosary, one will tell off the beads which have the spring beauty of the fadeless amaranth, the dead who are the surest of our contemporaries.

Andrew Lang has a volume entitled Letters to Dead Authors; only they are not dead. Dickens is not dead. Thackeray is not dead. Tennyson is not dead. We must have noted how in our passing days these men start out on the open road in the most unexpected places and call us to a standstill for sheer delight in the meeting of them. I defy you to say to their faces, "Ye are dead," for should they not be able to retaliate, "Ye are the dead, we be the ever-living"? Jan Ridd is not dead, nor Lorna, nor dear Mr. Lorry, nor Miss Pross, nor Lucie Mannette, nor Sydney Carton; Henry Esmond is not dead, nor that sweet love who became his wife. Laura is not dead, nor Beatrice. Chaucer is not dead, nor Dante, nor great, grave Milton. They died, but abide the great dead Masters of Life; which means they are not, in the great way, dead at all. They are triumphantly alive. They seem so greatly alive as that beside them we lesser men in life seem peripatetic corpses.

I have as a birthday gift from the woman I love most in the world The Stones of Venice in three volumes, dignified, edifying, and they lie on my library table one on one like Venice stones, wrought majesties, grown old; and each volume is autographed by the great master who penned the esthetic and ethical story recorded here. John Ruskin's hand has traced this name and his hand, his writing hand, has pressed this page, and his name perfumes the page like "rosemary for remembrance" (Thank you, Will Shakespeare!). I cannot feel Ruskin dead, with these tumultuous books in my sight and at my touch, any more than, years agone, when as a lad I met this genius of soul and heard his challenge for the seeing heart and the radiant delight in things visible and tangible. He haunts me now as he did then; and I opine he will forever. He seems so alive and well and wonderful. I thank God for him when I pray. He still loves the sea and the cloud mid-sky and the running water and the moody sunset and climbing mountain, unafraid of dawn, and the gray cathedral walls and mute tower smitten with a hurricane of bell-voices full of

prayer. Ruskin has no past tense; he dwells in a resistless present. No living master's voice thrills me now as the dead Master of Life. All the living poets, great and greater and less great (and I fault them not nor flout them)—Noyes and Peabody and Bridges and Oxenham and Lindsay and the rest—I cannot reckon equal to one triumphant blast on his gold trumpet which Robert Browning gave when he wrote "Prospice," which for sheer triumph over death in these days sown to death, and beyond death, and glorious vistas shining away into eternity, out-sings all present voices. And the dead? Lord, thou knowest. I get them mixed so, these living and those dead. The breath of the dead is hot as fire upon my cheek and heart and their voices haunt me like the trumpetings of stars. So vigilant, so masterful, those men of old who refuse to grope along the crypts of death but walk like shining waves across a shining sea under a summer sky. In a twilight hour, when the day's voices were becoming inarticulate, if a body were to begin to con over with a lifetime friend of his heart his friends of a lifetime, dwelling on names lovingly and loiteringly, as if he kissed lips he loved, would he, enumerating his friends, omit the names of those who had passed out bare-footed and silent as the footsteps of stars? Nay, he would include them. His heart would make no mistake nor fumble once. If he recalled afterward his twilight conversation, his head might mistake some name then uttered, but his heart would correct him. His heart would not permit the crude editing his brain would give. The heart is right—it has that habit. Our friends are all in the summer land of those who wander to and fro by stream and sea and search of mountain for the dawn. Sunlight or starlight, it matters not to those dead Masters of Life. So, thinking vagrantly and very tenderly about our soul helpers, loving them as a man might love his birthplace, we find how little odds death makes; for we think them gone but to find them here—and a sweet and wistful company they are, who help us now as they helped us then and smile the while. This quest for the awakeners of the soul casts a noble shadow. I know not any Alp or Rocky or Himalaya to fling shadow so preeminent and conducive to adventure. The shadow death casts is life. We are compelled by the high compulsion of the undeniable vitalities to affirm the

masterfulness of the dead. So vital they are, they will not taste death. They spit it out as a bitter herb. As they were at their best when they were with us, they stay. Charles Lamb, and Sam Johnson, and gaunt Lincoln, and ocean-voiced Tennyson, and calm Whittier, with his vesper sparrow sadness in his throat, are not dead nor sleeping, or dead—and Masters of Life.

The putting of the thought is inconsequential. The thought is consequential, and owns all the skies above the soul. And out of this comes the conclusion that, dying, we shall not disappear but shall step out in a ministry immortal; shall walk by wings, as angels have learned to do; shall gather no dust of passage on the garments of journey. We shall go far journeys on smiling wings and bear in either hand a lit lamp to put at any unlit door where children sleep afraid a little of the dark.

W. A. Quayle.

THE PERSONALISTIC METHOD IN PHILOSOPHY

Ten years ago Borden Parker Bowne ceased teaching in the halls of Boston University and began what he used to call his post-graduate course in another world. It is fitting at this time to consider some aspect of the thought of that profound philosopher, stimulating teacher, noble personality, who made the university where he taught famous at home and abroad, and whose loss her friends and his have never ceased to mourn. We shall therefore seek to interpret and to defend Professor Bowne's fundamental philosophical method.

His conception of method was an essential part of his "personalism," an idealistic system that interprets all reality in terms of consciousness and asserts that consciousness can exist only as personality. At bottom, the secret of Bowne's personalism lay in his conviction that the moral and religious values are the most real and the most fundamental aspects of experience. If moral and spiritual values are ultimate the universe must be a society of persons. And if the universe is a society of persons, moral and spiritual values are grounded in the very structure of what is. In defending his personalism Bowne employed a type of method that has been used in some form by many theistic philosophers. In his writings, especially in the first part of the "Theism," it has found an already classic formulation, so that it may well be called the personalistic method. In his own words, "Instead of doubting everything that can be doubted let us rather doubt nothing except for reasons. . . . In all investigation we make more progress if we assume the truthfulness of the universe and of our own nature than we should if we doubted both. . . . The mind makes a great variety of practical postulates and assumptions which are not logical deductions or speculative necessities, but a kind of *modus vivendi* with the universe. . . . Whatever the mind demands for the satisfaction of its subjective interests and tendencies may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof." In short, philosophy should start with the hypothesis that the universe is full of value.

One great task of philosophy is to interpret the relation between the two typical attitudes toward life embodied in the sciences, on the one hand, and the values of morality and religion on the other. Philosophy sometimes cleaves to the one and despises the other of these attitudes; and sometimes attempts a synthesis of the two. The major philosophies have almost without exception resembled personalism in attempting the synthesis. But at the present time the intellectual atmosphere is surcharged with the demand that philosophy shall choose, and that the choice shall be in favor of the scientific and against the moral and religious attitude. The slogan of the day was voiced by Mr. Bertrand Russell in the Herbert Spencer lecture five years ago, "Scientific Method in Philosophy." Scientific method may be regarded as the experimental testing of hypotheses which seek to answer the questions, What sort of antecedent condition of things is the cause of the condition under investigation, and what is the precise law according to which the changes occur? Mathematical analysis is a most important instrument of this method. The current demand for scientific method in philosophy is not intended to emphasize the aspect of hypothesis and experiment (as pragmatism had done), but rather its mathematical-analytical aspect; what Professor Bowne called a "method of rigor and vigor." Over against this method of science stands personalistic method, which holds that analysis, invaluable in dealing with phenomena, is not fitted to deal with reality as a whole. Any interpretation that would carry us beyond our mere states of consciousness requires assumptions or hypotheses that find their only possible verification in their capacity consistently to satisfy the fundamental principles, demands and needs of our nature. Personalistic method insists that the facts of logic, mathematics and sense experience are not the only nor the most important facts. The moral and religious experiences of men are also facts. Personalism postulates God as their explanation. This postulate is accepted not because it is a good thing to accept every hypothesis that occurs to us, but because, when critically defined, rationally related to the whole of life and tested by all the data at our disposal, it explains more facts and gives a deeper meaning to life than any other philosophy.

Exponents of the scientific method, however, are unwilling to grant that any other method than their own is legitimate. If mathematics is good for falling bodies it must be good for aspiring souls; if analysis can reveal molecules and atoms, ions and electrons, points and instants, it can also fathom the purposes and values of life. Thus they argue; and for personalistic method they assume a fine contempt, conveyed by "a nice derangement of epitaphs." Personalism and its allies are said to be romanticism, Protestant philosophy, faith, sentimentalism, theology, mere assumption, mysticism, the philosophical Sunday school, the genteel tradition, and all else that is evil. Although the personalistic interest in morality and religion has been shared by the greatest of philosophers that interest has been, Mr. Russell informs us, on the whole "a hindrance to the progress of philosophy." Yet Mr. Russell himself once admitted that "all knowledge . . . must be built up on our instinctive beliefs"; and the best-known American realist has been criticized for addressing his appeal to the religious reader.

The cleavage on the issue of method is real, but should not be made to appear wider than it really is. There are senses in which personalism uses scientific method. It recognizes that analysis is a valid and essential instrument of thought. It reasons from the data of experience instead of from abstract and barren "closet speculations" and *a priori* theories. But it asserts that the mathematical-scientific method cannot serve to interpret life as a whole. That method abstracts from all considerations of value. It inquires as to the constituents of existing complexes and the laws of their relations. But this inquiry sheds no light on the supremely vital problem that every human individual and society must solve as best it may, with or without philosophy; the problem, namely, as to the true meaning and value of life. Science may indeed analyze values disinterestedly, as she analyzes motion or sulphuric acid; but the result will always be in terms of constituent elements, not in terms of the meaning of the whole. We may therefore justly assert that pure science is properly indifferent to every value and obligation save the value of scientific method and the obligation to follow it. We should, however, warn against

the misunderstanding that our position implies that scientists are indifferent to the value and meaning of life. Such an inference would be as absurd as it would be libelous. Men of science, almost without exception, are unselfishly devoted to the welfare of humanity; and many of them share a reverently religious world-view. Their belief, however, that human life is worthy of their devotion and the Supreme Being of their reverence is not logically derived or derivable from their science or its method. That belief is grounded on ideals, on assumptions, which normal personality in some measure always makes, but which scientific method systematically neglects as irrelevant to its purposes. Only because there can be such abstraction out of concrete life is science possible; but let scientists not forget that it is an abstraction, and one which they themselves transcend in every application of science to the service of any ideal. We need to return, as Professor Sorley is reminding us, to Lotze's dictum that "the true beginning of metaphysics lies in ethics." Such, at any rate, is the inner meaning of Bowne's method in philosophy.

We are arguing that what is called scientific method is not adapted to give an account of the values of life. There appear to be two fundamental reasons why it must be inadequate. First, it explains wholes in terms of parts and hence cannot grasp values, which are essentially wholes; and, secondly, it precludes any recognition of a moral and religious world order. Let us examine these two assertions more closely. We have just said that the scientific method explains wholes in terms of parts and hence cannot grasp values. Science operates by picking a complex to pieces to discover the relations of the pieces. For it, the part, the atom, the simple, the element, is more fundamental and more significant than the whole, the complex, the compound. Now experience reveals to us the fact that the higher values, perhaps all values, are complex; their very value consists in their complexity. Art, literature, morality, religion, science itself—if these be types of value, if personality itself be a value, then it is clear that values are complex wholes, combining unity of meaning with variety of detail. Here is the rose in all its beauty. Botany analyzes it. Now if the botanist is a man interested in beauty as well as in analysis, his

very analysis will doubtless fortify and deepen his sense of the beauty of the rose. Yet if he is confined to a strictly scientific interest in the flower he will have no eye for the beauty, but only for the structure and function of the parts of the rose. He may even cry, See, I have explained this that you call beauty; it is only a complex series of reactions in biochemistry. Whereby he would prove merely that interest in scientific analysis is not an interest in beauty. Yet the personalist would urge that, struggle as he will, the scientist cannot escape from the interest in value. For, although our botanist, as such, has no interest in beauty, he must have a supreme interest in botany. Interest in factual description, analysis, and explanation is a value, itself justified in the end not because parts logically related are revealed, but because of its worth for life as a whole. Science excludes all value but its own; yet if it claims value for itself it opens the whole problem of value and subjects itself to the laws of a universe that it knows not of.

What may be called the pan-scientific attitude, the attitude of regarding science as the only value, appears to be "self-refuting," for the method of explaining wholes in terms of parts in relation lets the most vital facts slip through its fingers, and tends to the typically materialistic position of explaining the higher in terms of the lower. The appreciation of value is entirely compatible with analysis. The critical analysis of the book of Genesis in no wise affects its literary or religious value. But the interest in literary or religious value is a very different thing from interest in analysis. The latter is an interest in dissection, the former in appreciation. The latter is description of parts, the former is an interpretation of whole works of literature in their relation to life as a whole. We do not need to analyze less, but to unify and interpret more. As a further result of its characteristic interest in analyzing wholes into parts scientific method is essentially incapable of understanding personality. When that method is strictly applied to personality, the result is either associationalism or behaviorism. Associationalism tells us that our self-consciousness is to be explained in terms of the combination of elements, each of which has an existence as an entity by itself. For that view, personality is only a temporary combination of factors, them-

selves essentially impersonal. Behaviorism asserts that personality as revealed in introspective self-consciousness cannot be subject-matter for science at all; science may study the behavior of organisms, but my consciousness is not accessible to you, nor yours to me. Hence, in its extreme form, behaviorism rejects consciousness in the ordinary sense entirely, and recognizes only the responses of our organism to stimuli. Professor Sorley justly calls our attention again, in this connection, to Goethe's lines:

> To understand the living whole
> They start by driving out the soul;
> They count the parts, and when all's done
> Alas! The spirit-bond is gone.

The second reason why scientific method must fail in philosophy was that it precludes the recognition of a moral and religious world order. This follows necessarily from what has been said. If a method be unable to give an account of value or of personality in ordinary human experience how much less would it be capable of recognizing value and personality as metaphysical principles! Either a supreme moral personality, the home and guarantee of the values of life, does exist or He does not. If he does, he must, for the reasons stated in the case of human personality, forever escape any knowledge on the part of scientific method. If he does not, a method not fitted to recognize his existence is equally unfitted to prove his non-existence.

If we are to understand another personality, human or divine, we must seek to appreciate it as a whole; and this means that we must form hypotheses with reference to the plans and purposes and the integrity of that personality and his total attitude toward us. These hypotheses can never be said to be wholly verified; we test them by experience and by reflection. More or less gradually we find the major outlines of our understanding of the person reaching what for us is an absolute certainty, a whole-hearted trust (or distrust): and yet we have to admit that such certainty cannot be verified by the means open to the sciences. Scientific method, rigidly applied, makes it impossible to find God, even if he is there. Personalistic method gives us a fighting chance to come to an understanding with him, if not to an understanding of him.

It challenges us to a great spiritual adventure. If the soul of man utterly rejected that challenge life would still survive, and many of its satisfactions remain, but the highest and best would vanish. In that case, as Professor Hocking finely says, "It is only the enthusiasts for a far-off good, for an endlessly progressive humanity, for a profound and logical love of life, that would be cut off; it would be only the martyrs that have played the fool; only to saints and sages the world has lied." Personalistic method may, then, be regarded as the proper instrument for a philosophy of life and value. Let us consider certain specific reasons for this assertion.

First, personalism is a fruitful hypothesis. Science and philosophy alike advance only by developing working hypotheses which depend for their creation on fertile and disciplined imagination. But there is an important difference between scientific and personalistic uses of hypothesis. Inductive logic teaches that one of the fundamental requirements of a good hypothesis is that it shall be such that deductions may be drawn from it. In the case of most successful scientific hypotheses at least two characteristics of these deductions stand out. They are mathematically exact, and they render possible precise predictions of future events. Neither of these traits is possessed by the hypothesis of personalism. It has therefore been charged that it is not fruitful; that from the hypothesis that there is a personal God no specific consequences follow. No differences will be made in the methods or the results of the sciences whether there be a God or no God. Yet that hypothesis makes other differences; differences in the value of life, in moral attitude, in hope for this life and the life to come, in faith in the trustworthiness of things. What cannot be achieved in the life of a man who believes in God! Yet the hypothesis that produces such results is condemned as unfruitful because those results are not mathematically precise!

Secondly, scientific method itself, as we have already seen, is never absolutely pure, but always makes assumptions regarding value. It assumes that knowledge itself is a value and that in seeking it we are morally bound to be logical. It further assumes that certain types of knowledge are of greater value than other types. No love of truth, however objective, could ever justify the

effort to discover some truths. There are questions that doubtless have a true answer, but neither science nor philosophy ought to try to answer them. There is the problem as to how far a human being could count if he gave all his life to counting; or the problem as to the number of impossibilities that the human mind can conceive; to which may be added not a few of the subjects that doctors of philosophy have taken very seriously. Knowledge that is not valuable for the purposes of personality ought to be disregarded. Without this assumption science cannot arise. Every human enterprise hinges on an ought; an imperative that commands us to measure all our aims in life from the standpoint of their value to life as a whole. This element of faith in science is all the more sharply emphasized by the fact that scientists often devote themselves to problems the value of which is not evident or immediate. Such faith as to ultimate value for the whole of life is the sufficient and only justification of Greek Grammar, or trigonometry, or chemistry, or what we call culture in general. Culture that does not recognize moral value as possessing supreme authority over every human task becomes Kultur, or profiteering, or red radicalism, or lawless and arbitrary conservatism, or some other of the conscienceless things that haunt our age. Utterly impersonal science is in the last analysis just as dangerous. The danger is averted only in so far as men of science have consciences, and ideals of service and usefulness to humanity that cannot be verified in any laboratory; in short, because they set a value on human life, and are personalists in spite of themselves.

Thirdly, personalistic method emphasizes an aspect of the ethics of belief that is often overlooked. We have rightly been told of the immorality of belief without sufficient evidence. The sins of credulity, gullibility, blind faith are without doubt exceeding sinful. But the warning against those sins is only one half, and the negative half, of the ethics of belief. Much deeper and more positive is the duty of thinking, of solving the problems of life, of launching out from the little island of the known into the ocean of mystery that surrounds us. This duty is the first and greatest command of personalistic method. William James has defended the "will to believe" with his characteristic vigor. An-

other, in gentler, feminine tones, has pleaded for "the right to believe." Personalism, with its conviction that morality is the heart of life, may well speak more sternly of "the duty to believe." This does not mean the duty to believe everything that other personalities believe or that has been handed down by tradition. As philosophical principle it would mean that for explaining all of the data of experience we are in duty bound to form and accept the best working hypothesis that we can devise or imagine. Thus has science been built up. Thus also has humanity arrived at its great fundamental religious convictions. The moral law commands the development of personality, individual and social, in all its highest powers and functions. Equipped with a commission from that law Aristotle discovered logic, Columbus faced the perils of an unknown ocean, Darwin's imagination framed the great hypothesis of natural selection, and the prophets found God. Without the impulse to grow and reach beyond our present limits civilization would be impossible and man would descend to a vegetable existence. Human thought not only is permitted to believe the best it can find, it is morally commanded to believe it until it can find a better.

Fourthly, the history of philosophy tends strongly to confirm these results. Personalism bases its philosophy of life on the assumption that the moral (and the allied religious) interests of the human mind are fundamental to philosophy, and in particular to any just estimate of the place and function of science. Professor Bowne contended for this position with all his acute logic and profound insight. It is conceivable that a critic might inquire whether Professor Bowne's interest in the moral and religious was not perhaps a mere personal peculiarity of his temperament, an idiosyncrasy, revealing the bent of his genius but not corresponding with reality. To such a criticism it may be replied, first of all, that it would be contrary to Professor Bowne's whole type of thought to assert that personalism was capable of a "rigor and vigor" proof so adequate that one could intellectually demonstrate its finality. If anything is obvious it is that no philosophical view is capable of such demonstration. If it were, there would be as great agreement among the thinkers in the field of philosophy as

there is among mathematicians or natural scientists. Such agreement does not exist, not even among the six American philosophers who hoped to produce it by scientific method and a neo-realistic platform.

But there is a kind of agreement among the greatest philosophers that speaks strongly for the truth of personalism. Whatever differences there are among them, in their purely intellectual interpretations, all thinkers of first rank have recognized in one way or another the supremacy of the moral and religious values. With Plato the idea of the Good was chief in the hierarchy of ideas. Aristotle was the founder of the science of ethics and a theist. With the Stoics the ethical and religious interests came almost to crowd out all others. Christian philosophers, like Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, built their systems on these assumptions. Even the extreme intellectualist, Spinoza, called his philosophy an "Ethics," and the "Ethics" culminated in the *amor intellectualis dei*, the intellectual love of God. Although this doctrine had the form of godliness while lacking the power thereof, it was a recognition of the true place of religion in life as its deepest fact. Berkeley and Leibnitz were religious personalists. In Immanuel Kant's doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason is affirmed the supremacy of moral over purely theoretical interests. For Hegel, God is the object of philosophy and of religion. Lotze was the German to whom Bowne felt himself nearest. The great figures of contemporary philosophy abroad are in many cases protagonists of what we are calling personalistic method, as opposed to scientific method in philosophy. Witness Bergson's advocacy of intuition as against intellect, and Eucken's conception of Spiritual Life. Both in method and results Englishmen like James Ward, Sorley, Pringle-Pattison, and Rashdall are personalists. The pragmatic Schiller comes to many of the same conclusions. Others, of anti-personalistic temper, recognize the fundamental reality of the highest values. Bosanquet says that "philosophy depends on the religious consciousness; the religious consciousness does not depend on philosophy." And Bradley asserts that "there is nothing more real that what comes in religion." Nor is it without significance that the three giants of American philosophy,

James, Royce, and Bowne, with all their differences, were all three essentially philosophers of religion. Of Bowne this is evident. There may be some question as to the greatest contribution of James, but religion certainly was a major interest of the author of The Varieties of Religious Experience; and the pragmatist, like the personalist, found the basis of religion in the needs of life rather than in an intellectually conclusive demonstration. As for Royce, his first work was The Religious Aspects of Philosophy. His last great work was The Problem of Christianity. His masterpiece was The World and the Individual, Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, aiming at an idealistic account of the relations between God and man. Others of his writings, like The Conception of God and The Sources of Religious Insight, not to mention the Studies of Good and Evil, add to the impression that religion was for him the chief interest. Even neo-realism itself pays tribute to religion. One who proffers a "Philosophy of disillusionment," and repudiates "every moral and spiritual ontology" nevertheless makes the interpretation of religion and morality the most conspicuous result of his work, and announces (with whatever qualifications) his adherence to "meliorism and theism." Another member of the school is an advocate of "a neo-realism of ideals" which asserts that goodness and justice, in true Platonic fashion, are not only the chief interest of man but the chief reality in the universe. How can we account for the tribute thus so widely paid by philosophers of most divers ideas to the moral and religious factors in life and reality? It cannot be accounted for by the fact that the same premises yield the same conclusions, for the logical foundations of the different systems are of almost every possible type. It cannot be accounted for by ecclesiastical or theological prejudice, for the great philosophers have been as brave and as free from prejudice as is possible for men to be. Must one not conclude that the supremacy of the moral and religious values will be the verdict wherever life as a whole is impartially surveyed, and the facts of actual experience are given an opportunity to speak for themselves? But that conclusion is an achievement that every generation must win afresh by intellectual and spiritual struggle against the forces that would disintegrate faith and analyze life

until it is not life, but death. It is suicidal to conduct this struggle as a merely practical affair without the guidance of intelligence, it is no less suicidal to make analytical intelligence an end in itself.

What, then, is the task of philosophy today? How should personalistic method be applied? Should philosophy regard itself as a mere distillation from the special sciences, thus consisting of the most highly generalized results of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and the like? It is not to be denied that there is such a task as the gathering of such results; and it is an important and difficult one. But this is not the distinctive task of the philosopher. There are questions for him to answer that science never raises, but that, if reasonably answered, will give a deeper meaning to the sciences and to all of life. Such questions are these: What indeed are the true values of life? What ought men to strive for? What reality have the objects of man's moral endeavor? Can the data of moral and religious experience be trusted as pointing to an objective reality just as truly as can the data of sense experience—nay, perhaps even more truly? With such problems was the thinking of Borden Parker Bowne chiefly concerned; for an affirmative solution of them he fought with weapons of the spirit, venturing to believe that the highest and best in man is also the truest and most real. It may be that this is sentimentalism and romanticism, as some say; but it brings philosophy (as Socrates brought it) into the marketplace and weds it to the real issues of life. In the world of today, agitated, restless, confused, the philosopher surveying the whole of life in intellectual calm should have some vision, some philosophy of values. The fundamental tenets of personalism seem peculiarly fitted to furnish that vision. The universe is a society of persons. All apparently impersonal objects and forces are really acts of the will of the Supreme Person who seeks to unite all persons in free and intelligent cooperation toward attainment of the good, which is his own purpose. Justice and right are deeper laws of reality than the laws of physics and chemistry. The cooperation of man with man and man with God in the production of worthy personality is not an ideal dream, but the very eternal goal of the universe. Such philosophy will regard the world of race riots, of international rivalries in a League of

Nations struggling to be born, of economic chaos and social confusion, with a calm eye, *sub specie aeternitatis,* but it will also be inspired with love; not merely the Spinozistic intellectual love of God, but with a personal love for persons, human and divine, as the highest form of knowledge. Philosophy will then believe and do more than scientific method can demonstrate; and only thus will it find a program that really interprets life. Happily we do not have to choose between an abstract scientific philosophy, empty of vital contact with life, and an unintelligent life, blind and thoughtless. The Bowne message is that philosophy can live and life can think while both together work in the production of the highest values.

Edgar S. Brightman

PRESENT TENDENCIES IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION[1]

At a recent conference in New York city called to consider the formation of public opinion in the interests of religious education, a group of between fifty and sixty representative editors and educators found themselves in complete agreement regarding the fact of an existing national emergency in religious education. The united judgment of this group was based upon the clear recognition of certain nation-wide conditions variously set forth in recent statistics to which the Educational Survey Department of the Interchurch World Movement is directing general attention. These conditions are now fairly well known in religious and educational circles. They may be succinctly summarized in five negative statements, as follows:

(1) There are in America to-day actually many millions of children and young people as well as adults who are as yet not reached by any religious-educational influence.

(2) The amount of time given to the religious training of those who are reached is inadequate.

(3) The work of religious teaching in large measure is conducted by untrained, immature, unsupervised voluntary teachers and officers.

(4) The body of available curriculum material is inadequate.

(5) The work of religious education receives very meager financial support.

To meet these pressing needs it is proposed to launch a nation-wide program of immediate advance in an endeavor to carry religious training to every child in the nation; to secure more time for religious education through week-day and vacation Bible schools; to provide close supervision and practical training for voluntary workers, with adequate training-school facilities for professional leaders; to enrich courses of study and to secure more adequate financial support.

[1] From the Annual Survey of Progress Presented at the Convention of the Religious Education Association, Pittsburgh, March 20, 1920.

Subscribing to this program the editors and professors present at the conference mentioned by formal resolution pledged their individual and united support for its active promotion through the religious-educational press of North America. The sense of need and of urgency reflected in this statement of conditions and in this suggested larger program is expressed with equal clearness in the "Findings of the National Conference of Church Women," held at Washington, February 7 to 9, 1920; in the "Findings of the National Conference of Laymen," at Pittsburgh, January 31 to February 2, and in the formal resolutions of various ministerial conferences and Interchurch gatherings of laymen now being held in all parts of the United States and Canada. It is this *sense of religious need and this conviction of urgency* that constitutes the most outstanding tendency and the most encouraging single evidence of progress in the religious-educational situation of the present time.

THE SENSE OF RELIGIOUS NEED

As a tendency in current thought, moreover, this sense of religious need is not confined either to church or to religious circles. Nor is it confined to the North American continent. Rather is it the clear ray of hope that pierces through the lingering shadows of a world catastrophe. It is the antidote that promises to check moral and social disintegration in Russia. It is the steadying force in the present chaotic condition of Central Europe. It is the recognized chief asset among the stabilizing social influences in the Allied countries. It is the hope of the Orient. And it is the hope of the world.

It is noteworthy that this need of religion is recognized by men in the business world. The New York Evening Post recently printed, among its financial cable dispatches from London, the statement that one hope of checking the revolt against law and order throughout the world lies in a genuine religious revival. In the judgment of Roger Babson the security of modern business and industry lies not in banks and safety vaults, not in stocks and bonds, but in religion. The only real danger in present world conditions is the absence of religion from certain larger

human activities and from certain social and industrial movements of the present time. To quote Mr. Babson:

> The need of the hour is not more legislation, but more religion. More religion is needed everywhere, from the halls of Congress at Washington to the factories, the mines, the fields, and the forests. *Things* never did satisfy anyone and never will. Satisfaction and contentment are matters of religion. The church is the only great organization which has the opportunity and the machinery to develop the constructive motives of love, sympathy, and cooperation, which really make the world go round.

From the dark early days of the war, when for a time faith in religion faltered, there has been a steadily growing sense of the value and need of these spiritual motives and of religion in the lives and the affairs of men. This is true not only in America, but throughout the world.

Recent press dispatches from Russia indicate that the Bolshevist regime has abandoned its anti-church and anti-religious propaganda, and is seeking to come to terms with the religious organizations and societies in which increasing multitudes of people are finding their only source of comfort and of hope for the future. In Germany and Austria the extreme radicals have been held in check by the powerful forces of organized religion, in alliance with which the moderate socialists have achieved the measure of democracy which now exists in these countries. A letter just received from Professor Ernst von Dobschutz contains this pertinent reference to the present situation in Germany:

> The driving forces of the revolution were in the main anti-church and anti-Christian. While overcoming resistance from without, they have accomplished the disruption of order and security within, and are attempting by every means in their power to rob our people of their faith and morals. In the case of the English revolution and the establishment of the American democracy, it was entirely different. In both these cases religious motives dominated. The worst that can happen to a people is a complete break with its historical development, because then inestimable values are lost.

In the official edition of the new British Educational Act[1] the editor, Sir Montague Barlow, M.P., appeals to the Established Church and to the Free Churches of Great Britain for their sup-

[1] The Education Act, 1918, by Sir Montague Barlow, K.B.E., LL.D., M.P., and Richard Holland.

port and cooperation in extending the benefits of this new educational legislation to all people, and points out some ways in which such support and cooperation can be made effective.

Speaking to a company of British and American passengers on board a trans-Pacific liner on the last night out from San Francisco in February, 1919, Dr. C. C. Wong, government director of the Peking-Hankow Railroad, and financial adviser to the Chinese Peace Delegation at Paris, appealed for reinforcements in the ranks of Christian teachers and missionaries in China in these words:

"You have taken away the ancient religions of the Chinese people. Our temples are forsaken, our idols are for sale in the market places. With the ancient religions has gone that measure of moral control which these religions still exercised over the people as a whole. But you have not sent us a sufficient number of teachers and missionaries to give to the multitudes of China a positive substitute for that which you have taken away. Unless this substitute can be supplied, unless Christian teachers and Christian influences can be multiplied soon, there is no hope of China's achieving a free, stable government or taking her rightful place of responsibility in the fellowship of nations."

At a reception tendered the writer by the Tokyo Committee on Arrangements and Entertainment for the World Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, Marquis Okuma, twice Premier of Japan, and chairman of the committee, said:

"We recognize the fact that Christianity is a great power in America and though now small in Japan our country owes no greater debt to America than through the teaching of Christian ideals, and I believe these ideals will find place in all phases of the life of Japan."

On the same occasion, Baron Sakatani, member of the Committee on Reorganization of the National Educational System, gave the following testimony of Japan's need of religion:

"One recent movement in Japan is toward the complete revision of the educational system. I am a member of the committee that has this revision in charge, and am glad to say that one thing that we have in mind in this reconstruction is the emphasis on religious ideas and imparting them to children. I really think that one of the influences that have been at work to bring about this change is the Sunday school movement."

All who have followed recent social and political developments in the Far East recognize that the welfare of Korea, and

perhaps also of China, together with the hope of democracy in all of Eastern Asia, depends in large measure upon the early democratization of Japan; and that the democratic movement in Japan finds its chief support and encouragement in modern Christian education.

THE SPIRIT AND PRACTICE OF UNITY

Necessity is the mother of cooperation as well as of invention. To war-time necessity we owe much of the inspiration toward that wider cooperation which characterizes the service rendered by the Red Cross, the Christian Associations, the Near East Relief and the War Time Commission of the Federal Council of Churches. When such cooperation is carried over into the work of reconstruction and is accepted as a fundamental working principle in the larger program of religious advance, it constitutes what is really an epoch-making forward step. Such is the situation to-day. No other one tendency in religious work is more full of promise for the future than *the almost universal disposition on the part of religious forces everywhere to get together and to work together in an effective program of social betterment and Americanization through religious education.*

An outstanding example of this closer cooperation is found in the reorganization of Sunday school work on the North American continent. Beginning with the formation of the Sunday School Council in 1910, the evangelical denominations of the United States and Canada have steadily been drawn closer together in every department of Sunday school work. One by one cooperative activities in this field have been transferred from the supervision of purely voluntary or undenominational organizations and placed under the cooperative control of the organized Sunday school agencies of the denominations.

In 1912 The World Sunday School Association, until then an independent body, changed its constitution so as to admit to its executive committee the official representatives of both Sunday school and missionary boards, the denominational Sunday school representatives being appointed from and by the Sunday School Council. The reorganization of the International Sunday School

Lesson Committee upon the same general principles followed in 1914. During the past four years negotiations have been in progress between the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council, with a view to establishing some effective method of coordinating all cooperative efforts in Sunday school work under a unified plan of overhead supervision that would give to the responsible denominational boards full representation both in planning and in executing all interdenominational activities, while at the same time conserving the elements of democratic, voluntary cooperation represented in the plans of organization of the International State Sunday School Associations.

These negotiations have proceeded much more rapidly in Canada than in the United States, resulting first in the organization of the Religious Education Council of Canada, in which all religious educational agencies of the dominion, both denominational and voluntary, are represented, including the Canadian Council of Provincial Sunday School Associations. In the further modification of the Provincial Religious Education Councils, these have actually taken the place of the Provincial Sunday School Associations. Thus, for example, the constitution of the Ontario Religious Education Council carries the subhead "Continuing the Ontario Sunday School Association."

It is reported that these educational councils are meeting every need for effective cooperation by the denominational and voluntary groups, and that the resulting spirit of mutual confidence and good will is even more important and noteworthy than the achievement of improved organization. Present interest in this field in Canada centers in perfecting the organization of the Dominion Board of Religious Education and of the affiliated Provincial boards. More especially also is there interest in providing adequate voluntary financial support for carrying out the larger cooperative program that is contemplated. The recent financial success of the Interchurch Forward Movement in Canada gives promise of the early realization of similar financial objectives in religious education.

Since the beginning of the current year, 1920, final agree-

ment has been reached by the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council with regard to the reorganization of both of these bodies. Under the provisions of this agreement of the denominational Sunday school boards and societies will hereafter appoint half of the members of the Executive Committee of the International Association. The other half will be elected, as heretofore, by States and provinces. The same division of representation applies to membership in the reorganized State associations, and by implication to county and city associations. At the same time the Sunday School Council, which heretofore has consisted wholly of the official Sunday school representatives of denominational boards and societies, will hereafter include in its membership field representatives of organized Sunday school work, both denominational and interdenominational. The agreement under which the reorganization of both the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council is being consummated makes provision for a future merging of both organizations "under a new charter and with a new name." Meanwhile the reorganized Association and Council provide the Sunday school forces of the United States with two effective agencies for cooperation in Sunday school promotion and extension as well as in the intensive development of an educational program for the Sunday school.

No survey of either tendencies or progress in religious education would be complete without special reference to the Interchurch World Movement, under the splendid leadership of which the Protestant churches of North America, for the first time in their history, are uniting forces in support of a reasonable program of Christian advance. Through its Department of Religious Education the Interchurch World Movement proposes to make a complete and accurate survey of religious-educational conditions and needs everywhere. Through its publicity department it purposes to arouse the churches to a keener sense of their responsibility for changing conditions and for meeting the needs revealed by this educational survey. More especially does the movement intend that all unoccupied territory and all neglected fields shall be provided for, and that competition and overlapping in all de-

partments of church work shall, as far as possible, be eliminated. It should be in a position to render most valuable assistance in connection with the problems of community organization for religious education, the coordination of religious education activities in the local church, and the extension of religious educational activities into unoccupied fields.

COURSES OF STUDY

For several years past, including 1919, there has been a steady advance in the use of graded lessons in the Sunday school with an equally marked decline in the use of the International Uniform Lessons. Canada reports a preference for departmentally graded lessons, while in the United States both the International Graded Lessons and the departmental adaptation of these have advanced in use at the expense of the Improved International Uniform System.

Since its reorganization, the International Sunday School Lesson Committee has addressed itself to the task of providing a greater variety of lesson courses for the Sunday school. A special commission of this Committee is making a careful study of existing lesson courses in cooperation with the curriculum survey of the Educational Department of the Interchurch World Movement. Existing teaching materials for various departments are to be tested out and new materials prepared. Through its subcommittee on Adult Courses the Lesson Committee is cooperating with the Commission on Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches in the preparation of special elective courses dealing with the application of Christian principle to problems of industrial and social reconstruction. A special subcommittee is engaged in the preparation of a course of Primary Group Lessons and a course of Junior Group Lessons with a view to their use as alternate courses in place of the Primary and Junior adaptations of the Uniform Lessons. A variety of short elective courses for young people have been prepared and released for publication.

In this connection mention should be made of the partial report of the Commission on Bible study for secondary schools,[1]

[1] Religious Education, December, 1919.

published during the latter part of 1919. Three courses of study have been prepared to serve as component parts of a college entrance unit in Bible study. Each course represents the equivalent of four recitation hours a week for twenty weeks. These courses include the following."

(1) Narratives and Songs of the Old Testament.
(2) History of the Hebrew Commonwealth.
(3) Life and Works of Jesus and Paul.

VOLUNTARY ACTIVITIES WITH YOUNG PEOPLE

Development has been rapid in the field of voluntary activities with young people. The Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and kindred organizations have shown a marked growth, an increasing number of troops being connected with churches and Sunday schools. In Canada the Movement for Efficiency Tests for Boys has "swept the country" apparently because of its emphasis on the all-around training and development of youth as an obligation of religion. In its practical outworking this program seems to succeed remarkably in relating everything in the boy's life to religion. The Movement for Canadian Girls in Training gives promise of success, and is, just at present, attracting much attention. The corresponding movement in the United States, formerly known as the American Standard Program, has become the Christian Citizenship Training Program of the Young Men's Christian Association. It provides for three groups of boys in training: Pioneers (ages 12 to 14), Comrades (ages 15 to 17), Citizens (ages 18 to 20). The handbooks and manuals for leaders for Pioneers and Comrades are available. It is pointed out by the Association leaders that this program is not an organization and that it is not intended as a substitute for Boy Scout programs. Rather is it suggested for supplementary use in conection with the Scout activities as well as independently.

LEGISLATION AND PUBLIC EDUCATION

Present tendencies in general education are in the direction of a completer socialization and Americanization of the public school curriculum and of public school activities generally. Both

these tendencies are seen in the present effort to relate the public school more intimately to the total life and program of the community. Since the establishment in the National Bureau of Education of the "Division of Community Organization," in January, 1916, the development of public school community centers has been rapid. During the past year many of these centers have been made postal service stations as well, thus augmenting the intimacy of their relationship to the home life and daily intercourse of the community. "The conception of the school district community, the final unit in the larger democracies of State and nation, as a little democracy, and the schoolhouse as its capital is becoming more familiar to the people of city, town, and country."[2] This movement toward better community organization is directly related to the Americanization program in which both the public schools and many voluntary organizations, as well as the churches, are deeply interested. During 1919 the national conventions of many organizations made Americanization their principal topic of study. This was true of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and many others.

The Bureau of Education together with the National Children's Bureau has interested itself in the Child Welfare Movement. A general standardization of child welfare has been accomplished. Parent-Teachers Associations connected with the public schools have increased to nearly ten thousand. Every State in the Union has at least a few such organizations, which, according to the Commissioner of Education, "are essentially makers of public opinion for righteousness."[2]

In the category of progress through legislation belong the new State school codes, in the number of which there has been a substantial increase during the past year. These codes in each case summarize and unify the State legislation affecting children and youth with a view to coordinating and standardizing the educational and industrial legislation affecting child life. Here also belongs the Smith-Tower educational bill[3] now before Congress,

[2] Bureau of Education Report, 1919.
[3] Special Bulletin No. 12, National Educational Association.

the provisions of which include the creation of a Federal Department of Education with a Secretary of Education who shall be a member of the President's cabinet. The bill provides for an initial appropriation of $100,000,000, for the removal of illiteracy, for Americanization, for equalizing educational opportunities, for health education and for the preparation of teachers.

TENDENCIES ABROAD

There are indications of progress in the field of religious education in many parts of the world. We desire briefly to call attention to the situation in Europe and in parts of Eastern Asia. Educational interest in Great Britain at present centers in the application of the Education Act of 1918. This act, one of the greatest and most beneficial pieces of legislation ever placed upon the statute books of England, extends the privilege and advantage of an education to every child. It "extends the range of educational effort so as to include all the activities of the young life of the nation—in school and out of school, at work and at play, in sickness and in health, from infancy to the threshold of manhood and womanhood."[4] To the churches, this educational act, while making no direct provision for religious education, presents the opportunity of cooperating with local educational authorities in providing greatly needed additional facilities and teachers, especially in connection with the nurseries and continuation schools to be established throughout the country. In the Sunday school field there has been a notable revival of interest, following a long period of depression, decline and curtailment of Sunday school effort. The British Lessons Council is well organized and issues departmentally graded lessons. Uniform lessons have been definitely discarded.

In France the work of the churches since the war has chiefly concerned itself with the restoration of the devastated areas, the reconstruction of which has been a first consideration for both Catholics and Protestants. Added to this has been the special care for war orphans, leading to a great increase of interest in child life and in child nurture generally. There is widespread demand

[4] Barlow, page 7.

that the educational system of the country contribute with all its force to the process of the national rebuilding that none of the intellectual and moral riches of the race be left untouched; that the national educational policy be made completely democratic. New emphasis is being laid on the importance of religious instruction, for which Thursday afternoon has long been set aside in the public school program. Protestant churches are giving special attention to the Sunday school and Thursday afternoon classes, to teacher training and to the training of children for church membership.

The Federal Constitution of the German Republic declares that "No state church exists in Germany."[5] Freedom is granted for the organization of religious fellowships and societies. All inhabitants of the realm are guaranteed freedom of conscience and of religious faith. Protection is guaranteed for the undisturbed exercise of religious functions. Religious instruction remains a regular part of the school curriculum, except in "secular schools," that is, in schools organized for communities and groups expressly desiring not to have any form of religious instruction. Religious instruction is to be given in harmony with the principles of the religious society to which, in each case, the parents of the children to be instructed belong; or, after a given age, in accordance with the preference of the pupil himself. Both the "confessional" and "simultan" schools are provided for, subject to the expressed preference of the people. Attendance on religious instruction is not compulsory. Teachers are not required to give religious instruction unless they so desire. Detailed regulations are left to the States. The radical adjustments within the local community demanded by these constitutional provisions have led to violent controversy. The church party, both Protestant and Catholic, and conservatives generally, are striving to retain as far as possible the old order of things, including the confessional school and church-supervised instruction. The radicals, on the other hand, are demanding the complete elimination of religious instruction from the curriculum. Between these extremes are the moderate liberals, including large numbers of teachers, who desire the retention of religious instruction in the curriculum as a literary-historical sub-

[5] Federal Constitution, Article 137ff.

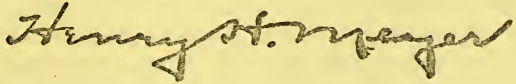
ject, without the dogmatic element, and entirely free from ecclesiastical supervision and control. To the average German churchman, the separation of church and state and the secularization of education appears to be a surrender of fundamental principles and a step toward irreligion and materialism. The moderate liberals, on the contrary, welcome the changes made possible under the new constitution as an emancipation from narrow dogmatism and from ecclesiastical domination. The immediate effect of voluntary attendance has been to greatly reduce the size of the classes in religious instruction; but the supposition of those who have long been champions of reform in religious education, is that in the end the free development of religion and religious teaching will more than compensate for temporary losses and for difficulties natural to such a period of transition from the old order to the new.

In Eastern Asia, China is perhaps the most important, as it is by far the most promising field for service through religious education. A recent special report of the Bureau of Education on Modern Education in China indicates very clearly the strategic importance occupied by Christian schools in relation to the total program of education in China. In this report the work of Christian education in China is given much space and the importance of missionary cooperation with the public school is emphasized. China has a population of school age in excess of 50,000,000, and yet the facilities and teaching force at present available for a national program of education can minister, and actually do minister, to only one-twelfth of this school population, that is, to about 4,000,000. In such a situation it is natural that the sympathetic cooperation of mission schools is welcomed by progressive native leaders in the educational field. Concerning the standing and work of Protestant mission schools the report says:

> Protestant missions are aiming to furnish China with a thoroughly standardized and coordinated system of Christian education, emphasizing quality rather than quantity, so as to provide educated leadership in the various professions and vocations, and an intelligent and reasonably educated church membership and trustworthy citizenship, who will constructively influence their community life. This is serving as a challenge and a corrective to the national schools of similar grade.

In the narrower field of Sunday-school work the progress is encouraging. In centers like Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, and Canton there are large, well-equipped schools that are setting a high standard for the whole republic. Good Sunday-school literature is available chiefly in the Mandarin. During the past two years a beginning has been made in the publication of this literature in the simplified phonetic language.

Preparations are well advanced for the World Sunday School Convention to be held at Tokyo in October of this year. In connection therewith an effort is being made to raise a fund of $250,000 for Sunday school work in Japan. There is also a movement on foot for a great Christian university to be established at Tokyo. The doors are not closed to Christian education in Japan. The Sunday school idea has gripped the imagination of this alert, progressive, literate, and most energetic people—a people among whose outstanding characteristics must be counted their intense love for children and their passionate devotion to education. The Christian movement in Japan is not lagging. The Japanese mind is open toward Christianity. All the forces making for democracy find in it their strong support and their constant inspiration. Its method is that of the Master, who charged his disciples to "teach all nations" and who came that men everywhere might have *life in greater abundance.*



FOUR REMARKABLE MEN[1]

These four men are associated in my mind with a certain house of quiet and solid dignity on Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn. The house itself is articulate to those who know it best with a stately and urbane friendliness. I am quite sure that it is conscious that the portals which it swings open have seen numbers of men and women of distinguished ways of thinking and feeling and living pass within. The house carries an air of fine composure and distinction.

My first contact with the family does not have to do with this house, however. It goes back to a summer day on Long Island. I had been preaching that morning at a tiny church on the north shore. The church was so small that one of my friends in theological school used to say it was about the size of a watch charm. In this church one found of a Sunday an interesting group of men and women whose summer homes were near as well as a group of generous and friendly people who lived in the neighborhood through the whole year. At the close of the service I was carried off to the summer dwelling of a family which at once made a powerful impression upon my mind and my imagination. The table talk had a range and a fascination which went to the head of a certain young theological student like rare old wine. And I may say in passing that in the years which have followed I have never heard better talk on either side of the Atlantic than that to which I have listened in this circle. In the finest and the sincerest sense the members of this household were at home with ideas. There was high seriousness and authentic mental curiosity. You found your mind quickened, and you found your powers of expression challenged by the very quality of your environment.

Some years later I found myself pastor of the Summerfield Church in Brooklyn. This church with its tradition of masterful and thoughtful preaching had an inevitable and profound influence upon a sensitive and responsive young minister. There was a

[1] Dr. Kelley has not seen this article and does not know its contents. O. S. Baketel.

quality of dignity about its interior which seemed occupied with the precious memories of other days. I am afraid that I must confess that much as I appreciated the friendly welcoming atmosphere of the church when it had been redecorated I felt a profounder appeal in the dim and somber quiet of the building before any change was made. The past of this church at once made friends with me. And besides all the other happy experiences at Summerfield I shall always be grateful for the silent voices which used to speak in the old church.

Henry C. M. Ingraham was at the time the president of the board of trustees of the Summerfield Church. He was near to the close of his brilliant career as a lawyer and I must believe that his mind was at its ripest and its best. His home on Clinton Avenue was not far from the church and he still occupied in the summer the delightful spot on Long Island of which I have already written. Many men have spoken of his legal powers, of his services as the president of the board of trustees of Wesleyan University, of the contribution which he made to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I am concerned here with the man as I came to know him while I was his pastor. All of the four men of whom I am writing had an extraordinary capacity for giving themselves in hearty friendship to young men. All knew how to talk. And all knew how to listen. And into their ears one young man poured his thoughts, his ideals, his crystallizing convictions. If they were sometimes amused by the immaturity of his mind or the huge enthusiasm with which he discovered things which have been known for a thousand years they never revealed it to the young fellow who so eagerly sought their company. They paid him the subtle compliment of assuming an equality of mind which, of course, did not exist. But this very delicate and gracious intellectual courtesy did far more to form and discipline his mind than he himself knew. I can see Mr. Ingraham now sitting in his home with a certain illusive brightness about his face and a composed and urbane good fellowship about his whole bearing. He had read widely. He had thought profoundly. He spoke with an easy command of elastic and yet superbly solid English. His mind was that of a

poised and careful jurist which moved inevitably and naturally in the channels of a cautious and vital conservatism. Naturally, also, there was a good deal of the healthy radicalism of young blood about the minister and sometimes there were quick and decisive exchanges of opinions which did not at all agree. I remember one or two times when the infinitely vivacious and dramatically democratic personality of Colonel Roosevelt was the subject of discussion. Mr. Ingraham was not one of those who surrendered to the allurement of the leadership of his great contemporary. It used to seem that some more stately and older life than that of our bustling Republic had produced the fine mellowness and the hearty erudition of Mr. Ingraham. And all the while he was giving something memorable to those about him. One of my last memories of him has to do with a reception given to Judge George G. Reynolds. Tribute after tribute was paid to the aged jurist that night. It was good to his friends to listen to all the glowing words. But through the evening I kept watching the face of Mr. Ingraham. It was a wonderful night for him. A friend whom he dearly loved was receiving appreciation which he highly merited. And as he listened the face of Mr. Ingraham was quite shining with happiness. It was perhaps his last appearance at a public gathering. For in a few days came the sudden attack which he himself had foreseen and for which he was quietly waiting in these last years to lighten with the gold of the setting sun.

The second of the four men was Judge Reynolds, of whom I have just spoken. He was over ninety years of age when I first met him. And he was the very youngest of the wonderful old men whom I have known. He dined out a good deal. I often met him at the Ingraham home. And it was always a favor if one was allowed to sit near to him. His body was quite incidental. The really important matter was the fresh and vigorous and vital mind of him.

I know only from others of the legal triumphs of Judge Reynolds and of his career as an able and wise jurist. But I can well understand how that mind, with its habit of brushing aside the incidental and coming to the heart of things, must have made for the effective and convincing exposition of the merits of any case

which he was discussing. And it is easy to feel the quality of just and adequate perspective which his very presence would bring into a court room as he presided on the bench. His mind had a crystal clearness which caused any idea with which he was dealing to stand out with a certain sharpness. He spoke with simplicity, and he was always more than modest even in his methods of expression. But the prolonged discipline of his mental life, and the habit of seeing steadily and clearly and of speaking with precision were expressed by him quite unconsciously all the while. He was constantly interested in the things about which other people were thinking. He sought the society of young people. As time passed on and many of his contemporaries passed out of this life's activities, with no disloyalty to them he kept forming new ties. If he could have lived several hundred years he would never have outlived his friends because he was always making new ones. Toward the very end of his life he wrote a carefully prepared speech for a certain occasion of importance. When the night came he was so deeply stirred that he put aside his soberly articulated address and made a speech warm with the inspiration of the occasion. Both speeches were published as illustrations of the vital mental energy of this wonderfully young old man. Judge Reynolds was a sort of incarnation of the fountain of perpetual youth. When the thought of old age comes to me I think of him a bit wistfully and wonder if I shall ever prove that I have learned even a little of his secret.

The third of the men of whom I am writing is Dr. William V. Kelley. This is the last article I am writing for the Review before the meeting of the General Conference and if Dr. Kelley insists upon retiring it will be the last article I will contribute to the magazine while it is "his Review." There are some things which I want to say. I am trying to take every precaution to prevent this article from coming under his eyes before it is printed. If he sees it in proof I claim certain rights which he cannot ignore. The time has come when I have a right to have my say.

Before going to Summerfield I knew Dr. Kelley. Indeed he had written to me one of his individual and stimulating letters just by way of putting a bit of new light into a young man's eye. But

it was at Summerfield and in connection with the Ingraham circle that I came to know him in a really close and intimate fashion. He had a pew in Summerfield Church and it was always a notable day when his erect figure walked down the aisle and he took his place. He fell into the way of calling the preacher "my minister," a custom which continued long after the end of the Summerfield pastorate. The evenings when Dr. Kelley and Judge Reynolds and Mr. Ingraham were all together in the home in Clinton Avenue were times all glowing in one's memory. Dr. Kelley, essentially a Christian humanist, was sensitive in the most amazing fashion to the slightest shades of cadence in the music of a phrase. To him words have always been live things. And beauty is always near to him, a creature of sunlight and shimmering wings. We all know about his writings. We have long ago surrendered to the spell of his gift for trenchant and telling phrase, his sudden illuminating figures, the wealth of historical and literary allusion, the passion for truth and beauty, especially for that moral and spiritual beauty which is most remote and elusive of all. We know how he bends words like slaves or caresses them like old and dearly loved friends. He is on intimate terms with an immense number of words. They recognize his voice, and when he calls them they come. I am not sure that I should have used that figure of the slave driver. After all he is a shepherd of words, and he delights to lead them to green pastures and by still waters. But while all this is true of Dr. Kelley's writing if you want to see his mind at its best you must listen to his talk in a little circle of people whom he trusts and loves. Voice and words are wedded together. There is the flash of wit, the glow of gentle humor, the gleam of irony, there is the etching of an unforgetable picture with the strokes of a few effective words, there is altogether the revelation of a personality which has united the Hebrew love of righteousness and the Greek love of beauty in the bonds of harmonious and indissoluble wedlock. So it was in the hours at the home on Clinton Avenue. So it has been in many another spot. Probably no contemporary man of letters carries so much of the beauty of all the ages with him, the beauty expressed in immortal exquisite words.

The fourth of the men was Dr. James M. Buckley. He has been much in the minds of all and his passing has brought his whole career once more before us. Doubtless in full and adequate fashion the REVIEW will speak of him to its readers. But that more ample treatment leaves room for the words which I have to say about him in connection with the little circle of which I am now writing. He had been a pastor of Summerfield Church. The very year when I was appointed there, we spent the time of the meeting of the New York East Conference together at the home of the Hoyts in Stamford. It chanced that the host and his family were away—in Europe, I think—at the time. And as it happened we had a good many hours alone together. I remember that afterward in his mathematical way Dr. Buckley made a calculation as to how long a period of time of ordinary friendly meeting was really represented by those days of intensive companionship. As a matter of fact intensive is just the word I want. Dr. Buckley was considering the advisability of trusting me with the Sunday School Lesson Exposition page in the Advocate at which I had been working for a few weeks as a result of the suggestion of Dr. Joy. Before making a more permanent arrangement Dr. Buckley wanted to know what I thought about every subject concerning which I had any ideas at all. There were long walks alone. There were hours in the library of the Hoyt home. It was an examination conducted for a series of days. In the days which followed until his retirement from the Advocate there were many times of the most happy and intimate contact. He had very close relations with the circle of whom I have spoken. I remember with what vigorous phrases he expressed his admiration of the intellectual strength and philosophical grasp of the lady who presided in the home on Clinton Avenue. He came to Brooklyn to utter his own word on the day when we gathered about the silent form of the master of the Brooklyn house, and he was always keenly alive to all the interests of the group for whom that home was a kind of Mecca. Dr. Buckley was living a growing mental life all the while. He told me of discussing problems of the historical criticism of the Old Testament with W. Robertson Smith. He added that he found that he agreed substantially with Smith's

position. Perhaps one may be permitted now to speak of one incident. I was greatly exercised over the attack which was being made upon Dr. McFarland, then the editor of the Sunday school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and very keen about helping him in some indirect way. I wrote an editorial on the subject "Freshmen Entering a New World," and in discussing the problems of the college student in relation to the Bible vigorously supported the general position which Dr. McFarland had taken without mentioning him by name. Dr. Buckley was interested in the editorial and sympathized with its purpose. He went over it, revamped it by putting in a number of his own characteristic phrases, but leaving the essential meaning quite intact. When the editorial appeared Mrs. Ingraham disconcerted me a little by saying: "That editorial sounds like you." Somehow I managed to escape confession. Dr. McFarland promptly took advantage of the editorial, though he knew nothing of its origin, and republished it in one of the Sunday school periodicals.

Probably the thing about Dr. Buckley least suspected by those who did not know him intimately was the warmth of his affection. We all knew the keen edge of his sword and his friends were never sure of escaping its blade. I shall never forget the vigor with which he dissected a speech of mine in the New York preachers' meeting. I had claimed that the big moral fights come while people are young, hence the importance of youth. Dr. Buckley produced what seemed masses of facts and figures to prove that very often people are respectable until they are middle aged or old and then comes the pressure of terrible temptation and they go down. After quite submerging me beneath his caustic criticism he went off to lunch with me and we had a splendid hour together. Many of the ministers who live about New York must remember one of his most terrible pieces of verbal surgery when he rose to move a vote of thanks regarding the address of a distinguished contemporary whose theological position he thoroughly distrusted. The words in which he couched his motion constituted a scathing criticism of the position of the speaker and it was all done with such silken gentleness that the irony was the more deadly. The secret of Dr. Buckley's own position was in the fact that he knew

the meaning of evangelical religion as a matter of personal experience, and he insisted that all which he accepted and made his own must come to a harmonious relationship with that fundamental fact. One of the memories I particularly cherish is of a night when we were alone together and he quoted to me, with a voice full of the deepest quality of response, a poem which had appealed to him. The keen debater and the adroit parliamentarian seemed far away that night. He was ready to put himself out in an unusual fashion to be of service to a young man. And one soon learned that a very kind heart was back of his sharp blade.

Other men are associated in my mind with the circle of whom I have spoken. All of the four had profound connections with Wesleyan University, in fact all four were trustees. And Mr. Ingraham had a particularly warm admiration for men of the Middletown circle like Professor Van Vleck, Professor Rice, Professor Winchester, and President Raymond. But this larger group is outside the range of this article and was known to me in no such intimate fashion. The thing which impresses me as I look back upon the happy days when I received so much from these men is just the fact that they were all Methodists and in a notable sense represented the finest culture which our ecclesiastical type has produced in America.

Always in the background of the group was a benign and noble figure. I came within the life of the circle too late to know him, but often in the Ingraham home I would find myself looking up at the portrait of Bishop Andrews and feeling that he was a part of the finely urbane life there represented. His presence was still felt although he had gone with high indomitable spirit on the great adventure. What a debt we all owe to the whole group. And how needful it is that we keep burning the torches they gave us. Christian humanism must not be allowed to perish from the Methodist Episcopal Church. That is only another way of saying that in the noblest way this church must serve the world.

Lynn Harold Hough

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

"And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing; and he saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard." Matthew 20. 6, 7.

His real name was Bachiya, a name that brings a smile to any one who knows the meaning of the word. He was Bachiya as a boy of the village, Bachiya when he was married, and Bachiya till the white hairs took possession of the black in his hair and beard. Then suddenly they changed his name from Bachiya to Buddha—almost in a day he passed from "calf" to "old man." But somehow between the calf and the old man there had been left out for him that period when he should have been recognized as "man"—plain man, having a man's native rights and a man's dignities.

The village was not entirely to blame for this great neglect. How should a village of India know that a *bhangi* (sweeper, scavenger) had any rights or dignities? No one in its hearing had ever preached so radical a doctrine. If the wise men of the village knew nothing of "man created free and equal," how could you expect Bachiya himself or any of his fellows to suspect so wonderful a thing? In fact, Bachiya was honored by his name, for it glorified his low estate. To be called a female calf was to be called by something very high and holy, something destined to grow into the sacred cow which two thirds of India worships. So far above a man is a female calf in India!

There was nothing high or holy about Bachiya. You needed but to look into his face to be assured as to that. He was but a lump of sticky clay; there were no signs of any potter's hand upon him. No great experience had ever swung him round upon its wheel. No Creator had ever tried to create anything out of Bachiya except bare hands to pick up cow-dung off the village ways and bare legs to carry it to his home, there to shape it into fuel to cook his meager food.

And now Bachiya had become an old man. If in the cow-dung Bachiya had failed to find a soul for himself, surely Buddha, the old man, with his dim eyes, could never see it, or with his trembling fingers lift it out! If eleven hours had given no vision at all, what chance was there that the twelfth hour would prove an apocalypse?

So it was that day the Master of the village walked into its

market place. Evidently he had not been there before, for no one recognized him, neither *pandits,* nor landlords, nor merchants. Of course the sweepers did not even know that villages have masters.

The Master walked into the market place and stood before the booth of the grain merchant. Madho, the *banya* (grain merchant), had opened his sacks and tipped them till they spilled their contents in display upon the ground. The Master, being high caste, freely put his fingers into the *dal* and *chana,* the *bajra* and *juar,* the *dhan* and *chawal.*

"To whom belong these?" asked the Master.

There was something impressive about his manner and his voice, and the *banya* looked hard at him, ere he replied with a respectful smile:

"To you—when you have paid the price."

"You have spoken truth, *banya ji,*" and the Master smiled in turn, "I have already paid the price—a heavy one—for these—and you."

Madho raised his head in great surprise—

"For me? Go I with my wares, stranger?" And he laughed at the Master standing there.

"It is the rule, *Banya ji.* Men and their wealth ever travel the same road. I would have you with your wares." The Master looked into the eyes of the grain merchant.

"For what?" asked Madho. He was nervously fingering his knitted money bag.

"For the *Raj* (kingdom) of Honest-dealing and Pity-for-the hungry."

"What do I get from the bargain?" Madho asked quizzically.

"You get honest-dealing and pity in return," answered the Master.

"Your words are soft and have a pleasant sound," said Madho. "I will consider them." He sat in meditation, while the Master watched him there. Then a thought came to his mind—he lifted his bag of silver rupees, jingled it, undid its strings, and poured its contents into his palm. Carefully selecting the brightest coin, he held it up as he spoke:

"Stranger, *banyas* are men that look closely to their bargains. You make me one offer, my money-bags make me another. We always test by touch and sound. I have felt the touch of your words. They are soft and the sound is sweet. This shining rupee is hard; let me hear its voice ere I decide. Speak, silver!"

He flipped the rupee into the air. It turned over and over with a ringing sound, then fell heavily on the brick floor.

Madho picked it up and closed his eyes in deep concentration ere he said:

"Stranger, the heavier is the better bargain. The sound of the rupee has better tone than the sound of your words. I keep to the money-bag." So saying he turned abruptly to a customer who was about to ask the day's market price of flour.

The Master passed on and came to the village letter writer, the *"pandit,"* as he was called with all reverence. He was the one man who could read and write in all that village. Sitting on his haunches he was writing a letter from dictation. The coarse *badami* (almond-colored) paper rested upon a wooden slate on his knee and the reed pen, cut obliquely at the point, scratched out its message in purple ink and *Nagri* character. From below his little round woolen cap, mouse-gray in color, the end of the sacred lock of hair could be plainly seen. The Master stood watching him as he folded the letter, addressed it, and handed it to be posted as it was (for what does a village know of postage stamps? Let the man who receives the letter pay for it). The *Pandit* laid down his slate, picked up his book, and began to chant to himself from the Puranas. The Master drew near:

"Pandit ji, I have a letter I would have you write," and he sat down opposite, face looking into face.

"Back! Not too close! I know not your caste," the *Pandit* spoke, stirring the purple ink with the reed pen.

"I am high-born," said the Master, and kept his place.

The *Pandit* took a fresh sheet and rapidly filled in the usual introduction of greeting and assurance that all was well with the writer and of hope that such was also the case with him who was addressed. When he came to the *"Ziyada hal"*—the "further news"—he cleared his throat and was ready for the Master:

"Speak! What would you say in the letter?" asked the *Pandit.*

"Write!" said the Master, eyeing him closely. "Write: 'I know that the *Raj* (kingdom) needs men who can read and write and teach so that the countless *lakhs* (a hundred thousand) of ignorant and foolish in India may learn the truth that will set them free."

"To whom are you writing this?" asked the *Pandit,* looking up in great surprise.

"To the *Maharaja adhiraja* (Great King) who governs the realm of Truth. Write further."

The *Pandit* wrote as in a dream—

"I am therefore enlisting for this service the *Pandit* of this village, who—"

"Hold!" cried the *Pandit* as he stuck his pen across his ear, and put the cork into the glazed ink-pot. "The realm of Truth is in the *Shastras* (Hindu sacred scriptures) and the *Shastras* are for high-caste men. We live off Truth. How much living would we have if we shared Truth with the horde? How many letters would I write if these villagers wrote for themselves?"

"You have narrowed Truth over much, *Pandit ji*," said the Master. "It is wide enough to feed all men, with its great stretches of irrigated land lying along deep rivers. You have made it a land of shallow wells, which only the few can work."

"I know it as the fathers have left it to us," and the *Pandit's* features were distorted as he spoke. "Cursed is he who destroys the heritage of our fathers, who lifts the boundary-stones of their fields of knowledge!"

So saying he tore what he had been writing into tiny shreds and threw them into the Master's face, not knowing nor caring to know who He was.

So the Master rose and came into the courtyard of the *Zamindar* (landlord and landowner), which abutted on the market-place. The *Zamindar* was idle that morning, having the day before made the inspection of his fields. He was reclining on his hemp-woven bamboo cot, the great *hookah* (Turkish pipe) with polished brass base and long stem beside him. His little daughter, Jamniya, had just filled the pipe with water to cool the smoke and the clay bowl with lighted charcoal and black tobacco. The *Zamindar* puffed the cool smoke in long and gurgling draughts. He was thinking of the *Kharif* (autumn) harvest, almost ripe for the cutting, and of his son, who had gone that morning to the city for twenty new sickles, so great was the yield that autumn.

The Master stood in the doorway. The *Zamindar* rose and welcomed him as a stranger, seating him on the cot, and lifting the clay bowl from his *hookah* passed it to him to smoke. The Master but touched it with his hand and the *Zamindar* returned it to its place. Jamniya was ordered to prepare and bring the *pan* (a spicy condiment). Together the two men sat on the cot.

"I have been in your market-place, *Zamindar sahib*, looking for

helpers to aid me in my task, but I have found no one. So I came to you."

"The *Maharaj* is——" and the *Zamindar* looked questioningly into the Master's face.

"A *Zamindar*," said the Master.

"How many *bighas?*" (a half acre) asked the *Zamindar.*

"A very great many. I am the largest landholder in these parts," answered the Master.

The *Zamindar* rose, bowed in great respect, and ordered Jamniya to make haste with the *pan.* He drew up another *khattiya* and placed it some distance from the Master before he sat upon it. Then he apologized in great humility—

"The *Maharaj* will understand that laborers are very few."

"I understand it," answered the Master.

"And that the harvest this year is *very great.*"

"I understand it," answered the Master. "It bends heavily for the cutting, field after field. I have therefore come to you."

The *Zamindar's* own necessity struggled with his politeness before he answered by way of compromise—

"I might send three or four—"

"And come yourself," spake the Master.

"I?" said the *Zamindar,* as if struck a blow. "I have my own sickles to watch and my own oxen who tread the grain. I must see myself to the winnowing and the doing into sacks, or there will be carelessness and loss. What strength or time have I for the *Maharaj's* fields?"

"You can reap my fields even while you reap your own," said the Master, and for a long time he spoke of fields of kindness to the lowly, of justice to the poor who rented from him, and of great generosity to the outcastes who lived within his village.

"The *Maharaj* does not understand," answered the *Zamindar.* "I must leave wealth to my son. As I received the estate so must I pass it on. The *Maharaj* will forgive me if I heed not all his precepts."

So saying he conducted the Master with great politeness to the edge of the village, and left Him there.

Now Bachiya lived at the edge of the village. *Bhangis* never live anywhere else. It was the sunset hour by now. The sun was low and the sky glowed in the west behind the row of babool trees that fringed the distant river. Bachiya was kneading fuel cakes of clay and dung

and straw, and his naked little grandson played beside him. At a stone-throw's distance, their baskets thrown down, the women could be heard chattering together in empty talk. They were surprised to see a stranger stop and sit down before Bachiya. The little group of three was somehow framed in the glory of the sunset. The chatter ceased in wonder at the sight—

"Knows he not that the old man is a *Bhangi?*" whispered one woman to the rest.

The old man had not seen or heard the stranger, for his sight was dim and his hearing, as he put it, was "high." The boy had run to his grandfather and with his arms about the old man's neck was clinging to him and staring at the stranger. It was really to the boy that Bachiya spoke so roughly—

"*Hat!* Away! See you not that I am in the *gobar* (cow-dung)? Why do you draw so near?" He shook off the boy and in doing so saw the Master. Then he was overwhelmed.

"It was not to you, *Maharaj,* but to the boy," he said, with folded hands. Then he moved back. "My shadow is upon you—"

"Your shadow has been long upon me," said the Master, "longer than you know."

"Have you been sitting here so long? I did not know it," said the old man, trembling.

"Your shadow is still upon me," said the Master.

Bachiya moved farther and farther back.

"Shadows are long in the evening hour—I forgot."

"Stop," said the Master. "Your shadow will never lift from me till the morning comes and the shadows fall the other way."

"The morning. The morning." It was clear that Bachiya did not comprehend.

"There is less than an hour until darkness," said the Master. "I have been seeking laborers in your village this day. They have all failed me. Old man, give me your strength for an hour's toil—"

"My weakness, *Maharaj.*" The old man's face was softening.

"Call it what you will," said the Master.

"And the task?" asked Bachiya. "I am but a *Bhangi.*"

"To live among the *Bhangis,*" said the Master.

"Doing what?" asked Bachiya. His face was puzzled and yet eager. The small grandson looked from one to the other in wonder at them both. "What would the *Maharaj* have me do among the *Bhangis?*"

"To turn their faces toward the morning," answered the Master.

"I do not understand. I have never seen it done."

"I will show you," said the Master. He rose and motioned Bachiya to draw near. The *Bhangi* hesitated.

"Sit here at my feet, where I can touch you." The Master spoke firmly, but with great tenderness.

Bachiya obeyed, though greatly puzzled.

"Lift up your face and look into my eyes."

The little grandson saw the glow of the western sky in the face of the Master and so did Bachiya. The Master laid his hand upon the forehead of the Untouchable as He spoke:

"That you may understand the better what you are sent to do, lo, I put the morning in your heart!"

That night when the women asked him why his countenance was shining Bachiya made them strange answer:

"It is the light of the new morning mirrored into my heart by the Master of the village."

Jean Macmillan Buck.

CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION

The transpiring world events, so vital to American democracy as well as to world-wide democracy, have caused our government to realize that it had not only been slow, but was actually painfully guilty of a great and unpardonable neglect in that it had not utilized every available means and opportunity for Americanizing the millions of men and women that had flocked to these shores. In a word, America woke up one morning after she had entered the world war and discovered to her great surprise that there were two Americas, quite as distinct as the America of the North and the America of the South, if not more so. She faced the stern reality of the "Old America" and the "New America"; the American citizen and the alien. These aliens are here in large numbers, mostly in our leading cities and manufacturing centers, herded together so that every great American city has its "Little Italy," its "Chinatown," its "Berlin Center," its "Polish Settlement," its "Russian Locality," etc. At any religious, educational or social gathering in the betterment of the conditions of our cities you will hear the leaders of these great movements speaking in the above terms, giving the exact location and drawing the boundary lines, in these "towns and cities" within cities.

We had come to look upon these aliens as the American "beast of burden." If they chose to take out their naturalization papers to become citizens, well and good; there would be just that many more for the debauched politician to exploit. If here and there among their number one or more came to understand the larger and purer meaning of American citizenship it was due to the merest accident. No great, profound and concerted effort had been made to either teach these aliens the deep meaning of the fundamental principles of our government or to weld them into our body politic "in a spirit of understanding and a bond of true national fellowship." In this we were sinfully negligent. The world war has called America from her peaceful slumbers, in this respect, to the burning necessity of uniting the different and

various nationalities assembled here in the spirit of enlightened understanding and in a federation of true national fellowship. America will either make of these aliens within her gates new and true American citizens or they will Europeanize America. The day has gone forever when there is room for German-Americans, Italian-Americans, French-Americans, English-Americans, Japanese-Americans, etc. There must be no foreign alliances in this democratic country, for such are dangerous potential evils. We bid a hearty welcome to all races who come seeking justice, liberty, and freedom, provided they are willing to forever renounce the bondage from which they flee and will earnestly seek to become loyal and patriotic citizens of America. There is room in America to-day for none but one hundred per cent Americans. If this war shall ultimately unite—in a fundamental sympathy, in actual union, and in profound fellowship—the many aliens within our borders and the American citizens, making one United States of America, "indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," it will be well worth its cost. But the responsibility of America does not end with her efforts to teach these aliens the hard and cold facts about her democratic form of government. They must be taught the real, deep meaning of American citizenship. In the doing of this we are doing much, but it is not enough. We may make the best use of the means and opportunities to convert alien Americans into true Americans, and yet this is not sufficient. We may utilize our public schools, form classes for country-wide effort to teach English and citizenship, but we must do more. We may have our "Americanization Information Bureau," our "Americanization Study Classes," all of which would be going far toward the ultimate goal, only it is not far enough.

Fundamentally, at heart, America is Christian. To be sure, much remains to be done before all Americans are Christians. The low valleys of our social degradations must be exalted. The high places of our industrial life, the distance between the employer and the employee, must be lessened. The crooked places in our political life must be straightened, and the rough places of our commercial life must be planed and made smooth. O, there is plenty to do yet before all Americans are Christians, but in the

great, true, fundamental sense America is Christian. So that if she teaches these aliens only the principles of her republican form of government, and the meaning of American citizenship, she has not only failed, but she has most miserably failed. America believes in the reality of a living God. She recognizes his boundless mercies; she trusts his unfailing love; she has faith in his eternal goodness toward all men; she longs for and confidently expects the ultimate brotherhood of mankind. Witness the Pilgrim Fathers upon their knees pouring out thanksgiving to this living, loving God and kind heavenly Father, and throughout the years from that time to the present moment. It is upon this rock that America has builded, and it is upon this rock that her safety and her future depend. Therefore, she must teach these aliens to be Christian Americans. A very large per cent of these people suddenly plunged into the freedom of American liberty, remembering the exploitation of the old Catholic Church, and judging all Churches from their knowledge of this former treatment, have lost their way to God. They have fallen into atheism, skepticism, and unbelief. It is impossible to teach them the great, deep meaning of American citizenship without teaching them the real, actual and abiding love of an Almighty God to whom America lifts her heart in prayer and service. Along with the great task of prosecuting the work is this other great task of teaching these aliens the immortal meaning of Christian Americanization. How may this be done?

First, by realizing that these peoples are human beings. This has not always been true. Too often we have looked upon them as "dagos," "hunkies," "guineas," "pigtails," etc. They have no such names as Frank, John, and George, or Mary, Martha, and Elizabeth. They go by numbers. If something goes wrong where they work, or if they are missed, it is always "number so and so"; and in this system there is a two-fold evil. First it depreciates their valuation of themselves and distracts from our sense of responsibility toward them. They have been herded together just as so much working power and force. How can we ever hope to get into their lives, secure their sympathy and get their good will so long as these conditions prevail? They must be looked upon

as members of the human family, having their likes and dislikes, their good qualities and their bad qualities, capable of suffering and rejoicing, with capacities for good or evil, and having almost unlimited possibilities of development. Tersely stated, they are just folks like ourselves. If we meet them on this basis they will meet us. Their hearts, minds and lives will be open to the true teachings of Christian Americanization. Anything less than this will alienate them from us, make them suspicious of us, and will cause them to hate us. O Christian America, these aliens are human beings; deal with them as such, so that they will become true American citizens.

Second, by believing their lives are worth saving here in America as they are in Europe. It is so strikingly strange that this great Christian country of ours will send her thousands, her tens of thousands, and her millions of money to educate, to train and to Christianize these peoples in foreign lands, and then fail to see what she might and ought to do for them as they flock to our shores. It might be here—as in some other realms—"Distance lends enchantment." Indeed we must come to feel that it is infinitely worth while to save them or else be forever self-condemned for an unpardonable neglect. Soup kitchens, bread lines, doling out charity, and the like, will never win these people. They can see through it and back of it all. What is needed is that we recognize their true value and worth, and that we seek to free them from their false teachings and the yoke which was bound about them so tightly in the lands from which they came. For the sake of our own fair land, for the sake of the future generations, for the sake of perpetuating democracy, for the sake of these folks themselves, and for the coming Kingdom's sake, America must understand the ever-increasing value of these aliens, and set herself steadfastly to the task of saving them to Christian citizenship.

Third, we must appreciate the fact that these aliens are precious in the sight of God. No one is more painfully aware than I of the fact that a very large number of them believe in no "God." However, they are so thoroughly and morally honest about it that one cannot help but appreciate their doubts and sympathize with them. When we remember how they were exploited in the old

country—many of them even robbed of all they had to bury some dear one, as I have many times been told; how they eked out a mere existence because of such small pay for their labor, how they had very little, if anything, to say in the making of the laws and the prosecution of their government—then we can appreciate their deep feeling when freed from all these fetters. No wonder they lost their way to God, no wonder, when they tasted of the "Tree of Life" in America, then thought of the erroneous teaching of God and God's dealings with them, that they wanted nothing to do with such a God. They are not to be condemned for this; rather are they to be pitied, respected and appreciated in their lost condition. Though they do disbelieve they are none the less God's sons and daughters. Christian America! Shall we stand afar off and despise even the least of these who have become bewildered and confused in their thinking about God? Woe be unto us if we be guilty of placing a stumbling-block in their way back to their Father in Heaven. These are the "other sheep." They have been wandering; they have been straying; they have lost their way, but they are still members of the Great Shepherd's flock, as precious and as dear to the heart of the Shepherd and as valuable as any of us. But do we always act as if this were true? What little has been done has been most shamefully done. We keep them by themselves in work, in school, in church, and in play. Yet all of them are God's children, most precious in his sight. He has not lost confidence in them, nor is he weary and impatient toward them. If these aliens, who are precious in his sight, are to be made into good American citizens they must be brought into citizenship by the way of God. Let us unceasingly remember that our efforts will all be in vain except we have a Christian Americanization.

THE ROMANCE OF PASTORAL WORK

Many men have declared, and more have felt, and not without reason, that pastoral work is drudgery; it is more wearing upon body and mind than the preparation and delivery of sermons, as attested by writers and workers.

Some have maintained that it is a wasteful expenditure of time that might be better employed, as indeed much of it is, particularly if there be no purpose in it, or if it be used for gossip, trifling, or worldly conversation, or for merely social calling. The distinguished minister of an American city no doubt had this in mind when he said, "Much of the pastoral work we do is a wicked waste of time."

Still others have entirely ignored it as a factor in Christian ministry; such an attitude is wholly inexcusable; they regard pastoral work as a necessary employment fit for those alone who need to create a constituency willing to wait upon their pulpit ministrations. They look upon men who do much pastoral work as incapable of securing a following through any merit of sermon structure or delivery; they estimate such to be of smaller intellectual caliber than themselves. They fail to note that pulpit popularity without pastoral fidelity is often achieved by men who by attention to the latter might add infinitely to the degree of their acceptability and to its spirit in the more tender and human notes they would thereby learn to sound.

Such men fail to discern also the signs of the times. Examples are not wanting of brilliant preachers who have lost the hearts of their people, and to whom no new hearts have opened—men who would have prolonged an acceptable ministry for many years had they not forgotten that they were also "shepherds of the flock."

The famous Chalmers was strictly accurate when he declared that "a house-going ministry makes a church-going people." Its reverse is likewise true, "A house-neglecting ministry makes a church-neglecting people."

Pastoral neglect, even by those of conspicuous attainments and devotion, has often resulted in the loss of many auditors and members; congregations have been depleted and communities have turned from us and against us as a result.

In a six years' district superintendency, the writer found many of our people estranged; their children were being baptized by ministers of other denominations, their dead buried not by their own ministers, and they who had been reared among us were now antagonistic to our work and no longer open to our appeal. Entire neighborhoods, where for years Methodism was glorious in her strength, and where our ministers were exceptional in their pulpit abilities, were found estranged, and often in revolt against us. In those places we have declined, and are now at lowest ebb; at the same time other denominations have grown into prominence, and largely by the defection of our own people.

In seeking to diagnose the situation it was not found that there had been in other churches better preachers than we sent to ours; it was ascertained that there were better pastors. This article does not contend for pastors who forget that they are preachers; it does ask for preachers, and for the best, who will remember that they are also called to function as pastors. We plead for the preacher-pastor. Said one who was eminent in both, "I once reported two thousand visits for the year, and then promised the Lord I would never do it again if he would forgive me. For fear I will find that I do not stand well with him, I do not now tabulate what I do." He was saying that it was tiresome work, and only those who, like him, have toiled by day and night know how utterly wearing it is, and how, "clean forespent," one sinks down in sheer exhaustion after hours of such outlay; he was also saying that it was too meaningful to him and to his church to be ignored—however much the drudgery involved, and however many the pledges he made himself to do less. Can one be surprised to learn that he is preacher to more folks on each returning Sabbath day than is any other man in his great city? This vigorous plodder brings men and women, not to speak of little children, into his church in full hundred groups. Masses come to hear him preach, for he is unexcelled in preaching; many come to

join his church because he has sought them out and won them to his Lord. He does not know—nor can any say—which kind of labor yields him the larger returns.

Pastoral activity being so vital and yet so arduous, depleting as it does one's physical and mental energies, but incessantly alluring him to perform it, the writer devised a plan to force himself to do what he knows he should do, and yet what he always shrinks from doing. Many of his friends have followed and praised his plan and thankfully declared that it put system and ease into that which before had been so difficult to carry on. The plan is a "minimum, plus, plan." One must decide what the minimum daily task shall be and live up to that in spite of anything and everything. The aggregate result in the course of a year is always surprising to those who begin in this simple manner. Many who were wholly negligent have been transformed into real pastors by adopting the method. Let the daily minimum be, say, three visits; add to this whatever more can be done. If special calls force one away from the day's quota, the missed number must be added to the second day's obligation; if the second day is without pastoral work, as often it must be, upon the third day he will demand of himself that he shall make at least nine calls and more, if at all possible. He can never absolve himself from the minimum requirement, and though one will seldom visit seven days a week, one must perform seven times his minimum task per week.

So that the minimum may not satisfy us. If ten visits are made on Monday it must not be said, "That absolves me for three full days." Each day's task is a new beginning with its minimum requirement, unless the day begins with arrearages. That is to say, ten visits on Monday leaves one with three calls to be made for six remaining days, so that the minimum shall not prove to be the maximum. If on Tuesday six visits are made, Wednesday will still call for its three, and to the week's end it must be so; three visits for each new day, whatever more than that shall have been accomplished on previous days, is the insistent practice. Thus, the minimum requirement fully adhered to will, in the course of a year, total over 1,000 visits. What more has been accomplished

on days of special activity, when one has gone beyond his minimum, will add a few hundred more; the year will thus total 1,200 to 1,500 pastoral calls. Who can measure its meaning to the church?

So much for the contention from the standpoint of the church. This paper undertakes, however, to present the worth of pastoral visitation from the standpoint of the preacher's returns. It has already been indicated that the ease with which we hold our people is determined in some measure by our interest in them in their homes.

It is now to be shown that this is the least part of what we gain.

In pastoral work there are elements of real adventure if one's imagination be at all quickened. Here fiction is found outfictioned. There are surprising incidents, exhilarating experiences, unusual portrayal, great fun. A child of eight years, in her parents' parlor, talked with the pastor of the family. "Do you know what Ruth says?" asked the minister, when the father entered. She was to join the church the next Sunday; her brother a few years before had done so at seven years of age. "Ruth says that brother has beaten her a year; and she has lost a year." What will not a vivid imagination picture in an incident like that! A career for God with fruitage in largest measure, regaining the lost year, if lost it was, and crowding many years to come with intensified service, it may be at home or beyond seas. Who seeks story and plot and dénouement finds it here in embryo. Were nothing more to eventuate from a day's work, would not that rich experience fully justify the expenditure of whatever was the outlay in time and energy, and can one suppose the enriched minister would willingly eliminate its memory from his life?

The last year of high school had been half way spent when typhoid seized a fair young girl; hopes had fled; graduation must be postponed. A family, after heroic sacrifice, has lost out; can another year be given to this course? The minister calls; the mother tells with joy that the school authorities have sent word saying, "We would graduate you if you never recited again." What joy pastor and mother share together in the recital, and what

a prayer of thanksgiving is poured out to God in those few moments of Christian fellowship together! Then, convalescence, and the honor-roll, and offered position in government employ with salary alluring at the moment. The offer is refused, for the girl's dream is that she will teach printing (how strange and almost romantic!) in the vocational school. So, for vacation time, at lower compensation and at consequent sacrifice, she enters the printing office and learns to run the press, that out of her practical experience she might, with better equipment, enter the higher technical school when fall shall come. That conversation has been a stimulating memory through months to the pastor, who understands the mother and the daughter and the home, and who with them dreams their dreams.

With what wistfulness, with what forebodings of positive occurrences does the pastor hear the soldier's mother talk of France, and whether the son will indeed return; and how God's will must be wrought out in her own life and for her boy, and by him and other boys for God's world. Was not that of the essence of romance and religion and all good things?

When the mother of nine children died and the aunt with her own two little ones came to care for eleven, and told of her joy in this new service, the preacher's emotions were greatly enriched. When a husband passed away, and there were eight little ones and no funds, and friends said, "Farm the children out," and years had passed away, and with a Madonna face, now chastened by the years and God's goodness, the Christian woman told the pastor how the Heavenly Father had helped her hold her little ones in her own arms and home, and how loving and being loved by the church had wrought her to triumph, the man of God found glee and glory. Who would, or ought, miss such hours of hilarious and yet sanctified joy?

When the strong man who for fifty-three years held the engine's throttle and carried thousands to their destinations, and boasted that there had been no mishap with his train in all those years, now, in retirement, knitted lace for children and women whom he loved, and gossiped of lace, and engines, and wrecks, and people great and small, did not the pastor peruse in a few

moments many books? What pageantry went by in the few talks in that home!

When in a back yard, for the young railroad man was shy and sought escape from the visitor, the pastor found one who was not a churchman and won his heart and heard his story, how strange it all appeared; and how good men who were apparently unconcerned seemed, out in their own great world, unchurched. What fine sentiments throb in that other world where we do not live; and how unjust to them and to ourselves we are if, it being within our power, we do not come to know them as they are. This was gleaned in that conversation: A bunch of men on a good Sabbath day, while at their work, found their consciences alive and questioned among themselves whether they should be willing to "carry on" for anyone in defiance of God's law for his own day.

"It must be done by someone," was their conclusion. "If we do not do it (not, we will lose our places; that they would not consider; it were too low a motive), we will make others do it for us. Will we not then be 'slackers'?" Their conclusion was reached because they felt that the world's work in their kind of toil must go forward unceasingly. The minister went away full of thought, asking himself whether, after all, this was a worldly set of men, and whether he had not heard a genuinely true dissertation upon the Golden Rule—even if a new view of its import. That man who refuses to make other men do what he feels he ought not do is elementally great; and the church of God owes him attention and ministry, even if he never be found within the portals of the meeting house.

It may be wondered whether we are not under obligation to many groups of men who in no sense have been able or willing to put themselves under our teaching. Could we quiet a bit or much of the unrest of this turbulent world by a personal ministry to men, through which they would come to know us and the real heart of the Christian Church? Might we not thus discover, as we do not now know, their wondrous worth and even exalted ideals?

The preacher must possess and cultivate his imagination; only in this way can his creative power be quickened; no man is under so great necessity as he that there shall be power to create; not that

he is to find a new gospel; he is to find new ways to present old truths; and he is to find new methods of approach to hearts; he is to set forth current cases indicating that his gospel is not only old, but that it is vital to-day. There need be no variety in the lawyer's brief, the physician's prescription or the scientist's formula; but the minister is under constant necessity to do old things in new ways. "Then said (Jesus) unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Fiction that deals with human nature, poetry, current events, will all aid him in inventiveness; but what will so much feed the preacher's fancy as that which he brings back day by day from his pastoral quests? He has come home to-day with items trivial in themselves, perchance, but potent in teaching power.

One woman has told of her husband's constant advance in salary until it was several hundred dollars per month. "I give twenty cents a week to the church. Don't you think that's enough for me?" A second, miffed by some inattention, meaningless in itself, had given information that she would decrease her contributions. A third would entirely discontinue church support. That minister, without personalities, could find it easy and profitable to preach upon the systematic support of God's work. Out of such a day's findings he would produce and deliver a message so vibrant with life, and so unctuous with the Holy Spirit that folks would feel it to be a living message from a heart alive, and they would not know why it was either so terse or so tender.

A motorman, sick unto death, never attentive to church, to whom the minister had gone several times, not without doubts as to the acceptability of his calls, said as the preacher was about to leave, "Can't you stay a little longer?" "Do you want me to stay?" was the reply. "Yes, I like to hear you talk," he said. Now, as the conversation had always turned upon things of the Spirit, there came to the pastor great visions of the trophy he was about to win. He did stay, and returned again and again, and before the young fellow went out into the spirit world he had been led to Christ.

An old man, unfriended and unchurched, rose, and with almost kingly gesture, said: "I thank you for the courtesy you have done me in calling." That almost broke the preacher's heart; it at least opened up the depths of his nature and stirred him profoundly.

When the pastor returns from hours freighted with such experiences, and then turns preacher and handles some great text, in the light of such memories, mind and heart are aglow to whitened heat, and he builds by the Spirit's aid a discourse that in vividness of portrayal makes folks feel deeply, as the preacher has felt in his preparation, and as he now feels in the delivery of the Word.

When prayer was offered for the recovery to health of a little boy, and the pastor had in mind the glory of God in authenticating himself in some present-day way to the indifferent parents, he was conscious of God's presence and positive of the outcome. And he knew the passion and glory of Moses on that day when for Jehovah's honor he prayed that God would not blot his people out. Nor was the minister at all surprised when the parents' hearts opened for the Saviour's entrance.

And what shall be said of fun? The rapid changes of scene from house to house are like unto the "movies." They make one laugh or cry or wonder. "How are you to-day, sister?" "Oh, I'm all right now, except the 'brown-keeters' and the 'asme' and the 'cat-r.'" Why, the preacher was so convulsed that he had to tell something humorous that he might appear to furnish the cause of his own unrestricted laughter.

"Them's white cuffs, ain't they?" said a boy in one home, as he glanced at the preacher's linen. "My neighbor is like 'sparklets,'" said a good woman, alluding to that species of fireworks so denominated, "and I dare you to go in," she added. He went, and though he did not win he enjoyed laughter that, like medicine, was good for his soul that day.

Has not the recital of some tender passage from a life brought tears as the pastor entered into a fellowship of fullest feeling with a home? Or, as he has gone where grief sat heavily upon his parishioners, has he not become one with them as his own grief mingled with their own?

One man, not of the church, and ignorant of its ways, was so elated by the preacher's visit to his home that he narrated how in his business he made a full hundred calls a day; he thought the preacher ought to do as much; folks needed him; out of pure philanthropy this man with a new vision offered his auto for certain days to put the parson through a like pace. Was he not also in veiled fashion teaching a lesson in highest efficiency? The minister went away at least wondering why a salesman should be equipped to do so much per day, while he, on foot, could do so small a piece of work; he dreamed of official boards and modern methods, of facilities and upkeep, and hoped, with his passion to do his best, there might come a day when those who ought to do so might give him straw with which to make his brick.

We should persuade ourselves that this part of our ministry is essential, and then by the plan herein suggested, or by some other that be better, begin, continue and never end our toil so long as we are given oversight for Christ in any field. We should recall our pledge that we will "visit from house to house." We should constantly recur in our thought to the great pastors who were also great preachers, not forgetting that our Master, the greatest of them all, said of himself, "I am the good shepherd."

A most illuminating incident is Paul's farewell address to the Ephesian elders who, in answer to his summons, had met him at Miletus. Portraying the elements of his ministry, and the reasons for his great success, the distinguished minister indicated the manner of his life among them. He declared that he was with them at all seasons, fellowshiping with them. He describes the kind of preaching he did, saying, "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you." And we may picture with what clarity of diction and with what variety of method and illustration he enforced all kinds of truth and in all kinds of ways.

That was not all. He adds: "I have showed you and taught you *publicly, and from house to house.*"

Witness the case of the man who would not have been found but in his home. The preacher did not go primarily to find him. He was a neighbor; there was nothing other than neighborliness to induce him to go; the man was by all the traditions and practices

of his life wholly removed from an approach by the church; but he lived nearby in the great city where folks long for folks; where folks do not know folks—and the preacher went and found an invalid, helpless in his bed. It was not planned to say anything religious to him, for the preacher shrank at times from the personal appeal, though he forced himself to it often; and in this case he did not think it his place to try and minister to him—there were reasons for such attitude. But as the minister was leaving, these words fell from his lips, guided by the God who uses men: "I have a friend who may know." "Who?" he asked. "They call him Jesus. He says we are his friends if we do whatsoever he commands us. Do you know him?" And tear-drops suffused the sick man's eyes. "No," he said. "Would you like to know him?" And eagerly he answered, "Yes, I would." And God helped his servant show him the way of life and there won him to Christ, and later to his church.

This paper speaks of the underrated asset of our ministry. The writer says to his brethren that he has found pastoral work the hardest kind of toil, but at the same time the most fruitful, and when done systematically, richly repaying him for the expenditure so lavishly required.

How greatly our church will be blessed and we ourselves ministered to if we neglect not the gift of pastoral service that is in us and to the exercise of which we are as divinely called as we are to our pulpit work.

THE MINISTER WITH HONEST DOUBTS: THE CASE OF THOMAS

We seem to be entering an age of credulity, if one thinks of the great scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, as a champion of actual communication with the dead. Certainly we have passed through an age of criticism of all that was outside of the laws of the physical universe as known by modern scientists. The transition has not come suddenly. Evolution itself has played some part in the change. It is a long step from the cold materialism of Darwin to the militant spiritualism of Lodge. And yet Lodge is an evolutionist. The veil between matter and mind has worn thin in places, to say the least, by reason of new discoveries like radium, wireless telegraphy, transmutation of metals, Einstein's theory of the gravitation of the light rays. In biblical criticism we have seen the same relentless search for facts. Tradition has stepped aside while the scholar, like the scientist in the laboratory, put in the crucible of criticism the cherished convictions of Christendom. The books of the Old Testament and of the New Testament have been subjected to the most minute dissection and the most careful literary analysis. The dry bones of redactors have rattled in the place of the mighty spirits of the Scriptures. We are coming again to the age of reconstruction and the dry bones are beginning to take on the form of life. But, meanwhile, many a minister has suffered the lapse of faith between the novelties of criticism of the Bible and the stern realities of inexorable scientific law. The modern minister has wished to face all the facts of life with open mind and heart. He has wished to be loyal to his Lord and to be a leader of his fellow men. He has not been desirous of being an obscurantist or a reactionary. It has often been the most sensitive spirits that have suffered most. The passion for truth and honesty of purpose has clashed with the traditions of environment. Some few who have been unable to place the Christ of the Gospels and of Paul's Epistles in the world of science and of criticism have either given up the ministry or have become Unitarian ministers. Others

have lived down their doubts by deeper study and by patient waiting for further light that has come from Christ as it came to Thomas.

Thomas is the typical preacher who has struggles with honest doubts. This is partly due to temperament, but one cannot easily change his temperament whether phlegmatic or bilious or nervous. Thomas had his pessimistic moods. He saw at once and sharply the difficulties in the way. He was unwilling to shut his eyes to the actual facts that confronted him. His first reaction was despondency. He came through in the end, but he had to fight his way through the fog and smoke to the light. Thomas was an outspoken man, besides, who in a rather blunt manner spoke out his mind. Such a man often reflects the feelings of others who receive credit for more faith than they really possess and he also betrays more doubt than he really feels. The Fourth Gospel alone gives us an insight into the mind of Thomas as he faced the problem of Christ during Passion Week and afterward. Thomas reveals the courage of despair in John 11. 16, when he proposes to his fellow-disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Jesus had just said that Lazarus was dead. He had suggested going to Bethany over the protest of the disciples that Jesus might be killed; for the enemies of Jesus had tried to stone him when he was last in Jerusalem, at the feast of dedication (John 10. 31). To Thomas it seemed sheer madness for Jesus to go back into the lions' den. Lazarus was dead. The rulers will kill Jesus if he goes. And yet Thomas is the man who takes his courage in his hands and proposes, not desertion of Jesus, but loyalty to him even unto death. But he expects death for all of them. Thomas is willing to go over the top, but he anticipates death for all of the band in the going. It may be said that this is not the highest form of courage, but it is courage. It is not reckless daring, but the looking of all probabilities in the face. Thomas does not expect success. He expects that the proposed visit to Bethany will culminate in the death of Jesus and all the twelve. He pleads that they may all be willing to make this supreme sacrifice for the sake of the Master. It will be an end, to be sure, to all their cherished hopes about the Messianic Kingdom. They will all have

to give up their dreams of place and power in that kingdom. They will not see Rome driven out of Palestine and Jesus King in Jerusalem. It is a rude awakening for Thomas. Doubtless there is an implied rebuke to Jesus in the resignation of Thomas to the rashness of Christ. But, at any rate, he regards the situation as hopeless in view of the determination of the Master.

Ministers to-day have sometimes found themselves in a predicament where they had lost heart and hope in their work. They whipped themselves to their task with the courage of despair. The onward march of events has been against their predilections and prejudices, and even their principles. Some of the noblest of men have had to decide whether to "carry on" to the end with those who would not heed their advice or to quit and be termed slackers or even deserters. Thomas was not a quitter at any rate. He proposed to see the thing through even if his gloomiest forebodings came true. It is true that some ministers have found themselves out of sympathy with their age and unable to make much of an impression upon those who had swept on to other modes of thought. Who, then, is the prophet? Prophets have often had to denounce their age. Jesus did precisely this thing. And yet Jesus was the iconoclast and did not shrink from going on, not till he came to his own Gethsemane. I wish to make a plea for the preacher who in a troubled time has yet held on to his task in spite of discouragement and even despair. He has held on from the sense of duty that drives the soldier to the field of battle. It is easier to throw stones at such a man than to stand in his tracks. This is not to advocate the idea that a man who no longer believes in the deity of Christ should continue to preach it, or to occupy an evangelical pulpit or theological chair. The courage of despair is consistent with honest doubt, but not with loss of faith in Christ. Courage calls for honesty. When one has made his choice firmly and clearly he should take his stand. He should not stay with the lines and fire at his Captain.

The next time that Thomas comes before us is in John 14. 1-7. Here Thomas exhibits the agnostic attitude toward death and the future life: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?" (John 14. 5). This bold avowal of ignorance of the

future life after death follows the most intimate, tender, and precious promise of Jesus that he would come again and take them to the Father's house and to himself in the Father's home. He had urged faith in himself as in the Father and had pointedly stated that the disciples had grounds for confident fidelity since they knew the place and the way to the new abode: "And whither I go, ye know the way" (John 14. 4). It is precisely at this point that Thomas interposes with his almost brutal statement of crass ignorance about both the location of the Father's house and the way thereto.

Once more Thomas is modern in his outlook and seems to voice the doubts of the present-day scientist who scans the heavens in vain for a planet that can be a fit abode for the spirits of the blest. The myriad blazing suns of the skies would seem more like the infernal regions than the home of Christ with the Father. Thomas was frankly puzzled as he tried to form an intellectual concept of the hope of heaven held out by Jesus in the words that have comforted the dying through all the ages since that night when Jesus spoke them. Thomas was face to face with the death of Jesus and the blasting of all his hopes. He longed for something more than figures of speech. He found the age-long question, Does death end all? Jesus had answered with the definite promise that he would come and take the disciples to the heavenly home. But the appeal to their knowledge gave Thomas his chance to confess his real ignorance. Many a preacher has brought comfort to the dying with the words of Jesus who has longed for more assurance in his own heart. The answer of Jesus to Thomas is still the best answer to the modern agnostic. It is easy to find fault with those who are driven by the terror of death to find light in the darkened chambers of so-called mediums. I am slow to believe that the Christian has need to resort to the devious ways of paid professional mediums with all the proven fraud to their credit and inanities in their so-called messages. Jesus spoke to Thomas the word that preacher and layman need to-day: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me" (John 14. 6). Turn from mediums to Jesus. He is the expression of the Father in human form. He is the incarna-

tion of the truth about the future life. He is, in fact, the life itself, the source of all energy and power. He is the Lord of life and death. He is the way to the Father. Jesus is the way; he, and not a system of science or of theology; he, and not an ecclesiastical organization; he, and not priest or medium.

Materialism has had a powerful grip upon some minds during the nineteenth century. There are those to-day who can find no proof in the universe of mind apart from matter, who regard mind or spirit as a mere brain-function, who consider mind the product of matter, who hold that matter is eternal and mind merely the phosphorescent fire that flashes in the darkness and at death goes out forever. It is not easy to answer all the difficulties raised by materialism. There are things to be said that lead one out and on to the spiritual interpretation of the universe. Jesus himself has to be accounted for. The spirit of man refuses to believe that man is a mere lump of clay. It is not easy to believe in the eternity of matter that was never created and that was always endowed with the energy of life. The upward trend of life argues for the existence of God. Evolution itself calls for a higher order in the universe than man's life on earth. The agnostic can never be wholly answered. Thomas did not reply to Jesus, but he had the only real answer. It is Jesus. The minister who loses his way in life has lost his touch with Christ. Jesus alone is the door to the temple of knowledge. One must try Jesus. Christ lamented that Thomas had failed to see the Father in himself. There are those who do see God in Christ. He is the only path by which men can come to God.

The next time that we see Thomas in John's Gospel (20. 25) the other disciples are saying to him, "We have seen the Lord." It is a marvelous statement. With the rest Thomas had passed through the gloom of that terrible sabbath day when they had all suffered the eclipse of faith that followed the death of Christ. The cross had destroyed faith and hope. All that they had finally dreamed and trusted was now buried in the tomb of Jesus. Thomas with the other disciples had heard the stories of Mary Magdalene and the other women, but they treated them as idle tales of excitable women about seeing angels, and in the case of Mary

Magdalene as a probable recurrence of her demoniacal possession. So Thomas was somewhat taken aback by the sudden avowal of faith in the resurrection of Jesus by the very men who had so recently emphasized their disbelief in the reports of the women. Evidently the disciples proceeded to give various details about the appearance of Jesus on that first Sunday night when Thomas was absent (John 20. 24). The new converts were full of faith, but they lacked the power to convince a skeptic like Thomas, who still had all the skeptic's distrust of supernatural phenomena. Thomas was not to be taken in by ghost stories. Finally he ended the matter by saying, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." Here the minute particularity of details shows that Thomas takes up what the disciples had said. Thomas affirms that he will not believe unless he has the same experience that the disciples claimed to have had, with the addition that he wished to test the sense of touch as well as that of sight. He wished to handle this ghost to learn if his eyes deceived him. This decision seemed a hard one to the disciples, who were full of their new faith and joy. And yet Thomas could reply that there was too much at stake to have false hopes revived. He had gone through the collapse of his hopes. He did not desire to have another downfall. Besides, optical illusions were possible. The mind might even project images before the eyes like the mirage of the desert. He wished to have a real scientific examination before he could believe.

It cannot be said that Thomas differed essentially from the position of the disciples before their experience on Sunday night. True, he had their testimony to add to that of the women. But they signally failed in the power of convincing Thomas of the reality of their experience as we to-day, alas! so often fail to convince skeptics of the power of Christ. He held out longer than the rest, and demanded the same proof that they asserted had convinced them with a certain tone of superior intelligence that often goes with a skeptical attitude toward Christ. It is the vice of the professional skeptic that he assumes an air of intellectual arrogance toward those whom he considers the dupes of their own credulity.

Thomas probably prided himself on his refusal to be carried away by what looked like a case of nerves on the part of both men and women who actually believed it possible for Jesus to appear to them. And yet Thomas had seen Lazarus come out of the tomb. Perhaps he argued that it was Jesus who raised Lazarus and now Jesus was dead. Besides, Lazarus went on living his old life with his human body. He was not a mere ghost who came into a room with closed doors. Hence Thomas wished to be able to handle Jesus before he could believe in his resurrection.

Had Thomas demanded too much? Have we a right to make a material test for spiritual phenomena and experiences? Many a man has stumbled right here and has not known how far to go and where to draw the line between material science and the things of the spirit. But Thomas was not holding himself aloof from the disciples because of his skepticism. We do not know why he failed to be present the first Sunday night, when he missed so much. If he had known that Jesus would come he surely would have been on hand. There are those to-day who miss the blessing because they are not with God's people when the Lord makes bare the arm of his power. It is easy to expect nothing from the gathering of the people of God. There was no promise that Jesus would meet with the disciples on the second Sunday night. But Thomas was present this time. It was not hard to get him to come. His own curiosity would bring him, and he was probably urged to come. If anything out of the way happened he would at least be there so as to form his own opinions concerning what took place. Thomas has the skepticism of inexperience that afflicts so many to-day. Those who have not felt the power of Christ in their own lives may find it hard to believe that Christ touches the lives of others. So Thomas comes to their second gathering in a critical mood and on the watch against any hallucinations or claptrap. He had not long to wait before Jesus appears, the doors being closed as before, and challenges the doubt of Thomas with the words: "Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands: and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing" (John 20. 27). It was all so sudden that the shock upset Thomas's program of examination. He knew the voice of

Jesus. He knew that familiar and dear face. There were the outstretched hands and the side. But Thomas did not put his hand into that wounded side. In a crisis faith has to act and to decide. Faith is higher than knowledge. Faith has various sources of knowledge. It uses the intellect, the affections, and the will. The intellect is arrogant at times and seeks to rule out the affections and the will, but they have to be heard. We must use our intellects, for God gave them to us. But he also gave us our affections and our will. Thomas really understood no more than he did before how Christ came into that room, and how he rose from the dead, but here Jesus was and Thomas must decide what to do and at once. Thomas surrenders to the Risen Christ: "My Lord and my God" (John 20. 28).

This is no mere exclamation of amazement, as the reply of Jesus shows. Thomas gave Jesus the worship of his heart and Jesus accepted his new faith and loyalty at its face value. We do not have to say that Thomas fully grasped the significance of his language and comprehended how the Risen Christ is both God and man. Faith has risen above mere intellect evermore. Faith has seized upon the heart of the situation. The man who has struggled with his honest doubts has risen by faith of experience to the noblest confession in the Gospels. It is Thomas the doubter, the pessimist, the skeptic, who has become the man of sublime faith. We may thank God that it is possible for such a thing to happen. Jesus was patient with Thomas, for he knew that he was not posing as a skeptic for social prestige, but at heart really longed to believe. He was not occupying a false position, but was working toward the light. So Jesus met Thomas with proof that won him. But Jesus puts no crown on the doubt of Thomas. He rejoices in his new conviction and frank confession, but Thomas has missed the highest form of faith. He had refused to believe in the Risen Christ unless he conformed to his own tests. He had refused to believe the witness of those who had seen the Risen Christ. So Jesus says: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20. 29). This beatitude Thomas has missed. It belongs to those who will never see with their eyes Christ on earth, but who will be satisfied

with the testimony of the eyes of the heart. They will reach up the hands of faith and will grasp the hidden hands of Christ. These are the heroes of faith who do not make unreasonable demands of Jesus in the realm of the Spirit.

Surely this rebuke to Thomas may be a rebuke to-day to those who press their skepticism too far. Criticism and science have their rights and their duties, but the intellect is not the whole of man any more than the body is the whole of life. The kingdom of God consists in love and joy and peace and righteousness, and not in meat and drink. Peter heard Jesus speak this rebuke to Thomas. And Peter will one day speak of Jesus, "whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1. 8). That blessed privilege is open to every believer to-day whatever doubts may beset him. He can find his way back to Christ—in whose face one finds the glory of God.

THE PHANTOM OF DEATH

Now, when the world is so full of the memory of death, death great and beautiful, it is time to sweep away the old, morbid conceptions, the dark superstitions, the ancient dreads and fears. More terrible and archaic than the dinosaur has been our dread of death. With all our alleged knowledge of science we have been as unattuned to the resistless and magnificent onsweep of the natural forces as the savage who hid in his lair from the onslaughts of imagined gods in the elements. We have been fearful, primitive, unadapted. We have been ancient, purblind, cowering. We have pictured death as a distinct and terrible entity, a down-swooping specter, a black visitant, a hooded skeleton. Through the ages our minstrels and artists have heightened the vision for us and increased the dismal sound, and we, responsively, have sat within our cottages and castles awaiting with horror the phantom of our fear.

In a recent era of great death, our youth, the radiant, upstanding hosts of them, revealed to us a new vision. They went out, in the flame of their life, more spirited, more sentient, more ablaze with health and beauty and passionate love of earth than any hosts before them. They met, with a suddenness never before experienced, an impact of vitality against dissolution, never so keenly known. Because the mutation was so widely undergone, and so widely witnessed, we see and understand as never before the significance of the process. We are lifted up on a wave so much vaster than that which lifts us on the occasions of individual deaths that we are borne up at last to a plane of vision which it were well we had reached before. From it we are given to see life and death, not as two peaks confronting each other, one flooded with light, the other cowled with night; but as two knolls in the vast plain. From it we actually behold, as our philosophy had taught us to conceive with those dim eyes of the sequestered mind, that life and death are not dual, alien, opposed, but fused, melting, identical, a single process. From this plane, bewildered, we catch intimations of

vaster enveloping processes of which the life-death process is only a small phase, even as the stars of Scorpio are an infinitesimal swarm in the swinging mesh of the Milky Way.

From this same plane, as spiritual aviators, we observe that our beloved life to which we so passionately hold, in our little human shape, enclasping with small arms, inhaling with eager breath, surveying with elfin, ardent eyes, is a far smaller, less important thing than we had, even in our most profound philosophical moments, realized. When we are in life, erect, sentient, brilliantly equipped with the marvelous machinery of consciousness which our ancestors have bestowed upon us, it is our human habit and our human fault to believe that existence in human form is the sole reality, the "be-all and the end-all," the cosmic consummation. Exactly as our eyes have become so perfectly adapted to their environment, so crystal-cognizant of this iridescent world, even as our hands have become tools so suited to this place that they carry in sensations only of this earth-solidity, this granite density, these terrestrial concretions, even as our ears have tuned themselves only to these earth-echoes, these few vibrations that traverse the strings of our small sphere, so too our spirits and minds, with all their content of hopes, dreams, aspirations, surmises, faiths, beliefs, convictions, intentions, and potential deeds, are preformed to this latitude of the Milky Way, this habitat, this life. With inherited ease we enter into the actuating belief that life is all-important, all-wonderful, unique. Through the long crowded line of ancestral human traditions is lost the primordial tradition that we are fire and mist and swinging atoms, cast for only a moment into a life-shape, recast, rethrown, children of the nebulae and of eternity.

From our intense concentration upon this life-form come all our corresponding agony and fear of so-called death. We have so cherished and developed and beautified and intensified this life, made of ourselves such distinct entities clear-cut from the chaos, palpitating with such exquisite sensation from head to foot, that the return into the chaos seems to us a cruelly sharp change, a torturing anguish, and we bitterly call it "death." This is our strange and wonderful penalty for deserting the earth-mother, ris-

ing up out of her multitudinous molecules of clay into the compact, quivering, rapturous, suffering human body and soul.

Not only had we learned, we aggregated atoms, to love life per se, mortal life, but we had come to love our own forms of it, our specialized selves, our entities. These identities had become so precious to us that the surrender of them in their present shape added to the death-change a specialized horror. We had become too addicted to life, too preoccupied with ourselves. It needed the great, conspicuous wave of self-surrender which has been sweeping the world to re-demonstrate our relationship with the earth, the air, and the eternal fires; to set great intimations blowing in upon us from trans-earth areas. It is with a wonderful and terrible vividness that we realize at last that, as our prophets and poets have sung to us through the ages too faintly for our comprehension, life, the prized, the beautiful, the great, is in very deed only a spark on the wind of the eternal elements, an experience so small that it deserves in the vocabulary of the spheres not even the dignity of a name; that death, which we see stalking over the earth gathering in its millions upon millions of bright bodies and lustrous souls, is a change from so-called life; a little fading of the color, a conversion so imperceptible that even the sun cannot behold it, that the post-death reunion with the universe, greater than the episode of life and death, is ultimate, superb, desirable.

This last experience alone reveals itself as natural, impersonal, peaceful, permanent, sublime. This alone holds all the ideal conditions toward which we strive in the accidental adventure of life. In the stress and strain of living are we not ever striving toward peace, utter and complete? Death alone bestows such peace. Through its tranquil interact we should be prepared and rested for any post-death evolutions. In life are we not always seeking through the temporary, the transient, the futile, for the fundamental, the permanent, the everlasting? Our lives and our literature are replete with the moods and the words "seeking," "yearning," "desiring." What do these participles signify but our unconscious intimations of life's incompleteness, its immaturity, its crescent hope, to be later fulfilled in the posthumous circle of completion? We, vagabond children of the cosmos, are ever un-

consciously yearning back toward its great certainties. Death alone is the condition of our return.

Here is no cause for fear. Here is rejoicing. Here is exaltation. We have been very far from the mothering earth, far from the ancestral mists, so to dread our recommingling with them. But now that our hosts of youth—dreadless, fearless, exultant, resplendent—have led us into death and the glory that is beyond death we shall fear no more. We know at last of what we are made. We see beyond the patterned world, beyond the faces of our mortal comrades, the splendor that is above all things, the splendor of which our prophets and poets have caught glimmerings through the open space of the spirit, the splendor toward which we all move, and march, and yearn. There is no longer any dread.

We shall no longer picture death as a swooping specter, nor statue it as a skeleton, nor play it dirges, nor dream of it with dread. But, like our youths in the fields of Flanders, we shall go to meet it with poppies in our helmets! For they have gestured us the way for all time, past the little phantoms of life and death to the glory that lies beyond.

Julia Cooley.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

A Familiar Friendly Tribute

I had intended a different subject for my final message, but Azrael, the Death Angel, taking from us our great leader at the time of the planning of this May number of the Review, has prescribed the theme for the editorial which closes my twenty-seven years in this office. My pen refuses any other subject. No appraisal of the man or his work is attempted, only a personal tribute, woven without formal pattern—recollections as devious and disconnected as reveries before an open fire, where a white-haired survivor communes with Auld Lang Syne.

In the old church at Middletown in mid-August, 1851, was held the funeral of the great Stephen Olin, second president of Wesleyan University, dead at fifty-four. The young bishop, Edmund S. Janes, elected at the age of thirty-seven by the momentous General Conference of 1844, came from New York to make the principal address and lend episcopal dignity to the occasion. The high expectations which awaited his address were disappointed. He had no liberty, but spoke as one under restraint, from which he could not free himself. In the audience sat Fales H. Newhall, then a student, who, with the rest, saw and felt the bishop's embarrassment. In Zion's Herald many years after, Newhall, then professor in Wesleyan, described that funeral and gave this explanation of Bishop Janes's failure: "He was embarrassed by Olin in his coffin."

Any one of us speakers or writers in the Buckley commemoration might conceivably be embarrassed by Buckley in his casket. He was a giant intellectually, as Olin was both mentally and physically, though athlete is a fitter name for Buckley than giant. Dr. Buckley was often embarrassing when alive to those who spoke with him or against him, and men were careful what they said to him or about him, or in his presence.

Is it true that the length of a tree lying on the ground appears

greater than its height seemed when it stood erect? Certain it is that we are more awed and less intimidated by greatness when the man is dead than we ever were when he was alive. Our spirits rise in reverent recognition and acclaim of virtues and values which were noted without awe in the common intercourse of life. Suddenly our familiar friend assumes grandeur, even majesty.

Of one thing we may be sure, Dr. Buckley would want no exaggeration in our eulogies. That, on more than one funeral occasion, we have heard him explicitly condemn. That he who lacked the sympathetic tone spoke at more funerals than almost any other man of his time was due to the fact that his remarks had the sober tone of honesty and adherence to truth. His devices for keeping within bounds in such addresses or for concealing his effort to do so were ingenious, sometimes almost ludicrous to those who perceived what he was doing. The most nearly perfect memorial address I ever heard from him was at the funeral of Bishop W. L. Harris in Saint Paul's Church, New York city, in September, 1887, where Dr. Buckley, by request of the family, gave the only address, and so had the whole subject entirely to himself. For exactness, balance, symmetry, satisfying completeness, it was masterly, monumental.

All the great things called forth by the Buckley commemoration have already been ably said or written, except what will appear in the episcopal address at the opening of the General Conference at Des Moines. For me, coming near the last and desiring to avoid repeating what others have said, only personal reminiscences and reflections, mixed and miscellaneous, may be available. Yet, of the living who have known James M. Buckley long, I am probably the one who knew him longest and most continuously. It is sixty-two years since we first met. Having brothered with him thirty-nine years in the goodly fellowship of the New York East Conference and neighbored with him in adjacent editorial offices in the Book Concern nineteen years, I ought by this time to know him well.

Reverting a moment to Bishop Janes and his failure at Olin's funeral, we remember Janes's modesty and freedom from false pride. Overshadowed in the episcopacy by the mightiest preacher of those days, as well as wise and able administrator, Bishop Matthew Simpson, Bishop Janes knew and often frankly confessed when he failed in public speech. In reporting to the General Conference of 1876 in Baltimore his visit to England and Ireland as our Fraternal Messenger, he told the General Conference that he had failed to represent

his church worthily before the British and Irish Conferences, and humbly apologized for his failure in so important a mission.

Bishop Janes was no more candid about himself than Dr. Buckley, who in his early editorial years, chancing to be in Philadelphia on Monday, dropped in at the preachers' meeting, and being invited to speak, began thus: "I have known this city many years. In my youth I served as barker on the sidewalk for a clothing store on Market Street, in which occupation I cultivated two things which have been of use to me ever since—my voice and my cheek." In the old city of Burlington, New Jersey, fifty-two years ago, he pointed out to me the house where he once worked at harness making, and told me how his employer used to borrow back from him for family expenses the money that had been paid as wages, and then forget to return it.

He was as relentless and tireless in investigating others as he was frank in confessing about himself. In running down the record of a man whom he suspected, he had the instinct of a ferret for a rat. He knew to minute details the entire personal history of more individuals than any other man I ever knew. I once told him that he made me think of Javert, the officer of justice in Victor Hugo's Les Misérables, and that if I had had the assignment of him to a profession by some of his most conspicuous talents, I would have made him a criminal lawyer, a prosecuting attorney, in which he would have had no equal anywhere. He was more than once tempted by prominent law firms with offers which insured eminence and wealth in that profession. His judgments were sometimes a bit severe. His prosecuting, not persecuting, proclivities influenced him sometimes to assume too readily that a man accused was guilty; yet his intuitions were usually sound and his moral insight almost clairvoyant. This was helped by his own rectitude of soul. His mind was skeptical and exacting. A kind of prudential suspiciousness was natural to him. He questioned and hesitated over many. Impostors could not impose on him. He had a settled distrust of a certain strong, influential, and widely popular man, saying of him: "He lacks conscience." Another man whose preaching was sentimental romancing, and who whiffled from one denomination to another in a meretricious and mercenary ministry, he utterly distrusted, almost detested, from the man's pyrotechnic, crowd-compelling beginning to the lonely, forlorn, and dismal close of a pretentious and selfish life.

Entirely sincere himself, he was impatient with any man who did not ring true or whose life was not in accord with his profession.

He agreed with Dr. Buttz, "No man in whom I do not believe can preach me a good sermon; no man in whom I do believe can preach me a poor sermon." The first requisite is honesty. He abhorred out-reaching self-seekers. Of an inferior man who had wormed his way into a certain Board, he said indignantly, "That fellow begged and bullied his way in here."

He was the deadliest foe of all fakirs, pretenders, and misleaders, the most expert exposer of frauds and delusions. Early in life he began on Spiritualism, detecting and exposing the tricks of mediums, and showing their dupes how they had been cheated and bamboozled. If he were writing to-day he would riddle the credulous spiritualistic vagaries of Sir Oliver Lodge, who presents nothing in the least degree convincing, but only discredits his own great reputation as a scientist.

In his later years he searchingly investigated and completely refuted "Christian Science," so called. A leading New York city club arranged for a public discussion, pro and con, of this modern fad, the "scientists" to choose their own spokesmen, Dr. Buckley being selected by the club, as a master of the subject, to reply. When the time for the debate came, the champions of Mother Eddy's cult, after having agreed to appear, flunked, failed to come, counting it more prudent not to face so formidable an opponent.

When that blatant and vituperative arch-impostor John Dowie, "Elijah II," supreme and imperious prophet of God to this age, came from Zion City to foist his pretentious claims upon the credulous and do his mighty works in New York city, in which attempt he failed expensively and absolutely, he was reported as saying that he had come East to spank Dr. Buckley. Whether he said that or not, it sounds like him, and he knew with certainty who was unmistakably his ablest enemy. Now that John Dowie is dead and William Hohenzollern is retired from business, the only pretender to preeminent authority from heaven is an Italian gentleman, residing in a vast marble palace on the left bank of the Tiber, who claims vice-gerency or vice-regency from the Almighty over the whole earth, and who with his deputies receives from credulous souls obsequious homage commensurate with his unwarranted and audacious claims. A Roman cardinal, whose throne was on Fifth Avenue, New York, came home from a visit to the Seat of Authority in Rome wearing the honors and decorations conferred by His Imperial Majesty the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church of Rome. As the procession which

escorted the richly robed prelate moved slowly up the avenue to his palace, a colored woman in the crowd of passers-by paused to watch. Seeing scores of women running to kiss his jeweled hand, extended over the side of the open barouche to accommodate them, she muttered disgustedly, "O my, O my!" When the procession had passed she was heard to say, as she turned away, "Well, God's gone by, I guess I'll go home." Dr. Buckley would have approved her disgust at such abject superstitiousness. Early in his career he attacked the unfounded claims of the Papal Church, and especially its bogus miracles and other impositions, such as the pretended apparition of the "Virgin Mother of God" at Lourdes and the miraculous spring there; the semi-annual miraculous liquefaction of the clotted blood of Saint Januarius, drying for centuries in the glass phial in the old church in Naples, and the spurious healing miracles solemnly affirmed by the bones of Saint Ann in a New York city church.

The proper descriptive name of the Church of Rome, of which the Pope is head, is, according to the custom in naming churches, the Papal Church. The Episcopal Church is so called because governed by bishops, the Methodist Episcopal because it has bishops; the Presbyterian Church is so called because it is governed by presbyters or elders; the Congregational Church is so named because it is directly governed by the congregation. By parity of nomenclature, the proper descriptive name of the Church of Rome is the Papal Church, the church that has for its supreme head a Pope (Italian "Papa").

The Roman Church is no more catholic in the original and proper sense of that word than are the Protestant churches. Instead of being catholic, it has less catholicity than any of the other Christian bodies; it is intolerant toward them, refusing to countenance them or be seen in their company, even denying their right to exist. It is the least catholic and most exclusive of churches. Any organization, whether religious or secular, may legally assume whatever name it chooses, even though it be as incongruous and incorrect as "Christian Science," which is neither Christian nor scientific. But names should be carefully and intelligently selected, lest they seem grotesque, as appeared when a woman wrote for a magazine an article entitled, "Why I Am a United Brethren." Catholic is not a name to be properly assumed by the most uncatholic of Christian bodies.

The comprehensive descriptive adjective I oftenest mentally applied to Dr. Buckley is the word "extraordinary," in its literal mean-

ing, out of the ordinary—beyond and above the ordinary—"in a class by himself," men said. Even his boyish pranks were out of the common, original, ingenious, sometimes audacious and startling, but never mean.

Beginning at random, he was, for one thing, the most extraordinary and tireless observer of people and things, great and small, that we have ever known. His keen observancy even of trivial things amounted almost to catopsis. Having inspected me for years, he came to me and said, "You are the longest-bodied man in the New York East Conference." Presumably he must have measured the three hundred other members! I had not known before just what my place and distinction were in that distinguished body. He himself was very long-bodied, in noticeable contrast with his shortness of limb. He sat down beside me to prove that when seated he was almost as tall as I.

The trustees of Wesleyan University were in session in Old South College toward midnight on a sultry June evening. That fine layman and model alumnus Judge George G. Reynolds was speaking with his usual clearness, wisdom, and force. Presumably Dr. Buckley was keeping the run of the judge's argument with one lobe of his brain; but with the other lobe he was measuring the foot of a man on the opposite side of the room. When the speaker ceased Dr. Buckley came across, sat down beside the man and said, "What size of shoe do you wear?" and "Can you walk five miles comfortably in those shoes?" Such trifling incidents show the man in his familiar every-day habit as he lived among his friends. In them we see the everlasting alertness of his extraordinary powers of observation and his habit of perpetual investigation, which sometimes gave people an uncomfortable feeling of being inspected by an expert.

His was one of the most highly self-trained minds ever active in Methodism, trained to do with precision and instantaneous promptness whatever was required of it. By austere self-discipline he strove to perfect all his powers of body and of mind. He made himself a physical and mental athlete. Even in old age he kept his muscles firm and sinews taut. When past eighty he asked me to feel how hard his muscles were.

His phenomenal memory was more the product of assiduous training than it was a congenital endowment. He studied and tested all systems of mnemonics. Because of his almost infallible memory, together with his known thoroughness in looking up his facts, his

statements were seldom questioned. Naturally he disliked to have his recollection called in question, and would take incredible pains to compel the denier to confess himself mistaken. In commencement week at Pennington nearly forty years ago, he said to Dr. J. B. Dobbins of the New Jersey Conference at dinner, "You remember presiding at a debate in the Alpha Omega Society in which I, then a student, took part? The decision was given against me, very justly, as I thought."

"You must be mistaken. I have no recollection of any such debate," was the reply.

Immediately Dr. Buckley began collecting evidence from persons whom he recalled as being present at the debate. As soon as dinner was over he went down town to Mr. Ripley T. Martin's drug store, and secured his first witness by reviving the druggist's recollection of the occasion. He kept at this for months, interviewing and communicating, until he had gathered testimony enough to convince Dr. Dobbins that the mistake was his own, that he had presided at that debate. At another time and place Dr. Buckley accosted a gentleman, addressing him by name. The man, not recognizing him, said, "You have the advantage of me, sir. May I ask your name?"

"Buckley. I saw you at a meeting in Central Church, Newark, twenty years ago."

"You mistake me for some one else, sir. I have never been in Central Church."

"Would you mind letting me see the top of your head?" The man, somewhat amused, good-naturedly uncovered his bald pate.

"You are the man, sir. You knelt during prayer in such a position that I saw the top of your head and noticed its peculiar shape. At the close of the meeting I spoke to you."

When the man went home he consulted with his family, and before long wrote Dr. Buckley, "I acknowledge the corn. I was there." This man of phenomenal memory seemed bent on remembering almost everything he had ever seen or learned. In this respect, as in most others, he was in marked contrast with Henry Ward Beecher, who, when appealed to at a meeting of the Brooklyn Clerical Union, for his recollection of certain events which the other twenty diners were trying to recall, said, "I don't remember. I forget almost everything on purpose in order that I may be able to remember the few things it is necessary I should."

One episode which Dr. Buckley and I used to recall happened in a Southern city about eighteen years ago. The incident exhibited not Dr. Buckley's trustworthy memory, but a public functionary's unreliable memory. Dr. Buckley was there to lecture for the benefit of one of our institutions. There was some local pride in having so important an institution located there, and some citizens had shown their sympathy by contributing to its support. To popularize the college still further the mayor of the city had been secured to grace the evening with his handsome presence. He was tall, shapely, and well groomed, a courtly Southern gentleman, whose appearance and bearing really lent dignity to the occasion. Everybody admired him on sight. His determination to dignify his high office and to meet the expectations of the crowded audience was manifest. He presided with dignity. His only real trial was in introducing the distinguished speaker. He meant to do it handsomely and did it even more generously than he had intended. Apparently he had tried to commit his introduction to memory. For a time all went well. He kept his lines, though with the air of a man walking a tight rope and afraid of falling off. When he came to his peroration, his memory lost hold of the written lines and his climax exploded thus: "The fame of our distinguished guest—is, is not limited to the territory of this great country of ours, but—but—has extended beyond all such bounds of demarcation—to—to—the four corners of the universe." This flight beyond all finite bounds of demarcation was delivered with a correspondingly wide wave of his long arm in a final far-flung gesture. In the midst of thundering applause, mixed with politely concealed laughter, Dr. Buckley rose to begin his lecture. He had to keep a rigidly sober face, but afterward in private he laughed with the rest of us over the cosmic reach of his fame. Writing me years later from a city in France he called my attention to the propriety of his being, as he then was, lodged in the Hôtel de l'Universe.

Dr. Buckley's extraordinary combination of abilities and acquirements gave him predominance, and, in his prime, prodigious influence. This great power he did not misuse. Neither in his own Conference nor elsewhere did he aim to be a boss. He was, on principle, opposed to bosses; by disposition and conviction democratic, bent on keeping power and authority out of the hands of the few and in the hands of the many. He did not suppress young men, as I have seen Conference bosses do elsewhere, causing Methodism to

lose some of its brightest ministers, but encouraged them, urged and sometimes provoked them to active participation in debate and in Conference business. He helped to bring the New York East Conference to such a state that it could be and was publicly described as "a body in which, when the best man does his best, he only proves himself worthy of his associations."

As Chancellor Day says truly, "He played fair," and was honorable in all things. While at times sharp-spoken, he was considerate of the feelings and rights of others. Many years ago in the Missionary Society, Bishop Simpson offered the name of Thomas B. Wood and urged his acceptance and appointment to Mexico. Up rose the tall, angular, overhanging figure of Daniel Curry to oppose the motion, rasping out his opinion that the society ought not to be influenced by a bishop's having on his hands and needing to dispose of "an enthusiastic young man who was ambitious to go in search of romantic adventures in the footsteps of Cortéz." On the back seat, unobserved, sat the young man who heard himself so described, and that vicious rhetorical fling was a whiplash about his ears, as I know from his own lips, leaving a sting which lasted through thirty years when he was our hero-missionary in South America, the magnificent apostle of religious freedom for an ecclesiastically oppressed and benighted continent. That husky and unromantic-looking young athlete, muscular and brainy—"Broad West" we called him in Wesleyan University—sailed away to a mighty life work far more unselfish and memorable than Curry's, with an uncalled-for slur rankling in him. James M. Buckley, with all his capacity for keen sarcasm, never was guilty of so unforgivable a cut. There was no touch of the savage in him. Fairness was one of the elements in Buckley's nobleness.

On a January day in 1880, I sat by the bed of Dr. Robert L. Dashiell, missionary secretary, previously president of Dickinson College, dying of internal cancer in his home in Roseville, Newark. We knew that at that hour the funeral of Bishop Gilbert Haven was proceeding at Malden, Mass. Dashiell wept as he thought tenderly of his comrade, and he said, "Well, the warrior is at rest." By the verdict of the Southerner, Dashiell, Haven, the abolitionist, was a warrior; yet was he a very genial fighter. When he first went South as bishop he met on a train an editor of the Southern Church who had fought him in his paper, and who greeted the man he had denounced with, "Well, you know by this time that I belong to the

Church Militant!" "Yes," flashed Haven, amiably, "and I belong to the Church Triumphant!" If Gilbert Haven was a warrior, what word shall we use to do justice to the more pugnacious, pouncing, incisive and dogged belligerency of James M. Buckley? Many a time I have seen the joyous anticipation of battle in the lift of his lips at the corners, showing his incisor and canine teeth. He fought vice and crime with Anthony Comstock and Charles H. Parkhurst. In Stamford he attacked the liquor traffic and from his pulpit and in court gave the rumsellers the worst thrashing they had ever had in that region. He agreed with Billy Sunday that "Sin is not a chocolate eclair but a rattlesnake." The thing to do is to keep out of reach of its fangs and to hit it with any club or stone that is within reach. He was not one of the fastidious critics of the Baseball Evangelist, who has been used by God to bring more sinners of all sorts, high and low, to utter and permanent surrender to Christ than dozens of his clerical contemners put together. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and him. Unless they can show more fruits than he can in lives transformed and souls saved everlastingly, they ought not to cast stones at the Presbyterian evangelist, who goes forth on his flaming mission clothed with the sanction of a wise, dignified, sober, learned, and increasingly evangelistic church, his ministry as valid and duly authorized as that of any of his critics. Whoso attacks him condemns the mighty church which holds its ægis over him. It has been said in Presbyterian circles that their church is leading the Methodist in evangelistic planning and activity. In all churches and from all pulpits there is need for more urgent appeals direct to the individual for immediate decision for Christ. As for platform gymnastics, I have seen James M. Buckley in a lecture leap into the air with a great shout, almost like De Witt Talmage or Billy Sunday, aiming to startle his hearers and accomplishing it. He was not jarred by desperate earnestness, and he accepted the unlimited variety of God's human instruments for rescuing souls from death by bringing them to Christ, though from the beginning until now some of these divinely selected agents of salvation have been eccentric and queer to the point of grotesqueness.

He was temperamentally a conservative and was found among the conservatives in church policy, as in theology and biblical interpretation. By strenuous opposition he would compel every proposed innovation to prove its case completely before allowing it to pass. Besides his native conservatism, his motive was to protect the

church from changes that might not be improvements. Thus he vigorously resisted the removal of the time limit and the admission of women to membership in the General Conference. He was so stoutly opposed to Woman Suffrage in the State that he published a book on the harm and danger of it to women and to the home and to society. A leader he was, but a leader of the conservatives; strictly speaking, more a moderator than a leader, steadying affairs by holding in check radical or too progressive impulses.

Dr. Buckley was not predominantly a scholastic. In his editorship he dealt comparatively little in theology, philosophy, or metaphysics. But any professor in any one of those departments would do well not to challenge him nor invite his critical attention by questionable teachings. More than once he had his conservative columbiad loaded and ready to open fire on some new book; he was with difficulty dissuaded by such suggestions as that it were better to let it pass unnoticed, as it would lift an individual of limited influence into conspicuousness and give church-wide publicity to the obnoxious views, disturbing minds that else had never been disturbed, and that to distract the attention of our ministers from their immediate and supremely urgent business of preaching the gospel and saving souls by a theological controversy in the church press was in itself undesirable, whatever the merits of the case. The book he disapproved would have hardly any sale unless it were advertised and made to seem important by an eminent man's attack. After the Briggs trial in the New York Presbytery years ago, which resulted in his expulsion, both the opposing parties were agreed on one point—at the end and ever after neither party wanted another heresy trial. Even the conservative prosecutors saw that the general damage and loss were greater than the specific victory they sought and won.

Once Dr. Buckley said to me, "Either you or I, with the Review and the Advocate, could start a commotion that would split the church into two hostile camps over some things." We agreed that this was undesirable. There was business before the house far more urgent and profitable. The healthy soundness of an active church, laying supreme emphasis on experience, is not likely to be led by individual heretics nor influenced by theoretical heresies. A sound organism can be trusted to dispose of microbes. After half a century in this editorial conning-tower with thousands of manuscripts giving me the mind of our church, my conviction is that Methodism is doctrinally sound.

In theology he was a conservative of the conservatives, distrustful of reconstructions, yet not intolerant of differing opinions, open-minded, reasonable, and patient. He had too questioning a mind of his own to be impatient toward the questioning of other sincere minds, and he had too firm a faith in the foundations of the everlasting Gospel to fear what any research or denial could do against it.

When ill-informed outsiders broke into the New York East Conference to annoy that body with charges of heresy against one of its ablest, most loyal, and most distinguished members, Professor Bowne of Boston University (that such a man was attacked by such men was a sore evil under the sun), Dr. Buckley acted as his defender and counsel. He felt assured of his soundness on all Methodist fundamentals. To us who knew Bowne's history, few things could be so absurd and wanton as the charge of Unitarianism. In his student days, working at manual labor to earn his way through New York University, he was offered a practically free education at Harvard under Unitarian auspices, with obligations not explicit but implied toward his would-be patrons and benefactors. He rejected that offer and went on shouldering barrels and bags in a flour-and-feed store. He had no sympathy with Unitarianism. Have any of his accusers paid as costly a price for their orthodoxy? To the charges at his trial this great philosopher and mighty defender of our Faith at its foundations, calmly said, with that serene, engaging, intellectual smile of his, with which I became familiar when he was a student in my classes at Pennington Seminary, "I am a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians." His loyalty to Methodist institutions was as pronounced as his devotion to its doctrines. Like that venerable teacher Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University, he refused tempting invitations from large non-Methodist universities, with higher salary and less work, and stuck to heavier work with lower pay. Borden P. Bowne loved the Methodist Church. How many of those who desired to drive him out of Methodism have given as sacrificial proof of their loyalty?

From one conversation, especially, I know that Dr. Buckley felt as I did that Unitarianism lacks some of the essentials for efficiency, some necessary elements of power. It does not motive the intense activity necessary to evangelize the world. We both agreed with Thomas Hill, president of Harvard, in his sermon, entitled, "The Need of Fire Under the Boiler," which he delivered to the annual ministerial convention of his fellow Unitarians. He deplored the

fact that his church lacked "go." He urged them to stir the coals, turn on the draughts and get up steam. But the trouble with the Unitarian engine was not due to temporary apathy and neglect to attend to the fires, which could be remedied by stirring the coals. It was because of the lack of heat-making elements in Unitarian doctrines, too little carbon in the coal; impossible to get up the requisite amount of steam. The engine looks well constructed, but it can't pull heavy trains and transport goods enough and far enough to supply a needy world. Our Unitarian brethren have polished their engine intellectually, President Eliot being chief polisher; polished it so that they can see their own faces in it—the face of Humanity—but not the Face of the Godman, Jesus Christ, the "one Face which, far from vanishing, rather grows, becomes my universe that feels and knows." Unitarianism seemed to Dr. Buckley, as to me, a lesser, paler, and feebler gospel, lacking something vitally essential, and so it is called a denatured Christianity. It is in danger of being classed among ineffectual things. I am thinking of typical Unitarianism. But we both knew that there are some who wear the Unitarian name whose faith and feeling have the evangelical glow and temperature. Such were President Thomas Hill of Harvard, and his brother, Mr. John B. Hill, bank president in New Brunswick, New Jersey, who begged permission to receive the Holy Sacrament at the altar of Saint James Methodist Church, saying that it was a sacred privilege to him to commemorate thus his Lord and Saviour. If absent from church other Sundays, he was sure to be there communion Sunday. When so weak he could not hold his body up to the altar rail, but sat flat on the floor, so that I reached down to give him the elements, his wet, upturned, waiting face was the most pathetic spectacle in all the month, more touching and saintly than Saint Jerome's Last Communion in Domenichino's great picture. Unless we misjudge twentieth-century Unitarianism it does not steer by the evangelical star, rather drifts toward the outer circles of Felix Adler's Ethical Culture, and reminds us of Matthew Arnold's lines, calling himself and his fellow-doubters "light half-believers of our half-beliefs, who hesitate and falter life away."

As chairman for many years of the Committee on Candidates in our Foreign Missions Board, examining the fine young folks who offer themselves for sacrificial service on the far-flung battle line of the Christian advance, I have listened joyfully to the story of their religious experience and how they came to this supreme consecra-

tion. I have looked into their illumined faces and felt the glow of their fervent devotion. Among the hundreds I have not noted one whose faith was of the Unitarian type and temperature. It was warmer and more impassioned. Such zeal burns in souls with evangelical and evangelistic faith. A student who had spent three years preparing for missionary work found himself at graduation troubled with questions over the deity of Jesus Christ. He went to one of his professors for help. The wise teacher said, "In trying to dissolve your doubts, don't linger at the metaphysical, speculative, argumentative end, as you have been doing, but move out to the evidential end. You are going out now into the wide, stirring world of religious activity. Study the most powerful and aggressive leaders. Pick out the most robust, potent, contagious, and influential personalities, the most selfless, sacrificial, buoyant, and earnest men and women. Then find out their faith and feeling about Jesus Christ. As to differing beliefs, by their fruits in character and life, by their efficiency, you shall judge them." A sagacious teacher and unerring adviser! The young graduate went to his work in China, watched with open eyes and saw that the faith which is dynamic, enkindling and energizing, expresses its conviction in the adoring confession, "In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead." Soon he was saying with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" His zeal and energy and devotion increased wholeheartedly from that hour, and his work has steadily gained in magnitude and momentum. He sees and knows what faith is dynamic and victorious, the Faith of the Eternal Son of God.

James M. Buckley was a realist. His hard, matter-of-fact legal mind discounted the imagination, distrusted emotion, was not moved by rhetoric, raptures, or rhythms, resembled solid shore, not billowy sea. Under a tide of moving poetic eloquence which carried the audience, he muttered in my ear, "Horrible!" The mesmeric spell of lilting words could not hypnotize him. He could read Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master" in a way to make it sound absurd. He disliked weakly sentimental hymns, though sound and sane Christian sentiment mastered his deeply religious soul. To use a figure he invented, his writings were beef and bread, not chicken broth nor floating island. At times, especially in my early editorial years, I found myself criticizing some impulsive passage I had written *currente calamo* with the question, "What would Dr. Buckley say to that?"

Some who did not really know him thought him as hard-hearted as he was hard-headed. As compared with most men, he was unemotional. Dropping in at Bishop Andrews's office, I found the Bishop and Chancellor Day and Dr. Buckley conversing. Dr. Buckley, who had risen to go, explained to me smilingly that he had been answering insinuations that he had a gizzard in place of a heart. His answer was that he never cried if he could help it, but that he could bring witnesses from Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, and from Stamford who would testify that they had seen him weep in public. His lachrymal glands were cased in bone, and hard to reach, but God could touch them, and I have seen his reverent eyes dimmed by the passion of the Cross as we rose from our knees at the communion altar. I almost wondered that one of so exacting, incredulous, skeptical, and questioning a mind should be so fervent, convinced, determined, unquestioning, and dogmatic a Christian. To his relentlessly critical mind the evidences of Christianity by accepted rules of evidence amounted to a demonstration, so that by authoritative orders from his reason, he was a deeply devout, a humbly obedient believer. With the purpose of testing sternly every step of the Christian reasoning, his mind had gone off into the dark to start from the infidel's standpoint, and so testing, he found his way straight up to the bright assuring light that shines into the soul at the foot of the Cross. Depth, and not tumult, marked his emotions and affections. A deep-hearted man he was, and his friendship rooted as the hills. Witness the tender attachment between him and J. B. Faulks and T. H. Landon. Almost pathetically beautiful in advanced years was the spectacle of those three old friends literally clinging to each other in life's deepening dusk.

As Hamlet said of his father, so we may say of James Monroe Buckley, "He was a MAN. Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." Like Roosevelt, he conquered early disease and "lived his life up to the hilt" until old age overtook him.

As for his thirty-two-years' editorship, if he was not a great editor then Methodism has had no great editor.

And now a far glance backward to the beginning of this notable career. When and where did it begin? I chance to know from Dr. Buckley's own lips. It was at Pennington in an unnoticed moment of an unrecorded day in the fifties. Young James, like many another inexperienced boy from a good home, had gotten into bad company, and was going their way. William H. Wardell, an older student, had

noticed with concern the deterioration and growing laxity of behavior. One day he happened to overhear very bad language from Jimmy's lips. Deeply shocked, he turned on the thoughtless lad a look of pained amazement, and exclaimed, "Has it come to this?" His look and tone drove his words into the conscience of young Buckley, so that he saw his danger, and halted then and there on the backward way in which he was being misled. From that day he faced right about, forsook his unworthy companions, and sought the company of Christian boys. Wardell's look of pained astonishment was like the grief on the face of Professor Stuart of Andover when his little Elizabeth had told a lie, a look which went to his child's heart, and gave her ever afterward a settled preference for veracity.

So we know that William H. Wardell, in later years long an honored minister in the New York East Conference with Dr. Buckley, was the vigilant and faithful switchman who threw the switch which turned a boy's life from the wrong track to the right track, gave it a new direction, and started on its upward way the great career the church now commemorates. Pennington School, like similar institutions, has been a wonderful saver of souls, and a recruiting station for the ministry. Seven or eight years after James Buckley's momentous decision there another minister's son stood up in the seminary chapel one evening and said, "I do not know whether I have just the right experience or not, but I am going to be a Christian. My heart says:

"Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

Thereafter that boy went on through the years saying, spite of occasional doubts and fears and lapses and errors, "I am my Lord's, and he is mine." Now this is told partly for the purpose of interjecting that similar events are going on all the time in preparatory schools, like Pennington and East Greenwich and Wilbraham and Cazenovia and Wyoming and others. The best of these seminaries are worth more to the church and the world than some colleges. Wherefore let us prize and foster and strengthen our Secondary Schools, as they are called, though of primary importance. In them young lives, at the critical period, are being helped to right decisions, and filled with motives for a noble career.

And now, while my mind is at Pennington, I will let memory take a long look backward along the course of our slowly increasing friendship which grew from a first acquaintance under the Seminary

campus trees. Starting at that beginning, I will close with the end.

This was the way acquaintanceship began in the late fifties: A group of boys of various ages were sitting on the grass of the front lawn. They had heard that a former student named Buckley, concerning whom remarkable traditions lingered, was in the building visiting his former teacher, Thompson H. Landon. The boys were watching for a sight of the much-talked-about young man. Presently he came out the front door and down the path. He turned aside to speak to the group, and as was his wont, made them talk by plying them with questions. When he was gone the boys had a dim feeling of having been inspected. That was my first sight of James M. Buckley, and from that time we were acquainted. Because of his extraordinary personality, I could not forget him. Who that ever met him could forget him? Because of his extraordinary memory he did not forget me. The next time I met him was at the close of my freshman year in Wesleyan University. Coming out of the chapel from the reading of the faculty report on the annual examinations, I found him on the campus, dignified and solemn, being there as official visitor and inspector from the New Hampshire Conference to give his consent, if he saw fit, to the graduation of the members of his own class, he having dropped out at the end of freshman year.

"Have you passed up in examinations?" he asked in the sepulchral voice he at that time cultivated, and added, "That's more than I ever did when I was here." Ill health had prevented him from passing up.

From that beginning of acquaintance my memory now takes a leap, coming down across fifty-seven years to our final meeting in April, 1919, during the session of the New York East Conference in Simpson Church, Brooklyn. On the day before the Conference his devoted daughter brought him from their home in Morristown to my hotel and committed him to my care.

Five days we lived together, I the guardian of his feebleness, going to the daily sessions of our Conference together, and staying together the rest of the time about the hotel, in his room or mine, or walking the streets of the city long familiar to him.

Five nights we knelt by his bed, he unable to command speech, my voice uttering our common prayer.

The fifth night, Sunday, after listening in the morning to a wonderful sermon on "The Lad with Loaves and Fishes," we had our last good night together. Our prayer closed with, "Master,

look mercifully upon thy servants here. For us it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. O Master, abide with us." When the two old friends, one seventy-six, the other eighty-two, as unwavering as they were undemonstrative for over threescore years, rose from their knees and stood a moment looking into each other's eyes, they clasped hands, and gave each other the ultimate and supreme manly token of mutual respect and affection.

That last good night seems, in the retrospect, sacramental. I am not ashamed, nor is he offended, at this lifting of the curtain on the privacy of that sacred scene, for I am writing thus confidingly to the great and loving church which reveres him because he was good and great, and which knows that I, like my father before me, have loved and served it all my days.

The next day I went with Dr. Buckley to Hoboken, saw him safely seated in the middle of the car, and telegraphed his daughter the time he would arrive at Morristown.

Such was my last visit, practically my last interview alone, with James M. Buckley.

And now naught remains for me here but to close my long service in this office, seven times assigned me by the church and never sought by me, by laying down my editorial pen beside Dr. Buckley's, awaiting the time when, for me as already for him, the day break and the shadows flee away. As my last official act I herewith, as if under oath before a notary, affix to this personal tribute, and to my twenty-seven years' work in the METHODIST REVIEW, my signature,

William V. Kelley

THE ARENA

A BIT OF IRONY

THIS comment by a secular paper on The New Republic, a somewhat sinister and subtle, if not inscrutable weekly, seems not out of place in a review which sometimes uses the ironic method of criticism:

"Of many affecting spectacles among our baffled intellectuals none is more moving than that of The New Republic's discovering Christianity.

"The general process at work is familiar and obvious enough. Having tried every formula known to pacifism and Socialism and to every other millennial creed, and having found the tympana of the people strangely deaf, the editors of The New Republic, like so many theorists of the past, are shifting their tents. Where endowed uplift at 15 cents a copy has failed let prayer and the Beatitudes try their hand.

"Just where and how Mr. Herbert Croly expects to conduct his revival meetings is not clear. His present essay is more metaphysical than hortatory—one is reminded rather of Thomas Aquinas than Billy Sunday. For a while we thought that Mr. Croly blamed the Reformation for the failure of the 'Reds' in America and the deportation of our anarchists—over whom The New Republic sheds many tears. But we gather from other sentences that Mr. Croly is at least resigned to the Reformation, and it is not a complete identity of church and state that he seeks. Here is the meat of Mr. Croly's newly opened cocoanut:

"But owing to the divorce between knowledge and religion the engineers of the new knowledge transmuted it into irresponsible rather than responsible power. The present awful predicament of civilization is born of this transmutation. The steady expansion of secular knowledge is the dominating fact in the lives of the Christian peoples. It is exercising an ever more complete and irresistible authority over both the conduct and the conscience of mankind. But its authority is devoid of moral sanction. The new knowledge has done little or nothing to enhance or to liberate human life as a whole. On the contrary, it is vesting the moral ownership of incalculably formidable engines of power in particular classes and nations, whose special interests are opposed to general human fulfillment. If the secularization of knowledge continues it will ultimately wreck civilization. The integrity of the city of God can be restored only by the reunion of knowledge and religion.

"The awful predicament thus facing the intelligentsia is enough to make a German officer weep. To abandon the City of the Soviet for anything as bourgeois as the City of God is indeed an awful descent. To lead the country in prayer may have its comfortable side, but it is a sad come-down from that slaughter of us all by the sword of the 'Reds' with which The New Republic used shudderingly to threaten us every so often if we didn't behave and subscribe, and so on. As for Christianity, it has existed for a long while, before, during and after many wars, and will probably rub along for some time to come. The New Republic's sudden discovery of it will shock our radicals to

the core and give Mr. Lenine and Mr. Trotzky a very bad quarter of an hour. But other cosmic consequences hardly seem probable."

A Periodical Reader.

Weissnichtwo.

THE SHORT STORY AND THE PREACHER

The short story is the prevalent form of fiction to-day. In a busy age, where days are crowded, that type of literary production which can be read at one sitting, on the train, at the station, or elsewhere, in any brief interval of leisure, naturally has become popular.

The short story usually contains from two thousand to five thousand words, and is distinguished from the long story, or novel, by simplicity, unity, concentration, the use of impressionistic methods, and singleness of situation and dominant character. With its peculiar structure, its intense human interest, its limitations of brevity, its rich and varied verbiage, it affords the student lessons of homiletical importance.

A notable pulpit excellence is the ability to condense. The preacher has to present, within the limits of an hour, themes of eternal significance. "The world is my parish," is true of the preacher in more than one sense. His imagination must "take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth"; his mind must scan the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of universal truth; mentally, as well as spiritually, he must be able to say, with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath led me into a large place." Having been there, however, with mind surcharged, with heart overflowing, he must step into the pulpit, and *get through in an hour.* "Who is sufficient for these things?"

A good short story is a cross section of human life, real and pulsing. It is so brief that it can be apprehended at a glance. It is so true that it can be related vitally to all life. Nevertheless, it has such a definite aim, such simplicity of plot, such a unity of development, that it leaves on the reader's mind one impression only. That may be, for example, the penalty of sin, the reward of virtue, or the loyalty of sincere love. It is free from irrelevant matter. Not one useless word is used. Each sentence has a definite value in its paragraph; each paragraph leads on steadily in preparation for the crisis, the climax, and the conclusion. In other words, the successful short story has a definite goal; it moves straight toward that goal; it gets there, and stops.

This is what the sermon should do also. Alluring bypaths beckon, tempting vistas invite to digression, all along the homiletic highroad; only the preacher that keeps straight on shall be saved. The King's business requires haste. Just as the plot of a short story should be expressible in a single, short, fairly simple sentence, so many a sermon would have been improved if its thesis had been reduced to a form similarly concise and definite.

The story that grips our thought and holds our attention to the end must have other attributes besides that of brevity. One highly im-

portant factor is that of dramatic development. The action of the story must not slow down, but must be constantly accelerated. For a moment, just before the climax is reached, its onward movement may be arrested; this suspense arouses the reader's keenest interest; *then* must come the telling stroke that culminates the story.

We have listened to some sermons, have read others, and preached too many ourselves that did not possess this element of dramatic development. Excellent material and manifest fervor were there, but the proper arrangement was lacking. Such sermons may please, instruct, and uplift, but they are less effective than they should be, both as immediate spiritual appeals and as permanent mental possessions. Like soldiery, sermonic elements should be marshaled with strategic skill to insure their supreme efficiency.

The writer's graduating thesis in the theological seminary was on "The Parabolic Element in the Gospel of Mark." Two profound impressions were made on the writer by the study involved. One was the realization of the masterly use of the short story by Jesus. The other was an appreciation of the exquisite care with which the evangelist arranged his material on a dramatically developed outline. While the King's business requires *haste*, it also requires *taste;* a sense of the fitness of things; a perception that the form as well as the content of the message is highly important.

Sermon structure is more akin to that of a short story than to that of a drama. In the latter the climax, instead of coming at the end, as in a story, comes in the middle. Thereafter the play proceeds leisurely to untangle the complications. It *works up* to its climax; then it *works out* the solution. The interest is maintained by the human element, made visible on the stage, and operating under the exigencies of the plot. Needless to say, a story cannot do this; neither can a sermon, with any happy results. The climax in both should come at the end. We have heard sermons that were admirable; they led on and on, and up and up; they reached a climax; but then, alas, they did not stop. The preacher spent as much time sliding down hill as he took in toiling up. The effect on the hearer was like that of a twice-told tale. Those who slept through the latter half of the sermon did well.

We have never noticed this phenomenon under our own preaching. Perhaps we were too busy at the time for careful observation. However, we have been solemnly assured sometimes after a pulpit effort that the sermon just delivered was a most "restful" discourse. All this leads us to believe that it is easier to preach preaching than it is to practice it. It would appear that there are as many things for a novice to bear in mind when he is learning to preach as there are for a centipede to remember—when he is learning to walk.

A study of the short story will involve a careful reading of the best examples. Such reading can afford the preacher mental recreation and furnish him with an astonishing amount of material. New horizons are glimpsed; different vocabularies are listened to; various

ages and distant climes are visited swiftly as though on a magic carpet. The bypaths of nature come winding up delightfully to the study door; vistas full of charm and color open up before the gratified gaze; while there pass, as if in review, those human characters immortal which stand as types for the various classes of "folks." A study of the short story requires, in the matter of characterization, a consideration of the long story also.

There is no substitute for the first-hand study of human nature. However, the classes of fiction are note books, whereon master observers have jotted down facts for our guidance. As geography and history prepare for appreciative travel, so does a study of the imaginative masterpieces fit one for an adequate consideration of the various kinds of human nature. Such study not only aids the preacher to preach to people; it helps him to get along with them also, or at least to *put up* with them. Some annoying person becomes much less bothersome if one can label him neatly with a mental tag, and place him definitely in that particular class, family, and genus of nuisances where he properly belongs. No harm is thus done to the specimen, providing such classification is not published, while the mind of the triumphant classifier is mightily relieved. There is a scientific satisfaction about the whole proceeding.

The characters in a "convincing" story are not purely imaginary. They are ideal pictures, drawn from living models. Consequently, a careful perusal of the stories of a good author can furnish a preacher with materials of human interest, and also stimulate him to become, himself, a shrewd observer. Such reading, moreover, since it deals with the concrete and the practical, may afford a wholesome balance to his theological studies, which have to do largely with the abstract and the theoretical.

Too often, when driven by work and fagged by constant sermon production, the preacher is discouraged to find his sermons tend to become commonplace, hackneyed, and prosaic. A judicious course in short-story reading, which excludes trash and centers on the best, can furnish relief and stimulation. The striking and dramatic situations of Frank R. Stockton, the virile and intensely vivid pictures of Rudyard Kipling, the deft impressionism of Guy de Maupaussant, the graceful fancies of Robert Louis Stevenson, the poetic conceptions of Henry van Dyke, the excellences of a score of other distinguished writers, can enliven the preacher's imagination, suggest numerous telling illustrations, and arouse him to greater originality.

In this day of printer's ink and publicity there is high value in the drawing power of a happy and appropriate title. It helps to sell a story, to create interest in a sermon, and to get a book before the public. It is no small part of the story writer's study, therefore, to master the psychology of titles. The principles involved apply to sermons as well as to books or short stories. The ideal title will be apt, attractive, new, short, and specific.

The proverb about giving a dog a bad name has a bearing on the

matter of giving a name to a story, a sermon, or a book. Some years ago the director of the Astronomical Observatory in Cincinnati, Dr. O. M. Mitchell, published a volume with the following title: The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. The public did not appear to be interested. Not a copy was sold. When the publisher bitterly lamented this fact a wise friend said: "Why not give it a title more attractive? Instead of naming it 'The Planetary and Stellar Worlds,' why not call it 'The Orbs of Heaven'?" He did. Six thousand copies were sold the next month.

We do not guarantee if any preacher happily rechristen his sermons, that multitudes of hearers will result immediately. Nevertheless, we contend that a new title for an old sermon is often an excellent thing—especially when it comes to repeating that sermon.

No story is great that does not make a deep or strong impression on the reader's mind and heart. All stories must be brought to the test of their "moral effect." So also, of course, must all sermons. In this matter, too, the sermonizer may learn from the author a subtle art. Just as of old Nathan, by a story cleverly told, aroused the righteous indignation of the king against an alleged offender, who had been guilty of gross injustice and murderous conduct, and then quietly said to David, "Thou art the man," so he to-day who can, by *indirection*, arouse the conscience, stir the feeling, and then bring the hearer to the place where suddenly he will make the application to himself—that man has art, the art of Nathan the prophet, the art of Jesus the Christ.

In all literature there is no greater short story than that of the Prodigal Son. Here we have a perfect model. Here is the *introduction*—brief, interesting, pertinent—the hero takes his journey into a far country. Here is the development—swift, unitary, dramatic—he spends all in riotous living. Here is the *crisis*—strong, preparatory—reduced to dire distress, he faces suicide. Here is the *climax*, with its tremendous results, changing lives immortal—*the boy comes home!*

O Master Story Teller! touch our lips, that we may speak; inspire our pens that we may write, and some day help us to see that we, too, have had a share in fashioning the masterpiece of the ages—that blessed and wonderful story of how men at last, as children repentant, came home to their Father God.

W. Evans Handy.

Rockville, Conn.

SANITY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The twin brother of hate is pessimism. They often come together, hand in hand, the inseparable twins. Hate comes scowling and pessimism sourly frowning. Pessimism never knows happiness, but obtains a sort of morbid satisfaction in picturing the world as on the toboggan slide toward the bowwows. Pessimism is blind to beauty, virtue and nobility, but has a microscopic sight to see ugliness, sin

and cupidity. Groans, grunts and growls are the only language it knows. It discourages and distorts. Society and government could not live a month if things were half as bad as the rankest pessimist pictures them.

The pessimist busies himself in explaining why it cannot be done, and while he is demonstrating conclusively that he is right, the optimist is gayly doing the job that cannot be done. The optimist clears the forests, builds roads and houses and cities, sows wheat and plants orchards, grinds grain and makes laws, conquers evils and kills giants, and while all this is being done, the pessimist is dolefully orating on what a mess things are in.

This generation has its full quota of calamity howlers. Some are in the pulpit, some are in our legislative halls, some stand on soap boxes and volley forth their anathemas against cleanliness, order, thrift, and decency. Notwithstanding all that has been said, our land still remains the "Sweet Land of Liberty," and the Star-spangled Banner still waves o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. The observer may notice another thing, too, if he keeps his eyes open, and that is, those who denounce our institutions generally remain here unless Uncle Sam provides free transportation to another land, and it may be also seen that said free transportation must be forced upon them.

It is true that we are in a period of transition with upheavals that bring privations to certain classes. Some elements in society are trying to take advantage of the moment that seems strategic. Some of the passions and prejudices of the old world have extended their blighting influence over our nation. All this is true, but it needs no prophet to see that the voice of pessimism will die down, the hoarse cry of hate will diminish in volume, and the voice of reason and love will furnish the dominant note. Why is this true? Simply because the American people have in them the saving virtue of common sense. There is a sense of right in the hearts of our people that enables them to weigh correctly and estimate at their true worth all that is being said by pessimist and propagandist. There is something so sane in the sons of Uncle Sam that they will not run off after any will o' the wisp.

The psychology of the American mind is different from that of any other nation. It is unlike that of the Chinese in its slavery to the beaten paths, yet with its healthy conservatism, clings to the tried and true and reaches out for the better yet. It has no similarity to the mind of India, in that it builds no unbreakable walls between the classes, yet it pays proper reverence to the man of distinguished ability. Nor has it any of the characteristics of the Russian mind, which has become what it is through centuries of oppression, injustice and cruelty of the ruling classes, so that fear, suspicion and hate have arisen like dark clouds, and have shut out the clear light of truth and love. No wonder that Bolshevism—the slimy, crawling, repulsive thing that it is—finds there a proper environment for growth. Darkness is now upon the face of Russia, but the spirit of God is moving upon the face

of Russia, and by and by God will say, "Let there be light," and light and love shall come to reign.

The American mind is not congenial soil for Bolshevism. Bolshevism is being sown here without a doubt. Martens with his agents is undoubtedly spending millions in seeding down this continent. But Bolshevism will not grow here. It will be like the stunted, dwarf oak, growing in the Arctic regions, which does not reach its naturally majestic proportions because of improper environment.

Into the melting pot of the American mind have gone some of the common sense of good old Ben Franklin, some of the unswerving integrity and faith of Washington, some of the greatness and love of Lincoln. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and Beecher have all added something. And what shall we say of Asbury, the "apostle of the long trail"? Only the divine mind can measure how much America owes to this great soul. His thought, his life and his gospel have gone into the sturdy iron of our early Puritan, our Dutch and our Huguenot life, and made the iron into tough tungsten steel. And out of this finest of steel our strong patriotism is built, and the wolf of Bolshevism may "huff and puff," but he will "never blow our house in."

But it must be remembered that however much we value our American heritage, we cannot afford to remain aloof or indifferent to this menace. Some one has said that there are only two courses open to us, either absolute suppression or the gospel. Necessarily, we must leave the matter of suppression in the hands of the government. Some of the irreconcilable Reds must be handed some of their own medicine. They will learn in no other way. But the challenge comes as never before to the church to "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The disturbing element are not of America, neither do they know America. And they are not of the Father, neither know they the Father. The American spirit must be interpreted, God must be interpreted. Christ interprets the Father, and when they know the Christ of America, they will throw away the red flag and take up the Cross, red with the Redeemer's blood.

G. A. Luttrell.

Reisterstown, Md.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASBOURG

The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France involves the significant problem of the renaissance and future development of the famous University of Strasbourg. Many things conspire to make France peculiarly solicitous for the largest prosperity of this university and to give us all an interest in its future.

Few institutions of learning have had a more varied and interesting history than the University of Strasbourg. Its small beginnings lie as far back as the year 1538. It was in that year that John Sturm,

humanist and Lutheran, at the instance of the people of Strasbourg, opened there a Gymnasium. In 1567 the flourishing school was raised by imperial decree to the rank of an Academy, that is, a school of the highest class, yet limited to the faculty of letters. In 1621 Ferdinand II made of it a full University, adding the faculties of theology, law, and medicine. The University was Lutheran and of course—broadly speaking—German. Its German character it maintained until 1681, when Alsace and Lorraine passed under the dominion of France. The people of Alsace, however, proudly remind us that before 1872 very few of the great names in the history of the University were of Germans proper, but of Alsatians. As to its specifically Lutheran character, this was retained even under the Bourbons. It was not until the reorganization of the University under Napoleon in 1808 that the confessional character of the institution as a whole was laid aside; yet even then the theological faculty remained Protestant, though no longer exclusively Lutheran.

We can only briefly allude to the many vicissitudes of the University—the disastrous effects of the Thirty Years' War, the temporary losses due to the passing of the region from the German to the French possession in 1681, the lapse occasioned by the French Revolution, its revival under Napoleon and other phases of its life—until the German reorganization in 1872. Mention, however, must be made of three periods in which the University shone forth with uncommon luster. The first great era was in the seventeenth century (this was under the Germans). The second was in the eighteenth century (this was under the French). Again in the middle of the nineteenth century, especially in the sixties, the University had a number of really illustrious teachers. In theology we note the names of Edouard Reuss, Charles Schmidt, Bruch, Colani (a man of brilliant teaching talent), and the youthful Auguste Sabatier, who later acquired fame at Paris. But there were great names also in the other faculties. It will suffice to mention two: Louis Pasteur and Fuestel de Coulanges. The latter was the supreme attraction at Strasbourg in those days. For his course on "The Ancient City" 300 hearers regularly assembled themselves, among whom were always seen some gray heads.

Shortly after Alsace-Lorraine passed, in 1871, into the possession of Germany, the Reichstag decreed that there should be established at Strasbourg a model German University, whose professors, chosen from among the most eminent of all Germany, should be the "pioneers of the German spirit" in the reconquered territory. The festival of inauguration took place on May 1, 1872, and it was a very imposing affair. The professors opened their lectures on the 15th of the same month. Of course this German university was not altogether a new creation, but a reorganization. The former professors were for the most part permitted to retain their chairs upon condition of taking the most explicit oath of allegiance to Germany. This condition, of course, eliminated the most of them. And so it came about that the faculties were reconstituted almost wholly of new material. But it is noteworthy that not a few of the

able men who were brought to Strasbourg in the first years of the "Kaiser Wilhelm University" showed a readiness to accept calls to other universities. The atmosphere of Alsace was not sufficiently German for them. Thus such men as the jurists Brunner and Loening and the historian of German literature, Wilhelm Scherer, were soon found teaching elsewhere. Nevertheless several stars of the first magnitude remained at Strasbourg, among them the very eminent theologian Heinrich Holtzmann, the archæologist Michaelis, the Orientist Nöldeke, the botanist Bary, and the jurist Paul Labland. Moreover, several men of the very first rank were attracted to Strasbourg at a later period, among them the world-renowned physicist Kohlrausch. On the whole, however, the German University of Strasbourg has been rather less successful than some others of a less sumptuous and elaborate equipment. Still, in the last two years before the war the number of matriculants there exceeded 2,000. These were distributed among the six faculties of Protestant theology, Catholic theology (established in 1903), law, medicine, philosophy, mathematics, and natural science.

In order to realize the German idea of a great and imposing university, that should mightily help to win the hearts of the Alsatians to their new fatherland, it was determined that its equipment should be of the very first order. The initial outlay for buildings was 14,000,000 marks; this was eventually increased to 25,000,000 marks. The number of laboratories is extraordinarily large and their appointments are altogether admirable. The chief single building is the great lecture hall for the faculties of theology, law, and philosophy. It is an immense and noble structure. Finally, there is the great library, splendidly housed, containing more than 1,000,000 volumes. In 1914 it was the third library of the German Empire, surpassed in size only by the royal libraries at Berlin and Munich.

In short the French have become the possessors of a really magnificent plant for a university. They are fully conscious that it behooves them to make the most of it. The eyes of the world, especially of Germany, will be upon them. With the utmost spirit they have set about to surpass all that has ever been accomplished at Strasbourg. The wonderful array of buildings does not make a university—that is yet to be created. But the French, especially the people of Alsace-Lorraine, feel that what they now possess as the foundation for a university is not the booty of war but their rightful property. The cost of buildings and equipment had been chiefly borne by Alsace-Lorraine, only one-sixth having been contributed from the funds of the Empire. As for the remainder, the French recover no more than had once been taken from them. The spirit with which they have set themselves to the task of building up a great French university at Strasbourg is seen in the fact that in less than two months after their occupation of the city the work of the university was resumed in nearly all departments. All lectures were given in French and all examinations were conducted in French. The difficulties involved in this program were great, but the program was carried through with unwavering consistency.

All six faculties will be retained, but with a very general change of personnel. Perhaps the only representative of the old faculty of Protestant theology who will remain is Fernand Ménégoz, a *privat-docent* of Alsatian nationality. We are especially pleased to note that Paul Sabatier has been appointed to a professorship of theology. His brilliant "Life of St. Francis of Assisi" gave him a large international reputation. As professor it is possible that he may not fall below the high level on which his father stood. Immediately to man all the professorships with scholars of really high rank will be no easy task. Indeed, it is certain that an ideal university cannot be created at once. But with the utmost speed the best available men will be called to the various chairs. And France has many very competent scholars. One may safely prophesy a brilliant development of the new French University of Strasbourg.

Already the University is sending forth to the ends of the earth announcements of its policy and plans. Very special stress is laid upon the fact that Strasbourg is the best place in the world in which to observe the next developments in German thought and life without having to be brought into a disagreeable contact with the German people themselves. The leaders of thought at Strasbourg are quite right in recognizing that all persons who want to understand their own age must keep themselves informed concerning Germany. They have good reason, therefore, to point out that Strasbourg has unequaled facilities for studying Germany without being in Germany. But *all* the problems of the new order—in France, in Germany, and in the whole of Europe—can be studied with peculiar advantage at Strasbourg. The University invites interested parties to make request for more particular information as to its courses and its general plans.

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE IN WAR-TIME

Only in a relative sense has the old saying, *Inter arma musæ silent*, held true throughout the world war. There is perhaps no large and finished work of genius, either in literature or in music, in painting or in architecture, to point to as an achievement of the last four years. And yet everybody knows how powerfully the human spirit has expressed itself here and there in poetry and fiction. Doubtless the mighty stirrings of the period of the world-agony will find adequate expression in the era of the world-peace upon which we trust we are now entering.

How has it been with production in the theological field? The merest glance confirms what we should have expected. Works of great erudition and research have not appeared in the period of the war, except as they had ripened in the years before, and were virtually ready for publication when the war broke out. On the other hand, discussions bearing upon the vital questions of personal faith have appeared in great numbers. So it came about that in the first months of the war there was a flood of essays, pamphlets and books on the general theme of the relation of

Christianity to war. Then kindred themes came in for consideration—such themes as nationalism and internationalism in religion, or the question of "the German God." A tremendously vital theme was the hope of personal immortality. Another weighty subject has been the future of religion. The longing for a larger and deeper union of Christian believers has found expression in all lands. And, of course, the need of a new emphasis in preaching has been recognized everywhere. Finally, the various aspects of the hope of the Second Advent, of Christus Consummator, have been discussed with much zeal and energy.

In these discussions the Christian theologians of every land and creed have participated. The themes are much the same in all lands. And—this must not be left unremarked—the treatment appears to have been much the same. In *theory* the theologians of Germany, for example, expounded the theme, "Christianity and War," in much the same manner as those of France and England.

Since for many good reasons it is desirable that we extend our knowledge of the religious thought of French Protestantism, special attention is directed to a single typical war-time French theological book, namely, Alexandre Westphal's "Jesus de Nazareth" (Librairie Générale et Protestante, Paris, two volumes octavo, price 15 francs). It will be of interest to know that an abridged edition of this work was prepared for the French soldiers, and that 80,000 copies of it were sold. Westphal is a writer of much breadth, insight and charm. His book "Jehovah" (in English under the title, "The Law and the Prophets") is recognized as one of the most attractive expositions of the growth of the Old Testament religion. The newer book will be found to be no less impressive.

Theologically the years of the war have been years of deep ferment and of a revaluation of values. Without doubt the coming years will be found to teem with fruits which began to form themselves in the time of the war. And we prophesy that the real leaders of Christian thought, at least in such a country as Germany, will not always be those who bore great names before the war. We will also express the further conviction that, while the war has forced Christendom to be ashamed of a narrow sectarianism, it has nevertheless made it clear that no religion can gain the full mastery in men's lives which has not a definable truth to offer as well as a clear program to be realized. Nothing can be more unpractical than a "practical Christianity" without a recognized body of truth.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Nothing is known of Judas Iscariot previous to his selection as an apostle of Jesus Christ. He was chosen to that office precisely in the same manner as the other eleven disciples, and is mentioned as such in the lists given by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. John also calls

him one of the twelve. As Peter always stands first in the lists, Judas is invariably named last.

Judas was not only a regular disciple, but was also treasurer of the apostolic band, thus filling one of the most important offices in the gift of his colleagues and his Master. Though little is known of his activities as disciple, it is certain that he continued in his work till the eve before the crucifixion, and as may be fairly inferred, without arousing in the other disciples any serious doubt as to his moral fitness or integrity of character.

John, writing many years after the tragic death of Judas, records the fact that he criticized the act of a certain woman for having, as he professed to believe, wasted about $50 worth of precious spikenard to anoint the Master's feet, and asserted that this great sum might have been better spent in helping the poor. According to John, Judas objected, not because he cared for the poor, but rather because he was a thief, and having the bag, was accustomed to appropriate some of the money placed therein. Let it be remembered that this statement of John was made long after the event, and as already stated, it is not absolutely clear that Judas, during his apostleship, was suspected of dishonesty. Even on the last night, when our Lord said to him: "That thou doest, do it (most) quickly," not one of the disciples knew for what intent Jesus spoke to Judas.

"It was night" when Judas went out from his brethren, never to return. And what a night! He received from the priests thirty pieces of silver, something less than twenty dollars—or the price of a common slave. For this mean sum he had engaged to lead the priests and soldiers to the spot where Jesus could be apprehended, in the darkness of midnight, when the multitudes who loved Christ were asleep, and thus he could be taken without interference. As a disciple of Christ, he knew where the Lord would be at that very hour; he sells his knowledge to the enemy. He knew the Master would retire to Gethsemane for prayer at a stated time. Thither he leads the hostile band, and with a kiss, as the signal agreed upon, betrays him. A kiss, we should add, was the most common mode of greeting among *very* intimate friends.

The eleven disciples, thoroughly frightened at the appearance of the soldiers, fled in consternation. Peter and John, however, shortly afterward retraced their steps and followed their Lord to the house of the high priest. The hour proved too much for impetuous Peter. Whether Judas went with the band which led Jesus prisoner, we know not, as no light is thrown upon this point in the Gospels. But we do know that when Judas realized what he had done, and saw that Jesus was actually taken, "he repented himself, and brought back the money to the priests, saying, I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood" (Matt. 27. 3). The priests were unrelenting, for they neither heeded Judas's confession, nor did they take back the money. Judas, in utter despair, flung it into the sanctuary, went away and hanged himself. Another account of his death is given in Acts 1. 18, which varies considerably from that given by Matthew. "Receiving both as authentic accounts,

we are led to the conclusion that the explanation is to be found in some unknown series of facts of which we have but too fragmentary narratives."

Though Judas continued as apostle to the night before the crucifixion without, as far as we know, revealing his real nature to his colleagues, it seems that Jesus, "who knew what was in man," had a deeper insight, for we read that he knew from the beginning (his early contact with Judas) that he was going to betray him (John 6. 64, 71).

The story of Judas, at first sight clear and simple enough for a child to understand, is yet fraught with difficulties which have challenged the brightest intellects and have caused much discussion. While some have painted Judas as a traitor in the blackest colors, without one redeeming quality, others have regarded him as a man indiscreetly ambitious, without proper moral and mental balance. Indeed, some have gone so far as to regard him as a genuine patriot. No doubt, if we had a fuller biography of Judas we might arrive at more correct conclusions regarding his real character and motives. But looking at him from any angle, he is to be pitied, for joy and happiness must have been strangers to him. There is a profound truth in what A. B. Bruce says of Judas: "To be happy in some fashion Judas should either have been a better or a worse man." Had he been better he could not have perpetrated the crime attributed to him, and had he been worse, he could not have felt the remorse and despair which resulted in his death. No doubt the guilt of Judas is enhanced in the average mind by the fact that the person he betrayed "was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, the Best-Beloved of God, and every man's friend."

So inexplicable is the act of Judas, as reported by the evangelists, that many reject its historical character and unceremoniously relegate the story to the realm of myth. "The fact of the treason of Judas," says Kleim, "is so improbable, so incredible, so terrible; it jeopardizes so painfully our faith not only in human nature, but also in the dignity and greatness of Jesus, in his knowledge, his judgment, his keenness of vision and that love of his which could melt even ice." Then adds that a weight would be moved from the heart of Christendom "if the treason of Judas could be proved to have no existence." But such a solution does not unravel nor lessen the mystery; it simply cuts the knot, and it is the least probable of the theories advanced for explaining this difficult case. That there was a Judas, that he was one of the twelve apostles, and that he betrayed the Master cannot be reasonably doubted.

What then could have been his motive for the crime attributed to him?

It will be admitted at once that Judas, in common with his fellow disciples, completely misapprehended the nature of Christ's kingdom. Having expected a temporal rule, he was naturally disappointed because Jesus did not set up a kingdom, drive out the Romans and their representatives and place himself upon the throne of David. Not one of the twelve really understood the spiritual nature of the Kingdom before the cruci-

fixion, nor, indeed, till after they were filled with the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Even after the resurrection, when assembled together, they asked: "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts 1. 6). That is, wilt thou at this time free us from Roman dominion? Judas understood the popular feeling, and as far as the people were concerned Jesus might have declared himself king some months before. Instead of yielding to the popular clamor and expectation—shared in by the disciples, too—he withdrew to the mountain for prayer. Judas and the rest, too, were bitterly disappointed when a few days before the betrayal, when the great multitudes attending the feast hailed Jesus as king of Israel, and would have gladly crowned him (John 12. 12ff.), to Judas's disgust our Saviour took no advantage of the situation. The traitor may have reasoned within himself: This is the auspicious moment. The people are ready for a revolution. Jerusalem is now filled with those who regard Jesus as the promised Messiah, who was to sit on David's throne. I shall be doing a good thing if I force him to declare himself. The priests and elders are his enemies. They will gladly deliver him to the Roman authorities and are willing to pay me a goodly sum of money for assisting them in their unholy alliance with the foreign oppressor. This will bring things to a crisis. The multitude will overpower the priests and the Roman soldiers and Jesus will be proclaimed king in spite of himself. Even should the priests succeed in delivering Jesus to the Romans, he will find a way of escape. De Quincey says: "The object of Judas was audacious in a high degree, but for that very reason not treacherous at all. His hope was that when, at length, actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement and of throwing off the Roman yoke." This view, in a modified form, is held by many distinguished men like Neander, Whately and others, who claim that his act was more of a blunder than a crime. His mind was too shallow to fathom the depth of Christ's nature. He had too much of the human in his heart and too little of the divine. Nay, more, in doing evil that good may come, he was influenced by Satanic agencies. Our Saviour is made to say (John 6. 70), in speaking of the twelve, "One of you is a devil." The phrase cannot be taken literally. Alford, commenting on it, says: "The English version, 'a devil,' is certainly too strong; *devilish* would be better, but not unobjectionable." The epithet may have been used much in the same sense as when our Lord on another occasion said to Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Both Peter and Judas, failing to grasp the real nature of Christ's kingdom, became stumbling blocks. By not accepting our Lord's plan of redemption implicitly and without hesitation or without suggestions of their own, they became adversaries and hostile, or, as Westcott in his comments on the passage says: "Judas, by regarding Christ in the light of his own selfish views and claiming to use his power for the accomplishment of that which he had proposed

as Messiah's work, partook of that which is essential to the devil's nature. With this term applied to Judas, we must compare that of Satan applied at no long interval to Saint Peter." Men too often unconsciously substitute their own ideas for God's. When our thoughts are put into action, and when we fail to carry out the divine plan, we may be said, harsh as the term may sound, to act devilishly, even though we may not grasp the gravity of the act. When we substitute our own plans for those of God, it may be as truly said of any of us as was said of Judas, "Then entered Satan into him."

Others treat Judas with less leniency. They, too, readily admit that Judas, in common with the disciples, misapprehended the nature of the Kingdom and the mission of Christ, but that he went much further than that. At first he believed that Jesus was the true Messiah, but gradually changed his views and became convinced that he was a fanatic, if not a downright impostor, like other false prophets and pseudo-Messiahs who had preceded him. To Judas Jesus of Nazareth was a man who had entered upon an enterprise which he could not carry through. Judas felt that he had been duped. His disappointment was changed into disgust, his disgust grew into hatred, and that in turn to vengeance. His only thought now was to deliver his nation from another impostor. Viewed thus Judas became a patriot, who seeks to free his country from another false Christ. Indeed, he may, as a slave of avarice, his master passion, have hoped that his fancied patriotism would receive its reward from either the Jewish or Roman authorities, perhaps from both. This view, though it finds no support in the Gospels, is a plausible theory and finds abundant illustration in the history of politics of every age and nation.

Another theory is that Judas had given jealousy a loose rein. None of the disciples were blameless in this regard. They were all human, probably just as human as the average member of a Conference or Synod in our own time. Judas, by vote of his colleagues and the approbation of the Master, and probably, too, by his own self-seeking, was made treasurer of the little band. This presupposes ability and fitness on his part for the office. From Luke 8. 3, it may be inferred that persons of wealth ministered of their substance to the new society. No doubt a goodly portion of the money received was spent in charity. As treasurer, Judas would be regarded with the respect due his office, which he magnified, too. It is very probable that he realized that Peter, James and John were honored above him (see Matt. 16. 18; 17. 1). It must be remembered, too, that with the exception of Judas, all the disciples were Galileans, and he alone was from Judea. Thus, in some sense, he was a foreigner. Then, as to-day, boundary lines played a most prominent part. Petty jealousies were rife, not only between Jews and Gentiles, but also between different tribes, and even towns and villages of the same tribe. Being a Judean, Judas would naturally feel his superiority; this, too, would lead to jealousy. Ambition and jealousy often go hand in hand, and when combined lead to other sins. Jesus, no doubt, fathomed the mind of Judas, who, too, was keen enough to read

the thoughts of the Master. Thus a feeling of mutual distrust would be engendered in both. Jesus in his preaching lost no opportunity to rebuke sin, especially the sins of covetousness and selfishness. Indeed, it may be assumed that the Master had warned Judas personally against his besetting sin. He rebuked the Scribes, the Pharisees, Peter, John, and others for their lack of spirituality. The object of all such reproof was to produce repentance for sin and amendment of conduct. What Jesus would do for others, he would not fail to do for Judas. Instead of profiting by this, Judas persisted in his evil ways and became more and more confirmed in his greed and avarice.

A very common view is that God, from all eternity, had deliberately planned that Judas should betray the Lord, in order that the scheme of redemption might be carried out. In support of this, appeal is made to passages like John 6. 71 and 13. 11. Much has been made of the phrase, "that the Scriptures may be fulfilled," and also of the passage "He it was that should betray him." "Should" is *absolutely* misleading; a more correct rendering would be "*was going*," or "*was about* to" betray him. The verbal form used is the future participle. There is no suggestion of fatalism or predestination in these passages. The phrase "in order that the Scripture may be fulfilled," can mean no more than that the words spoken by David, Isaiah, or other Old Testament writers find an application or are illustrated in the conduct of Judas. Isaiah, for example, often used certain language which applied to people or things in his day, without any thought whatever of uttering a prediction of what was to happen in the distant future. Bloomfeld, commenting on the phrase, says: "The expression sometimes means that such a thing so happened that this or that passage would appear quite suitable or applicable to it." It is impossible for us to conceive that Jesus Christ selected Judas to be an apostle in order that he might be betrayed by him. The idea that God, from all eternity, should have foreordained Judas to be a traitor, in order to carry out his plan, is too repulsive for us to accept, even though the object was thereby to save the world. Here we are confronted with the questions: Is not God omniscient? Is not Jesus Christ God? Did he not know the end from the beginning? If we are forced to answer yes, we are also forced to answer: God is love, and to say: Surely the Judge of all the earth cannot do wrong. We may be able to harmonize the free will of a moral agent and the foreknowledge of God. We are children in the dark; nevertheless, children feeling perfectly safe in the hands of our righteous Father. We would say, with Dr. Joseph Parker: "My understanding is at fault, not God's justice. What I know of his method, within the scope of my own life, I know, and am sure that righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne and that mercy endureth forever." Dr. McCabe's words are not too strong: "To say that the Redeemer selected Judas on purpose to do the infamous work of treachery and betrayal is not only blasphemous, but shocking to all our moral susceptibilities, and repugnant to our instinctive sense of justice, wisdom, and fair dealing."

Strong words, nevertheless true, for we are forced to believe that our Lord selected Judas because he saw in him fitness for the work. Though he may have discovered early the greed and ambition of Judas, he still hoped that the latter might, by communion with himself and the disciples, overcome his natural avarice. Certainly Judas was not continued in the apostolate without some hope of reformation. How reasonable are Godet's words: "The moment when Judas received the fatal morsel from the hand of Jesus—when he must have felt all the greatness of his crime—might have become for him the moment of repentance and salvation." The very fact that Jesus gave the morsel to Judas on that fatal night should have appealed to him. He could not have failed to grasp its meaning. For as Westcott says: "It was customary in the East for the host to offer the guest he wished to honor a piece of meat." This special act of recognition on Jesus's part utterly failed, and the Prince of Darkness had control of the betrayer's heart. Godet's comment on the passage, "Did I not choose you the twelve, and one of you is a devil?" is worth quoting: "He desires especially to awaken Judas's conscience and to induce him to break with the false position in which he seems to persist in continuing. . . . If in receiving the sop his heart had broken, he could still have obtained pardon. . . . He might have, therefore, returned backward, but would not."

But of the many theories the most common motive attributed to Judas's betrayal of the Master is avarice. This was his master passion, his besetting sin. Judas was elected treasurer because of his business ability. His shrewdness and avarice proved his ruin. It seems that he loved money above all else. He loved it so that he cared not how he got it. He did not hesitate to appropriate some of it from the common chest. John, years later, brands him as thief, who was in the habit of covering his crime under the garb of charity and pretended interest in the poor. Sins usually go in groups. Here we have covetousness, duplicity, hypocrisy, dishonesty and base ingratitude. And all, it seems, from the love of money. "The danger of this passion," says Marcus Dods, "is that it infallibly eats out of the soul every generous emotion and higher aim." Judas, as treasurer of the new kingdom, had constant chance to gratify his avarice. His peculations, though possibly small, had in them all the elements of wholesale plunder. The sin consists not in the amount, but in the act. "He had his fingers in the bag all day, it was under his pillow and he dreamed upon it all night; and it was this that accelerated his ruin." And this, too, in face of the fact that Jesus had constantly warned men against this very evil. He had preached against the deceitfulness of riches, and had said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth." Yes, he had uttered the awful words: "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Judas, no doubt, had heard all this. He fully knew his own failings and dangers; but alas, like many another since that day, profited not thereby. His fatal blunder was that he did not realize his danger, but kept on pilfering and obtaining more money, thinking, if he thought at all, of reforming at some future day, but not now.

"Covetousness is more the sin of the will than of the flesh, or of a passionate nature; there is more choice in it, it is more the sin of the whole man unresisting; and therefore it, above all others, is called idolatry—it alone, above all other sin, proves the man is, in his heart, choosing the world and not God." If we understand the teachings of Jesus Christ he had less hope of the salvation of covetous men than he had of any other class of sinners. Be that as it may, the love of money played a most important role in the treachery of Judas Iscariot.

Selfishness, the essence of all sin, is the great Baal before which myriads bow. It is the great magnet towards which all forms of evil are attracted, and which repels everything that is good and noble. It was here that Judas fell, and here, too, unless we are born again and are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, we also must stumble. Poor Judas! Back of his avarice there were undue ambition, impatience, bitter disappointment, unrealized unholy expectations, jealousy of the brethren, and worst of all, an unreasonable, rankling rancor towards his blessed Lord, whom he blamed for his unhappy state of mind. Farrar has well said, "Sins grow and multiply with fatal diffusiveness and blend insensibly with hosts of their kindred . . . A turbid confused chaos of sins was welling up in the soul of Judas. . . . Malice, worldly ambition, theft, hatred of all that was good and true, base ingratitude, frantic anger—all culminating in this foul and frightful act of treachery. . . . All rushing with blind, bewildering fury through this gloomy soul."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Thoughts on Things Eternal. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.00.

DR. KELMAN, author of Salted With Fire, The Road to Life, and other books, for years minister of old St. George's Church in Edinburgh, recently Yale Lecturer on Preaching, is now pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, following Dr. J. H. Jowett in that conspicuous pulpit. He comes from Scotland decorated with the Order of the British Empire, for distinguished service in the World War. His most attractive volume is Among Famous Books, which was noticed in our pages at its publication. Dr. Kelman seems to us more effective in the pulpit than in print. In his preaching the personal presence and action of the man adds much to the impressiveness of what he says, as is true also of Jowett. The book before us contains Fifty-two Studies of Scripture for the Christian Year. In the Preface the author says: "An old author, speaking of the journey of life, has quaintly described Sundays as the inns where the traveler rests for a little while and collects his thoughts, both of the road he has traveled and of the destination whither

it is leading him. Such is the intention of these studies. They are not sermons, but fragments or abstracts of sermons. They are fugitive glimpses of eternal things. While in a general way it has been found convenient to arrange them in the time-honored sequence of the Christian year, only a few of the more important festivals have been selected. In so far as disputed doctrines are dealt with, my desire is to sound a reconciling rather than a contentious note. Far too much has been made of our differences in matters where all theories are necessarily incomplete. The statement of truths of eternity in the language of time must always leave great room for Christian charity towards those who state the same truths otherwise, and the restatement of ancient doctrines in modern terms implies no lack of reverence either for former thinkers or their thoughts. It does imply a profound and deepening conviction that the earlier and the later voices are but different expressions of the same things. The chief characteristic of the thought of to-day is that it finds its way to abstract truth through actual experience. In the history of the race and of the individual there is clear evidence of the way of God with men." That our readers may judge of the book for themselves we present without quotation-marks some samples. The first is on "Behold I thought . . . behold now I know."—2 Kings v. 11, 15. It is the story of a man who went out to seek for a magician and who found a God, exchanging thoughts for knowledge. Naaman's thoughts are enumerated in verse 11. He had rehearsed the scene and planned out all its detail. A lordly set of thoughts they were, and from Naaman's standpoint entirely satisfactory and convincing. The one suspicious element is the completeness of the program. It would seem as if it were not God but Naaman who was arranging this cure. Behind these thoughts of his lay many things. First, his military training. He has the confidence and swaggering arrogance of the popular general of an oriental king. He has the soldier's precision in thinking out schemes of all kinds. His system is exact, detailed, consistent, thorough—only, it is all wrong. "Nothing sits worse on a fighting man than too much knowledge," it has been said, "except perhaps a lively imagination." In dealing with the great facts of life and death we have to put away our habit of command and our delight in arrangement, and to accept an order of things which has been fixed without our being consulted. Then there was the palace life of Damascus. In those dreaming oasis cities of the East, men's minds are drunk with sun and blind with barbaric splendor. Life is half a pageant and half a game, in which the magic of the desert mingles and over which its spell is cast. All these elements are here, and about the story of the jingling calvacade and the costly presents there is the scent of sandal-wood and incense. There was, indeed, another side to Naaman. The affection of the slave-girl, and the friendly talk of the orderlies, show a kindly and humane personality behind the mask of pomp and circumstance. But, like many others, he puts away that frank human nature when dealing with religion, and the figure we see is stiff with the brocade of ceremony. Also, there is the religion of Baal Rimmon, the worship of Nature and the Sun. This worship had not then reached its ideal forms, that gave rise to

the dreams of spiritual light and purity which fascinated decadent Rome in later centuries. It was but a kind of sorcery, the most advanced and daring phase of earthliness masquerading as a religion. It was a religion with all the worship eaten out of it by commerce and pride and superstition. It had no spiritual side at all—no faith, no love, no obedience—but only a glorified commercialism and the spectacular pride of life, in which an elaborately theatrical healing was to be paid for in so much coin. Into the midst of thoughts that rose out of these things falls the leprosy. The world which Naaman's thoughts have constructed about him appears fantastically unreal then, but he will keep up appearances hardily. Whatever chilling loneliness may have invaded his soul in quiet hours, yet to the general he still is the grand seigneur, indignant that a gentleman like him should have to conform to the rough manners of the land of Israel. In spite of the leprosy, God is not in all his thoughts. He simply desires to utilize a local divinity, and enslave him for a price paid. It was a very natural way of thinking. It was what he had been accustomed to, and what every one else about him thought. He was constructing God out of his education and the popular opinions, as most men have always done. It was very natural, but it nearly cost him his healing. The price of thoughts is easy to ignore, but it must be paid. Countless men debar themselves from all life's highest gifts and chances simply because they are so set in their own opinions that they refuse to change them, or even to consider a new point of view. No class of men is more pathetic than that of those who tenaciously and proudly cling to ideas of their own, and cannot find healing for their souls. May not the price of such men's thoughts be too high? Naaman's knowledge comes to him with a rush of new thoughts, supplanting the old. These, the thoughts of a man restored from a loathsome death to fresh and clean vitality, we may well imagine. But better than them all was a new knowledge. Indeed the old thoughts were not knowledge. Religious and secular alike, they played on the surface of things. But there had come one commanding certainty—There is a God. It was not merely a new and brilliant thought among the others. It was a grand certainty founded upon experience. Health quivered through every nerve, and rushed through every vein of his body, and the healed man knew the touch of God. It was experience, the experience of healing, that brought him knowledge. The curse of leprosy had not done this. It had only added other thoughts, more bitter but not more true, than the former ones. But God's healing had done it, for that is the convincing thing that can turn thoughts into knowledge. There are still some whose religion is a mere set of opinions, promiscuously gathered, and others who can say, "I *know* whom I have believed." And, as a rule, it is not misery but healing grace that has wrought this change. The blind man of Jerusalem knew not this or that of the opinions that men tossed to and fro about Jesus. But one thing he knew, "that whereas I was blind now I see." That is no opinion, but absolute knowledge given by experience. A man knows that God who has pitied his misery and healed his disease. Let us turn from Naaman to ourselves, and see the same contrast between

opinion and knowledge which he found so long ago. Our thoughts are a strange and valuable field for study. A man's opinions rise for the most part unconsciously in him, built up out of his education, his prejudices, his stray reading, his intercourse with other men, and his sense of the spirit of the age. Some, displeased with the confusion of opinion within them, construct a system, which will serve for a more or less elaborate and consistent theory of life. Some very brilliant constructions of this sort will come to every reader's mind: for this is a time in which many clever men have felt called upon to announce to us their newly constructed religious systems. We are startled by the novelty of every page, by the interest and the ingenuity of it all. These men are evidently world-builders, creators of a new universe which is no doubt in many points a vast improvement on this one. Only—it is not so. Theirs is not the universe we have to live in and deal with. We may leave them alone and return to the consideration of our own opinions. There are several sources of error which falsify the opinions of the ordinary man. (1) We do not know all the facts, and the inadequate basis of fact stultifies the whole. Our opinions are but patchwork theories of things, pierced together as it were out of fragments which we have overheard. (2) Self-will intrudes upon our thinking, and we come to believe what we have determined shall be so. (3) Desire, with its thousand earth-born longings and regrets, forms a heated and delusive atmosphere about the mind, in which things are not as they seem. (4) Most of us are tempted by consistency, and enjoy system-building for its own sake apart from truth. But "nothing falsifies history more than logic," and when the facts do not tally with our systems of things as they ought to do, we are apt to cry in our folly, So much the worse for the facts. So we build up and dwell in that cloud-castle of opinions which we call our thoughts. It lasts until some specially powerful fact, like that of leprosy, comes against it. Then all our calculations are upset. Thought falls back in ruins before the impact of something it cannot explain, and further thinking "can only serve to measure the helplessness of thought." There is a great verse in Psalm 119. 113, wrongly translated in our version, upon whose real meaning and mood we are prone to fall back in such an hour—"I hate thoughts." Our knowledge is a very different matter. There is, or may be, such a thing as our knowledge. There is much that can be actually and certainly known in religion, and our minds are capable of receiving and resting in it. In connection with the faith we hold, there are many opinions which may or may not be true, but it is not all like that. There are men and women, not differing in appearance from their fellows, who yet carry with them, about these familiar streets and houses, the indisputable knowledge of some of the most profound and far-reaching secrets of the universe. This knowledge is given by experience, and is "subject to no dispute." It is futile to seek to discover the secrets of the furthest heavens with your field-glass of opinions; but what if some great star were to swim into sight, and discover itself to you? So many have found it to be. While they were speculating among the doctrines, and

discussing the high-sounding questions that it is fashionable to ask regarding God and man, God himself came to them in their hour of need, and they knew his coming and were saved. Before that memorable experience a thousand preconceived opinions flee away, and from the pride of thought men come to the humility of knowledge. This is no disparagement of reason, no attack on reasoning and speculation. It is rather a defense of it, for the danger lies not in thinking, but in mismanaging the work of thinking. It is a dangerous game, this play of opinions, and it may cost a man very dear. Had Naaman adequately and dispassionately thought out the situation, he would have arrived at precisely the same knowledge which experience taught him. But few men ever do thus adequately deal with thought. Their opinions rise, as we have seen, from a wrong basis and upon wrong principles. But let a man deal honestly with God and life, laying his soul quite open to whatever power and love there be for him in God. Then, as the mighty hands reach down for you, draw you up out of deep waters, set you on a rock of firm conviction gained not by speculation but by experience—then you will know. Your opinions about God matter little—your thoughts about religion, your arranged program, your predetermined claim. Much of all that will have to be discarded, all of it will have to be revised, and thought will more frequently discover God by its failure than by its success. But bring your leprosy to God, and let us see him heal it. Bring your shame and not your greatness; your bewilderment and not your fashionable opinions; your confessed folly and not your paraded cleverness. Then need will find him where self-sufficiency must always fail. One touch of healing—a manhood cleansed and wholesome in heart and imagination—sin forgiven, morbidness, tone, freshness and freedom and power returned! Behold you thought this and that and the other clever and ingenious thing. Behold now you know that your Redeemer liveth. This is on a song of the morning.—"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds."—2 Samuel 2. 3. 4. These were the last words of David, and they tell us his ideal of what a king should be. But the passage is deeply religious, and its import is far more than a conception of royalty. It is a conception of human life with the morning light of God shining upon it. Behind it there were the memories of certain mornings, great In the national history. There was that day when "the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared," and Israel was free. Farther back in the past there was that other morning when the sun rose on Jacob as he passed over Penuel after his night of wrestling. It was from such passages that pious Israelites drew their thoughts of God, and worshiped with "glorious morning face." As Israel looked back upon such mornings, so she looked forward to others not less bright. Weeping might endure for a night, joy would come in the morning. The Lord would help her "when morning dawneth." Her light would break forth as the morning, and her righteous ones would triumph then. It is true that some of her doleful spirits have nothing more grateful to say than "Would God it were evening," and there are some to whom the morning

is "even as the shadow of death." But that is only their sorrow or their weakness, or the irritation of the pessimist who is aggrieved by any call to rejoice. Israel's usual view of the morning is fresh and healthy. It is a call to labor and to wholesome thoughts. "In the morning sow thy seed," "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening." With the sunrise has come safety; the wild beasts are gone to their dens; the highways of travel and of labor are clear, and the world is open for man. Everything is alive and cool and growing. The ground is fresh with dew, and the young grass is springing. Man, too, wakeneth morning by morning fresh and keen. This morning light is on our Christian faith. We are forever ageing before our time. As the shadows fall upon our work, we begin to feel that we have had our day. Yet when we look for sunset and the dark, it is a new sunrise that is coming:—

> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light:
> In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright.

The note of paganism is the evening light through which it looks back to a golden age far in the past. The worship of Buddha seems to dwell in "a land where it is always afternoon." Christianity is essentially the religion of the morning. This involves many things, but above all others it is the guarantee of health as opposed to sentimentality of all kinds. Religion, even the Christian religion, has been regarded otherwise. It has been draped in close curtains of spurious mystery, stifled with ceremonial, made to appeal solely to the senses and emotions, until it had become hopelessly morbid and decadent. To be bright and keen, to be natural, to be heartily and simply human, has been regarded as a lapse into irreligious secularity. There has been indeed at times such a proud exultation in the mere world and its godless life, that faith has been driven for shelter to the darkness of midnight assemblies. But though Lucifer, son of the morning, is fallen, morning has another Son greater and more abiding. Jesus Christ is the bright and morning star. Ours is not the faith of those who hear only the voices of the night. Its believers are men who are singing in morning light, and that light—sane, clear, and cool—falls on all things earthly, and reveals them as they are.

The Christian view of history illustrates this. There is a dreary scientific doctrine that the world is growing aged and decrepit. It has had its day, but now its powers are dying out, and it "goes dispiritedly, glad to finish." Nor have there been wanting some Christian believers to indorse the gloomy impression. Such Christianity despairs of life in the present, stands, marking time till the Judgment Day or the Second Coming, as if that were all there is to do. But those who have drunk more deeply of the spirit of our faith, discover daily that old things are passing away and all things becoming new. We are standing not at the end but at the beginning of things. We go forth into the world daily remembering that it is morning. We ourselves may grow old without a pang, for "the best is yet to be," and our children shall see still

better days than ours. The times may be precarious and their problems difficult to master, but the night is past and the day is before us. Equally true is this assurance of our individual experience. The Christian feels the stirring of a new creation in his soul. The coming of the new life of God is not merely an event; it is a process, and we are daily being created. As yet we are but in the making. If this condition—this sinfulness and blindness and wavering faith and changeful desire—were the finished product of manhood, it would indeed be profoundly discouraging. But it doth not yet appear what we shall be, though we know that we shall be like him. Every one who, in books or in real life, has had much intercourse with aged saints, has learned that the Christian need never grow old at all. It was this that so arrests the wondering eyes of the Roman in "Marius the Epicurean," and gives to that great book much of its rare charm and clean fragrance. If you know Jesus Christ, you may trust life, and go forward brightly to its latest day. Your Master has the secret of perpetual youth. For further detail, let us set the Christian graces in this morning light: (1) Faith.—There was a period in the nineteenth century when faith was seen by many of the noblest eyes, in an evening light. Watchers of twilight, or of darkness, the cry echoed from poets to prose writers, "Watchman, what of the night?" And the answers that came back were such as this—

> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope.

But the twentieth century is seeing things disentangled, and distinguishing between essential and merely casual beliefs. The morning light is clear and plain, and certain truths are visible in it. Faith is no longer groping and faintly trusting, bewildered among a vast system of beliefs. Its certainties are fewer, but they are absolutely certain. The faith of to-day is not dream but vision. Such also is its vision of good, with clearer if less conventional light falling on moral questions. "Morning's at seven," as Pippa sang. The shutters are open, and instead of the many-colored lanterns of tempting sophistry, moralists are seeing by daylight things as they are. Such is the vision of Christ. We do not demand of men that they shall hold so complete a set of definitions. But the progress of research has made him stand out in clear light among the indisputable and eternal facts, and that is better than any completeness of theory or brilliancy of imagination that may turn out to be a pageantry of dreams. (2) Hope.—There is a hope in evening light; that hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. Such hope that may be a genuine Christian grace. The faintest light set in the future by some promise of God is precious; and beyond all, there is the "one far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." Yet for us there is a nearer hope. In the morning, hope is immediate, and it concerns the facts of a day that has already dawned. Christ has not only pointed us toward a distant eternity, that may explain and compensate for a hope-

less present. He has not only assured us that things will come right in the end. He has made us feel that to-day life is worth while. (3) Love, in the evening light, means rest, and sweetness of fireside converse. In morning light, love means labor. As the doors close behind them, the workmen do not love their homes less, but more, because they are going forth from them to labor. So love to God in morning light is a call to service. Do not stay brooding in close curtained thought, searching your soul for love to God:

> I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
> To love and not to love.

The day has dawned, the workmen of the world are abroad. Go forth and join them, and express your love in labor for God's sake. Let us set our religion thus in the fresh and wholesome light of morning, while the call of life is in our ears. The evening will come soon enough, and with it rest and pensive sweetness and softness of feeling. Meanwhile the sun is risen; let us arise and live. This is on the transformation of language into life (First Sunday in Advent), "The Word was made flesh." —John 1. 14. The one supremely significant fact in the universe is, to quote Dr. Peabody's fine paraphrase, "the transformation of language into life." We see this transformation in three different moments. There was the creation at the beginning, when great vitalizing words of God took form in created beings. Again there is the same transformation in all human work and morality to the end, when man is hearing words of God within him and is transforming them into deeds and finished products. But between these two there stands the stupendous fact of Christ, interpreting the first and inspiring the second. (1) Creation.— It is matter of general consent that the universe as we know it had a beginning. As thought travels backward into the great silence before that beginning, it must needs discover a moment when the eternal thought found expression, and the universe began. The Word became flesh. God spoke, and the thing spoken stood out as a created fact. "The universe is God's language." The unspoken word is all that might be; the spoken word is all that is. This is the meaning of those wonderful stories of Genesis, in which we see all things coming forth in their mighty evolution in answer to the words of God. That is the Christian view of nature and the universe. It is not an eternally grinding machine, nor is it a dream-picture woven of mist. It is a real universe, in which God's language is transformed into life. The great words were spoken, and there are the mountains and the fields and the seas, and the ships upon the seas and the cities of men. It makes all the difference in the world whether as we stand in the midst of all these things we hear only a jangle of meaningless sounds, or whether we hear the word of the Lord. Listen to that word in the summer fields and sunshine, in the winter storms and the voice of the tossing seas. Listen, too, in the crowded streets, the throb of machinery and traffic, the bustle and the gentle speech of homes. In new thought and adventurous policy, in great loyalties to ancient institutions; in the voices of teachers in

schools, of preachers in pulpits, of business men in offices, of shopkeepers in shops; in the heart-beatings of the lonely and the sobs of the penitent—everywhere creation is the Word become flesh. (2) Jesus Christ.—The word had been spoken in an unknown tongue. We heard it, and saw its incarnate forms, but we did not understand. Science was patiently deciphering it, retranslating it back from life to language; endeavoring from the manifest facts of the universe to spell out the meaning of the Word of God. But science finds it difficult, and conscience and love find it far more difficult to understand. The divine Word has seemed to change and suffer in the process of becoming flesh. Its meaning is obscure, and it seems to have been mingled with much other speech that is not divine. Many had tried to interpret it into human speech. Psalmists, prophets, philosophers had tried; but their words died away, leaving fainter and fainter echoes in man's conscience. They had written their interpretation, but God's Word can never find full expression in a book. Language must be transformed into life—and not, this time, the general life of the universe, but our human life—that we might understand. So "the Word became flesh." The meaning of life, the purpose of God in creation, became intelligible in Jesus Christ. His whole speech and conduct and being interpreted the world. When men saw him they said, Life ought to be like that: God is like that. Take three of the words of God, and let us see their transformation into life in Christ:—(1) Holiness.—The word was familiar, for there was abundance of ethical speculation and of conscience too. But holiness was dead and buried in formal rules of conduct, paralyzed by man's universal failure, and hopelessly unattainable. But here was holiness splendidly alive, spontaneous, free, and natural. Here it was not merely attainable but actually attained. Jesus Christ—that was what God had meant by conscience, what conscience had tried to say; that was what ethical science had seen afar off, but never reached. (2) Love—the most fascinating and yet the most elusive word of God. Men heard it in their own hearts and homes, but it was uncertain or sinister, and always precarious, being threatened both by life and death. That was human love, and the divine love was but a remote and dim whisper of possible goodwill, if things turned out to be as one sometimes almost dared to hope. But here was love at once stronger than death and simple as the laughter of a child. Men saw its patience, its responsiveness, its facility. They felt its tenderness, its understanding, its healing power. Here is God's heart, seen in the heart of a man. Here is what all true love actually means. The word Love had become flesh. (3) Death—that last sad word. Every death before had been recognized as a Word of God, but how unfriendly and how harsh! Since Jesus died, men have known what God means by his great word Death, for the death of Jesus has interpreted the whole of life. In the light of its love and sacrifice we look with new eyes upon sin, despair, forgiveness, restoration. And that death has reinterpreted death itself, giving to it surprisingly rich and blessed meaning. All the wonder of the eternal life—its rest, its renewal, its reward, its higher service—all these were included in the meaning of the word death, when in Christ language was

translated into life. Truly man may say to the specter, at the grave of Jesus,

> Thou hast stolen a jewel, Death
> Shall light thy dark up like a star.

All this, and far more than this, is included in the meaning of "the Word became flesh." Flesh, the tempted and tempting thing, weak and suffering, subject to all contingencies and liable to all risks—flesh was used to express adequately and for ever the meaning of God's word of creation. (3) The third stage of this incarnation has yet to be considered. The text is a command that the Word shall become flesh again in every Christian life. The translation of language into life is the great act of religion. We are familiar with the idea of the incarnation being perpetuated in the Bible, the Church, and the Sacraments. But besides these, each life around us is a Word of God, a special purpose and design realized in flesh in its degree. This thought surely gives new meaning to our intercourse with those who do business with us or live beside us. "There is but one temple in the world," says Novalis, "and that temple is the Body of Man. . . . We touch heaven when we lay our hands in a human body." Another has said: "The body of a child is as the body of the Lord; I am not worthy of either." How reverently, gently, purely should we treat one another if this indeed be so. But most especially in ourselves must language be transformed into life. We all hear many words of God. The worship of the church, its songs and prayers, its readings and thoughts, and the inward response to these in desire, aspiration, and resolve; these words are to become flesh in us when we return from our worship to our daily life. And also there are other words which our spirits hear from day to day. What has life been saying to you? What has your experience meant? What lessons has God been trying to make you understand? Some of it we cannot understand, and all that is required of us is that we shall walk among these unknown voices of life, erect and brave and self-respecting and gentle. But there is much that we understand quite well. It is the Word of God, spoken clearly and in familiar language by the voice of life. But that word has yet to become flesh. There are countless words of God in the knowledge and conviction of us all which are as yet no more than words. These are waiting for their incarnation in our character and influence, in our daily work and service of man and God. The works of our hands are God's word fulfilled in us. We who can work are born that certain great words we have heard in our secret souls may become flesh in deeds. Rise then and do the work that thy hands find to do. In this living fashion speak out what is in thee. So shalt thou also be a Word of God incarnate, an expression in living flesh of him who "wrought the Creed of creeds in loveliness of perfect deeds." Here is a bit on the character of Gehazi: All contact with holy things is inevitably of the nature of a crisis: familiarity with them is dangerous and exacting. It is the old danger of touching the ark of God; it is the danger which Meredith sees still when he sings:—

> Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare.

When the first touch of awe is on the man, let him take a thorough dealing with his soul, for if he surrender it not then to God he will surely mortgage it to the devil. All the supreme experiences of life have this quality of crisis. At every point where a man feels himself brought face to face with any high trust or responsibility, with any deep sorrow or affection, above all when Jesus Christ confronts a man, and he has to say Yea and Nay to the great question of his life, there has come for him the awful hour of fate. Let him pass through such a moment slightly, and the sequel is sure. He will become accustomed to the most awful and exalted thoughts, and then he will despise them. His will be but the scene-shifter's view of the play, looking down on the backs of the actors, and seeing nothing to thrill his spirit. Doubtless prophets are but men, and there are many things in the best of them to criticize. Doubtless all supreme experiences, of responsibility or sorrow or love, have some earthy elements in them easy to disparage. But the God whom the prophets serve and represent, however faultily, is a consuming fire. We are face to face with a very terrible fact here. All ministers especially, and all who engage in work about religion and its ordinances, must surely stand in awe of the dangers of familiarity. Yet this is a danger also for all who habitually hear or read or think of holy things, or handle them in the Sacraments. If faith be shallow and love half-hearted, if the wonder of this approach be not day by day renewed, and all rival passions that war against the soul suppressed, then will come the sure vengeance of sacred things profaned, and familiarity will sink into contempt. But familiarity needs not thus to sink. If the soul's surrender be complete, the wonder will not only last but will increase, and each day of sacred service will break with the freshness of a new revelation. For the treasures of faith are inexhaustible, and the returns of God to the faithful are fresh as the dew of each new morning.

Daybreak Everywhere. By Charles Edward Locke. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, $1.25, net.

After traveling for many days in the arid desert the traveler is greatly refreshed when he reaches an oasis. Here he gathers strength to continue the journey to his desired haven. We have been overwhelmed by books which sound the depressing note and which show no ability to separate the chaff from the wheat. According to these self-constituted prophets, evil abounds and superabounds with hardly any prospect of relief. It is therefore a source of gratification to come across a volume that has the exuberance of life and which offers the jaded pilgrim courage and hope to scale the summits. Dr. Locke has written such a volume. These sermon-essays breathe the spirit of joyful hopefulness and confident faith, so greatly needed at the present time. Our trial and turmoil are not final but they are ways of discipline, means of grace, sacraments of virtue, opportunities of service. This preacher's outlook is well expressed in the Foreword. "We who are alive to-day have the high privilege of participating in the most thrilling epoch of all history. Never again with

pessimistic tones should we talk about the world's problems and impossibilities, for problems are only opportunities, and impossibilities are only calls to immediate achievement. How can sensible people talk any longer about the world getting worse?" We are reminded of Rupert Brooke, who sang, "Now God be thanked who matched us with this hour;" and of the stirring words of G. Lowes Dickinson to the young men of England and of the world: "Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to become the inevitable." Such a course is possible only in the name and power of the heroic and triumphant Christ. Dr. Locke clearly understands this secret and he accepts the challenge of the new day, fearless and unafraid. Every chapter of this volume has the delicious fragrance of Christian assurance. It is a veritable tonic for distempered souls, and those suffering from the blues will be speedily cured as they read these breezy pages, redolent of the spice and pungency of the Californian pines. One of the finest chapters is "Seeing the Blue in the Sky." This preacher looks at all sides of the situation and so remains unmoved from the stable foundations. "Optimism is the sunshine—pessimism is the shadow; pessimism follows dolefully upon the heels of optimism. Perhaps it is well for optimism sometimes to hear the gloomy prognostications of pessimism, otherwise optimism might fail to comprehend the gravity and strength of evil, and the necessity of incessant vigilance and stratagem. If pessimists were loyal to their own melancholy philosophy, they should go off to the edge of the world and throw themselves over. I would not be a pessimist with the clammy sweat of death and fear always on my brow. I should rather be an optimist, even incurring some danger of fanaticism. An optimist goes out and tries to get something done, while a pessimist stays at home and wonders why he doesn't do it some other way. . . . People worry about the past because of lost opportunity and what they might have been. The past is useful only as it instructs and inspires for the future. We worry about the future and weaken ourselves for the conflict by fearful forebodings which are never fulfilled. The first steamship which ever crossed the Atlantic carried in its cargo copies of Dr. Lardner's famous but useless book, which was laboriously written to prove that it was an utter impossibility for a steamship to carry enough coal to make the voyage from Liverpool to New York." Other chapters are, "The Rebirth of Liberty," "The New Manhood," "Time a Just Retributor," "The New Duty," "The New Gentleness," "The New Morality," "The New Day." He shows insight and fairness in dealing with all the facts of history. He thus looks beneath the surface and speaks a true word for obscure lives without whom the currents of human progress would have been checked. In the chapter on "Monuments" we read: "All great reforms commence with the common people, among the humble and unknown. The pioneer comes out of the lower strata of society. At first he is ridiculed and often put to death, but the truth for which he suffers survives him, and some one else seizes the torch from his faltering hand; but the John Browns and the Lovejoys and the Garrisons are always followed by the Wilberforces and the Lincolns. The pioneers do not usually have the monu-

ments—the humble people are forgotten; but when the monuments are unveiled to the Lincolns, and the praises of the Lincolns are being sung throughout the land, the true student of events knows that as the greater always includes the lesser, so every word spoken or sung in praise of the Lincolns is a word of acknowledgment and appreciation of the Garrisons and the Lovejoys and the John Browns, without whom the Lincolns would have been impossible." Illustrations abound in this volume, and they are well used to establish an argument or to enforce an appeal. This message of cheer has vision and unction and should be widely read by preachers and laity.

The Church We Forget. A Study of the Life and Words of the Early Christians. By PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. 8vo, pp. 359. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $2.00 net.

WHAT Wilson did so well in his volume The Christ we Forget, in presenting a refreshingly informal interpretation of the life of our Lord, he has now done in a sequel on the church of the first century. While many academic dissertations appeal only to the few, this realistic sketch will find its way into the hands of many readers and impart the tonic of surprise even to those who are familiar with the wonderful story of the early church. The lessons for the modern church are made with directness by this journalist author, who sees clearly, thinks independently, and writes vividly, so as to compel attention. When we say that this volume represents the scholarship of journalism, we do not mean that it is second-hand or superficial, but that it seizes live issues and emphasizes present interests. The first qualification of a journalist is ability to write what is readable; another is that he must report facts and not theories. Both these tests are met in this volume and the author carries the reader along from chapter to chapter, retaining his interest and also increasing it, as he develops the theme. We are particularly impressed by the skillful way in which Wilson reads between the lines of the New Testament writings and shows unusual insight in understanding the background of these precious documents. He has succeeded in enabling us to see these men and women of Christ, as they actually lived, and struggled, and triumphed. We are thus encouraged to do likewise and set about our tasks, assured of like results, provided we are similarly equipped. The first chapter secures our interest by its title, "The Simplicity of the Early Christians," and it is sustained by its contents. Such was their belief in the immanence of the Divine that, "anywhere and everywhere they expected to meet God. The first vision came to Stephen when he was in the dark. The second came to Paul on a turnpike road. The third came to Peter in a tannery, of all places, and the last came to John in a salt-mine." There is a timely chapter on "The Happiness of the Faithful." "The churches grew because the Christians were happier than other people. The temple gleamed with marble and gold, but it was rent by sectarian controversy. Athens was full of idols, but Athens was frivolous. The first Agrippa dazzled the populace with

his robes, but was eaten of worms. The second Agrippa, despite all his pomp, was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Saul was a rising politician, yet his career hurt him like kicking against the goad. Gallio, who governed Achaia, had wisdom, but it was only the wisdom of the cynic. At mention of righteousness and judgment to come Festus, the viceroy, trembled. [It was Felix.] Nero was—as Paul put it—fierce as a lion, but his only realm was misery. Amid the pomp of circumstances and the unhappiness of a great military despotism, the disciples, with their praises of God, shed abroad a sudden gladness, and this radiance of joy was infectious." Such journalistic summaries are frequent in this volume. Here is one about the experiences of Paul: "During their legal proceedings, he spoke, or tried to speak, four times. First, he addressed democracy, a plebiscite and commune, an electorate. Next, he submitted himself to a conclave, sanhedrin, parliament, congress. Thirdly, he was brought before Festus, the bureaucrat, the justiciary, the civil service, the government machine, the department of state. Fourthly, he faced Agrippa, the king, the royal family, the dynasty. In the trial of Paul all the conceivable authorities in church, state, and nation were involved. It is not possible for any form of political organization to claim that if *it* had been in force things would have gone differently. Systems are imperfect, but Justice dwells in the hearts of men. They may be many, they may be few, but there is no justice except what springs from within them." From the fact that Paul addressed the people of Jerusalem in the Hebrew language, the writer draws lessons from history and enforces applications to the life of our day. "Here was exhibited the crowning privilege of a proud people hearing of Christ, in no foreign tongue, but in their own familiar accents—Luther speaking to Germany—Tyndall to England—Moody to America. It was the artisan witnessing for Christ in the workshop. It was the millionaire revealing Christ in the bank. It was the doctor bearing Christ to the clinic. It was the clerk showing Christ in the counting house. It was the Buddhist preaching Christ to Hindus; it was Booker Washington putting the gospel to negroes." Indeed, the whole book is well worth reading.

Lay Religion. By Henry T. Hodgkin. 12mo, pp. 226. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.75.

Questions of timely interest are considered in this volume by a leader of recognized standing among the British churches. He deals with root causes and offers practical solutions in the spirit of a Christian seer. He recognizes that the modern issue is whether our modern civilization is to be established on a spiritual basis or a material one, and he frankly avows that the difficulty is one of vision and decision. He holds that there is no other institution that is likely to do the work the church ought to do, but if it is to be adequately done the church must have a clearly thought out policy touching national and international affairs. Before this is possible, the church itself should be molded by spiritual ideas big enough to create

a new world. He makes an important distinction between the esoteric and the democratic ideas of religion. The first thinks of religion as limited to the few, and from the nature of the case belies its credentials; the second regards religion as a necessary part of every man's life, touching the whole of life and claiming every sphere of life as its own. It is this latter that he understands as lay religion. He makes a good point that religion, as generally understood, is something that is aloof from the life we all live, and is therefore regarded as "simply irrelevant." But he adds that such a religion is of the second-hand variety and is a "wretched make-shift." He makes several fruitful suggestions how to recover the lost power of religion. The first is the demand for reality. "The glib expression of truths by persons whose lives are manifestly at variance with those truths is worse than the utterance of untruths from the same lips. It is not simply that the truth is denied by the life; it is desecrated, and made to appear as untruth. Such profession debases the moral currency. It largely accounts for the very prevalent conviction that the teaching of Jesus is impracticable. The very people who are responsible for setting forth this teaching in the world are not, in many cases, seriously attempting to live by it." Another need is the demand for adventure. The boldness and joy of the early church should be revived. "The church's failure is not that it has asked too much of men. It has thought too meanly of them. It has been frightened by the world's loud boast of power. It has lowered its flag lest it should be swept away in the gale. Let it be raised again to catch the winds of God in the upper air. Let the church sound forth a note of unhesitating challenge to evil, to social wrong, to pride of place and wealth, to the patronizing philanthropy that masquerades as goodness, to the very structure of a society rooted in class prejudice and national exclusiveness, and it will rally behind it the legion of those who are but waiting to hear the call to battle." The true spirit of adventure has been shown by the missionary enterprise, and what is written on this subject should be thoughtfully considered. Other chapters take up the demands for freedom, for fellowship, for a purpose, for harmony, for righteousness, for power. Particularly valuable is the chapter on "The Demand for a Leader." All the qualifications of mind and heart are perfectly met in Jesus Christ. He lived a common life among men. He asked of men their friendship and their free choice. He offered himself "as one that serveth." He drew out the best in men. "When men met Jesus, they were polarized; the good and bad were searched out; some were repelled and some were attracted. The same influence is still at work, explain it how we will, and it works in people of all races and colors. It is the sword that pierces until it divides soul and spirit, and is 'quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart.'" The next chapter, on "The Demand for a Knowledge of God," deals in passing with some of the prevalent misconceptions about God and shows that the authority of Christ has been so deeply exercised because of his unique revelation of God. The thought is further worked out in the last chapter, on "The Life that is Life Indeed." The final answer is given by Jesus that "this larger life is only to be found in God our Father, and that the broad

highway that takes us into it is love, the love that was revealed to men most perfectly in his own teaching, life and death." Such a life, moreover, meets every demand considered and more besides. This is truly one of the most heart-searching and thought-provoking of books recently issuing from the press.

Religion and Intellect. A New Critique of Theology. By DAVID GRAHAM. 8vo, pp. xx+156. Edinburgh. T. & T. Clark. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $3.00, net.

IN these days of muddled thinking and mob action the call to rationality is timely. Those who have a penchant for generalizing often utter the veriest commonplaces which impress the gallery, but their influence is demoralizing. Freedom of thought we must surely have, but we should distinguish between what is eccentric and erratic and that which has intellectual candor and mental clearness, combined with a trenchant purpose of the will to know the Truth and to abide by it. When a congregation recently applauded a preacher, he checked them and said: "I am not trying to get your applause. I want you to think." He realized, in common with other leaders, that the exercise of the reason is most difficult and that the effort is generally avoided in favor of mere emotionalism. And yet Pascal spoke truly when he declared: "Let us labor to think aright; this is the foundation of morality." Those who give themselves to honest thought retain an open mind and have an inquiring disposition and suspend judgment when the evidence is insufficient. This was what Jesus meant when he said: "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment" (John 7. 24). Mr. Graham's volume should command the attention of preachers, who are among the leaders of thought and the molders of public opinion. Referring to clergymen, he says: "Their grand object should be to awaken the people to a living sense of their spiritual needs, and to a clear comprehension and realization of their spiritual potentialities and of the splendor of their calling." A better title for this volume would be "Religion and Reason." The intellect is only one of our faculties; there are two others, the emotions and the will, and all three are better comprehended by the term reason. The prophet's arraignment contained the appeal: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isa. 1. 18). This implied a consideration of all the facts without passion or prejudice. The author states that "the object of this book (under favor of God) is to stimulate and promote that great moral enterprise, the uncompromising subordination of religion to reason; to separate the true, the intrinsic and holy in Christian theology, from the false, the extrinsic and profane; to teach this healthful and sublime science to as many as will listen, and persuade them to yoke it to everyday life; to induce as many men as possible, of all nations and tribes and tongues and callings, to enter into, and worship God within, the spacious, serene and all-sacred temple of spiritual intelligence." It is really a summons back to the serenity of Jesus, who planted religion firmly in reason and made his appeals to common sense, the general intelligence, which is the

final test of life, both human and divine. Here is a good principle well stated: "No man who knows his business will ever quote another person (however eminent he may be) on any psychological question as a court of appeal and final authority, but only as an auxiliary in his own service. I don't quote Aristotle because I agree with Aristotle, but I quote him because he agrees with me; that is I simply summon him as an excellent witness of the elemental truths for which I may be contending. Better still, I have frequent occasion to summon my adversaries as witnesses against themselves, and as unwilling but implicit and irrefutable witnesses of the same elemental truths. In all such matters a man who knows his business must be his own hope." There is a clear chapter on "Belief, Certainty and Faith," and another on "The Grandeur of the Human Soul." The Appendix, on "Some Serious Documents," has a pertinent, quotation from Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding. "He that believes without having any good reason for believing, may be in love with his own fancies, but neither seeks truth as he ought, nor pays the obedience due to his Maker; who would make him use those discerning faculties he has given him, to keep him out of mistake and error." This is a different putting of the words of the apostle: "Always be ready with a reply for anyone who calls you to account for the hope you cherish" (1 Pet. 3. 15). Christianity is neither cryptic nor esoteric, but an open secret, which they who seek in purity of purpose can always find. If the human mind has limitations and cannot go the whole gamut in understanding the full destiny of life, there is surely room for Revelation. This important aspect of the case is ignored by the author. His references to the "Logos" and the "Holy Ghost" show that he is a stranger to the higher realms of spiritual experience, and although the term "spiritual" is used, it is interpreted in too limited a sense. Mr. Graham further fails to realize that there are processes other than intellectual for the attainment of truth, which are not necessarily in conflict with the "rational consciousness," but supplement it. The words of Lord Fisher in his recently published Memoirs contain a forcible answer to some of our author's strictures: "Brains never yet moved the masses—but emotion and earnestness will not only move the masses, but they will remove mountains." We hold that what is genuinely religious is finally reasonable and the two constitute a synthesis. This book is nevertheless valuable as a preliminary to the discussion of the verities of the Christian Faith. It will do much to "clear the mind of cant" and to counteract certain modern tendencies which lead their votaries after the mirages of credulity.

A Grammar of New Testament Greek. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A., D.Lit., D.D. Vol. II. Accidents and Word-Formation. Part I. General Introduction, Sounds and Writing. Edited by WILBERT F. HOWARD, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Imported by Scribners. Price, paper cover, $3.00.

A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. By A. T. ROBERTSON, M.A., D.D., LL.D. Third Edition. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $7.50 net.

The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament. Illustrated from the Papyri and other non-Literary Sources. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., and GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D. Part III, By GEORGE MILLIGAN. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, stiff paper cover, $2.00.

IT is superfluous to write in praise of the Prolegomena, Vol. I, of Dr. Moulton's notable grammar. It is in the hands of nearly every scholarly student, who has been helped by it to receive a larger understanding of the New Testament. Volume II was practically completed by Dr. Moulton before he went to India; and the work of editing it has been well done by Mr. Howard, who lectured last year at Drew, and has since been appointed a tutor at Headingley Wesleyan College. The first part of Volume II has been published. The General Introduction of thirty-four pages is in further elucidation of positions maintained in the Prolegomena, as a result of fresh material from papyri and other sources. With regard to the unity of N. T. Greek we read: "That N. T. Greek is in general the colloquial *lingua franca* of the early Roman Empire has been made clear by the facts presented already, and we need not even summarize the case. With all the difference that there is between the writers of the N. T., we can say of them collectively that they stand apart from literary Hellenistic monuments, the LXX excepted, in eschewing vocabulary, grammar and style which belonged to the artificial dialect of books, and applying to literary use the spoken Greek of the day. Their differences are comparable with those we notice between English speakers of varying degrees of education. Except for literal, and to some extent conventional translations, the N. T. contains no element which would strike contemporary Greeks as the archaic English of A. V. or R. V. strikes us to-day." The section on Contacts with literary Greek points out the distinctive traits of the N. T. writers, and indicates that their purpose, even in the case of those who showed a consciousness of style like the authors of II Peter, Hebrews, Luke, and Paul, was studiously to keep "within the range of popular vocabulary and colloquial grammar." The section on Semitic coloring makes out a strong case for the influence of Semitism and of the "translation Greek" of the Septuagint. We are also reminded that "in the N. T. we have free composition in Greek, based frequently upon the Semitic which had no fixed or authoritative form." In illustration, there are several paragraphs on the distinctive characteristics of the N. T. writers, which throw much light on their respective messages and the conditions under which they were produced. The part devoted to grammar is on "Sounds and Writing;" it is very readable, which of course is to be expected, coming from Moulton, whose humor and humanity appear in delightful ways. Let one paragraph stand for illustration, to whet the reader's appetite for more. It is on Accentuation. "The accents with which Greek has been written since the Hellenistic age are the invention of the great grammarians who tried to preserve a record of the classical language when it was in danger of obscuration. In their time the character of the accent was changing from pitch to stress. The M. Gr. accent, which remains with few exceptions on the

same syllable as in the ancient language, is just like our own; and, as in English, the stress affects the quality of all syllables, stressed or unstressed. Thus ἄνθρωπος, *man*, has stress on the first syllable, and the second and third syllables in consequence have the same vowel: ω becomes long again in the plural, where the accent falls on the penult. In classical Greek there was a 'musical' accent, the tone involving a higher note but no sort of stress. We have this musical accent in English, and it plays a very important part. But it is perfectly free, depending on the shade of meaning intended by the speaker, and differing very much with different individual speakers; in Greek the tone was tied to the word or word-group, and was capable of no variation. It was a fixed element, almost as much as a similar but more elaborated tone-system is in Chinese. We recall the well-known story of the actor Hegelochus, who, in declaiming a line of Euripides ending with γαλήν' ὁρῶ ('I see a calm') pronounced a circumflex instead of an acute, and sent the audience into roars of laughter; γαλῆν ὁρῶ = 'I see a weasel.'" Surely grammar is no dry subject when handled in such a fashion. There is much else, in this strain, on pronunciation, punctuation, syllabification, vowels, aspiration, consonants. We shall impatiently wait for Part II on "Accidence" and Part III on "Word-Formation;" and then lament again, as we do now, that the most important section on Syntax will not be forthcoming with the stamp and authority of Moulton. For this section, dealing with words and ideas which throw light on the history of thought, we must turn to Robertson's Grammar, written with a deep sense of its importance. The fact that this grammar has just appeared in a third edition, since 1914, is sufficient testimony to its intrinsic merit. This latest edition contains much new material. It has a full table of contents of 42 pages; greatly enlarged indices of subjects, Greek words, quotations from the N. T. and O. T., the Apocrypha, inscriptions, papyri, and Greek literature; addenda with references to the latest articles and books; and, over forty statistical tables on Syntax, prepared by H. Scott, of Birkenhead, whose technical knowledge of Greek was hardly surpassed by his patient industry and passion for accuracy. A word about Scott is timely, now that death has claimed him. He was a retired banker, but had made the Greek New Testament his hobby and passion, and there was hardly any question bearing on it, with which he was not familiar at first-hand. We are thankful that he gave his services *con amore* to the improvement of Robertson's Grammar, which has thus become a product of Anglo-American friendship and scholarship. We are confident that, please God, yet larger results will follow on the lines of this unity, to bless English-speaking peoples and all the world. The reception given this grammar by preachers is most gratifying. It is to be hoped that the third edition will find its way into the hands of a still larger number of preachers. It is difficult to review a work like *The Vocabulary of The Greek Testament*. We can only acknowledge, with gratitude, the benefit received from its use, on account of the light it throws on the meanings of difficult words, on figures of speech and allusions to social customs, and on aspects of life which had experienced the spiritual and ethical

rebirth of Christianity. Dr. Milligan alone is responsible for Part III, but he has made good use of the references and notes which Dr. Moulton had gathered for this work, and also of Vol. II of the grammar. "Greek is marked, like English, by the very free use of prepositions." So wrote Moulton in his Prolegomena. The Vocabulary has full articles on prepositions and their compounds εἰς, ἐκ, ἐπί, ἐν, "maid-of-all-work." Other articles which bear on grammatical, social, ritual, and religious usages, are ἔθνος, εἰμί, ἐκδικέω, ἐκκλησία, ἐκπίπτω, ἐλεύθερος, ἐλλογάω-έω, ἐλπίς, ἐμβατεύω, ἐνεργέω ἐξομολογέω, ἐξουσία, ἐπαγγέλλομαι, ἐπακολουθέω, ἐπέχω ἐπιγινώσκω, ἐπιούσιος, ἐπίσκοπος, ἐπιφάνεια, ἕτερος, εὐσέβεια, ζάω, ζήτησις, ἡλικία, θεῖος, θεός, θεραπεύω, θρησκεία. The careful research and accuracy and clear printing of Parts I and II are seen here also; and it is a pleasure to know that Part IV is in the press. The preacher is surely to be congratulated who takes advantage of these original sources for stimulus and guidance in interpreting and expounding the gospel of Redeeming Love to a world of disorder and despair.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. 8vo, pp. x+240. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.00, net.

The manysided character of Theodore Roosevelt grows on one. His extraordinary versatility was a constant marvel. Even those who disagreed with him were constrained to acknowledge that he was one of the finest exponents of Americanism and always a knight errant of righteousness. When the cable announcing his death was made known to a company of three hundred men in Russia by the "Y" secretary, there went up a sob as though these doughboys had lost a personal friend. In this volume of letters we see one of the most attractive sides of his character. He believed that the home occupies a place of the greatest importance in national welfare and he maintained that "for unflagging interest and enjoyment, a house full of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison." Fathers and mothers are not merely men and women with children. They are parents with a specific mission to build and keep a home for themselves and their children, so that its influence will be beneficially felt in society and the nation. Mr. Roosevelt rightly held that the relationship between parents and their children is one of companionship, so that both are educated by a contagious moral idealism. The father who is stern and selfish and the mother who is nervous and irritable inject the poison of discord and discomfort and make the fellowship of the home irksome. In these days, when we are threatened by atheism in the city, by paganism in the country, and by materialism everywhere, the call is imperative to hold up high ideals of the home in the name of religion and patriotism. The editor declares that the dominating passion of Mr. Roosevelt's life was a "deep and abiding love of children, of family and of home." He had the child's heart to the end and once gave expression to his emotions: "I wonder whether there ever can come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and

rapture than that which comes to one between the ages of say six and fourteen, when the library door is thrown open and you walk in to see all the gifts, like a materialized fairy land, arrayed on your special table?" We are not surprised that he said he would rather have this book published than anything that had been written about him. It is a volume for parents and children and especially for fathers and boys. On the merits of civil and military life he wrote to Ted: "I have great confidence in you. I believe you have the ability and, above all the energy, the perseverance, and the common sense, to win out in civil life. That you will have some hard times and some discouraging times I have no question; but this is merely another way of saying that you will share the common lot. Though you will have to work in different ways from those in which I worked, you will not have to work any harder, nor to face periods of more discouragement. I trust in your ability, and especially your character, and I am confident you will win." To the same son, in another letter, are these timely sentences: "Do not make the mistake of thinking that the men who are merely undeveloped are really the best fellows, no matter how pleasant and agreeable they are or how popular. Popularity is a good thing, but it is not something for which to sacrifice studies or athletics or good standing in any way; and sometimes to seek it overmuch is to lose it." A letter to Kermit concludes: "Don't worry about the lessons, old boy. I know you are studying hard. Don't get cast down. Sometimes in life, both at school and afterward, fortune will go against one, but if he just keeps pegging away and doesn't lose his courage, things always take a turn for the better in the end." He believed in athletics but constantly guarded his sons against going to extremes: "I don't want you to sacrifice standing well in your studies to over-athleticism; and I need not tell you that character counts for a great deal more than either intellect or body in winning success in life." It is easy to understand what were his compelling ideals which he always set forth in public and often in these letters. After a paragraph of timely counsel he pulls himself up: "There! you will think this a dreadfully preaching letter! I suppose I have a natural tendency to preach just at present because I am overwhelmed with my work. I enjoy being President, and I like to do the work and have my hand on the lever. But it is very worrying and puzzling, and I have to make up my mind to accept every kind of attack and misrepresentation. It is a great comfort to me to read the life and letters of Abraham Lincoln. I am more and more impressed every day, not only with the man's wonderful power and sagacity, but with his literally endless patience, and at the same time his unflinching resolution." But there is a great deal of humor and rollicking fun and entertaining anecdotes in these letters. Not the least valuable parts are his discerning observations on history, life and literature, and his reflections on current events, both national and international, from the standpoint of the President. His criticism of Dickens is somewhat scathing, but it expresses the genuine protest of his stalwart Americanism. The lover of nature and wild life will find many eloquent descriptions written in the finest of picturesque prose. The gorgeous

splendor of May in the garden of the White House is described in pen pictures that rival the best of its kind. What a scene is that of the President reading each evening the stories from the Bible to little Archie and Quentin during the absence of their mother from home! Altogether this is a memorable volume. It might also be regarded as a memorial volume, for by it Theodore Roosevelt will be gratefully remembered for many a long day.

Outspoken Essays. By WILLIAM RALPH INGE, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's London. 12mo. pp. 281. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, $2.25, net.

WE do not like the manner of Dean Inge, but his matter is worthy of serious consideration, even though there is an excessive strain of pessimism in much of it. Some of his conclusions are startling, but even when we differ from them, the feeling remains that they cannot be lightly treated. He is a man of deep learning and his knowledge of classical history is marked by the accuracy of exact and extensive scholarship. His Gifford Lectures on The Philosophy of Plotinus, noticed in the METHODIST REVIEW for November, 1919, constitute a distinctive contribution toward the understanding of both ancient and modern thought. His appreciative insight into the values of spiritual Christianity, as distinct from ecclesiastical Christianity, is seen in his Bampton Lectures on Christian Mysticism. In several essays of the present volume he returns to this subject and presents the strong claims of Christianity upon the modern world with prophetic vigor, critical acumen, arresting courage, and in a style of writing at once lucid and brilliant. The fact that such a volume was reprinted four times in as many months bears a significant testimony to its importance. It has a great deal that challenges the thought of the theologian, the sociolgist, the student of philosophy, and especially the preacher. He is nothing if not fearless, but it is far better to speak out one's convictions with assertive independence, even at the risk of being misunderstood, than to utter evasive platitudes which no one takes seriously. The first essay, on "Our Present Discontents," criticizes several accepted positions and produces a sense of uneasiness. "Human nature has not been changed by civilization. It has neither been leveled up nor leveled down to an average mediocrity. Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, and self-sacrificing hero, and a blood-thirsty savage. Human nature is at once sublime and horrible, holy and satanic. Apart from the accumulation of knowledge and experience, which are external and precarious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have changed much since the first stone age." He makes more of the weakness than the strength of democracy and seems to show a personal ill-will toward it, characteristic of a certain type of Englishman, censured by him in the essay on "Patriotism," of which he himself is an unfortunate illustration. To be sure, democracy in ordinary times does not bring the best men to the top; it is a ready victim of shibboleths and catchwords; it is guilty of rash iconoclasm, obstinate

conservatism and obstructiveness; it is exposed to the dangers of vexatious and inquisitive tyranny, and to the two diseases of anarchy and corruption. "Who, then, are the friends of this *curieux fétiche*, as Quinet called democracy? It appears to have none, though it has been the subject of fatuous laudation ever since the time of Rousseau. The Americans burn incense before it, but they are themselves ruled by the Boss and the Trust." And yet we positively cannot give it up and return to the worse fate under autocracy, which even in its present decadent condition shows an intolerable toughness. Are there no compensating features? The Dean sees none, but there are many, as one who knows our national life from the inside has shown. We refer to the two volumes on The American Commonwealth by Viscount Bryce. Our author speaks more persuasively in what he writes about Christianity, that it presents a standard of absolute values whereby the wealth of the world is increased. "The soul's wealth is the only real wealth." In a later essay on "The Indictment Against Christianity," he forcefully exposes the seat of our malady, and insists that "the Christian cure is the only real cure." "Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin which have overtaken a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from him." On a previous page he maintains that "the future of Christianity is in the hands of those who insist that faith and knowledge must be confronted with each other till they have made up their quarrel. The crisis of faith cannot be dealt with by establishing a *modus vivendi* between skepticism and superstition. That is all that modernism offers us; and it will not do. Rather we will believe, with Clement of Alexandria, that πιστὴ ἡ γνῶσις, γνωστὴ δὲ ἡ πίστις." Again, "a profound reconstruction is demanded, and for those who have eyes to see has been already for some time in progress. The new type of Christianity will be more Christian than the old, because it will be more moral," to which we would add—and more spiritual. In the essay on "Institutionalism and Mysticism" he emphasizes the failure of institutional religion and makes a strong plea for the better expression of the idealism of the gospel message. This argument and appeal are repeatedly expounded and enforced in the essays on "Bishop Gore and the Church of England," on "Roman Catholic Modernism," on "St. Paul." Concerning the great apostle he writes: "He is absolutely indifferent whether his mission will cost him his life, or only involve a continuation of almost intolerable hardship. It is this indomitable courage, complete self-sacrifice, and single-minded devotion to a magnificently audacious but not impracticable idea, which constitute the greatness of St. Paul's character. He was, with all this, a warm-hearted and affectionate man, as he proves abundantly by the tone of his letters. His personal religion was, in essence, a pure mysticism; he worships a Christ whom he has experienced as a living presence in

his soul. The mystic who is also a man of action, and a man of action because he is a mystic, wields a tremendous power over other men. He is like an invulnerable knight, fighting in magic armor." This essay is a valuable study of the development of the apostle's faith and throws much light on the atmosphere of early Christianity. "The receptiveness to new ideas is one of the most remarkable features in St. Paul's mind. Few indeed are the religious prophets and preachers whose convictions are still malleable after they had begun to govern the minds of others. St. Paul had already proved that he was a man who would 'follow the gleam,' even when it called him to a complete breach with his past. And the further development of his thought was made much easier by the fact that he was no systematic philosopher, but a great missionary who was willing to be all things to all men, while his own faith was unified by his strength of purpose, and by the steady glow of the light within . . . . Protestants have always felt their affinity with this institutionalist, mystics with this disciplinarian. The reason, put shortly, is that St. Paul understood what most Christians never realize, namely, that the gospel of Christ is not *a* religion, but religion itself, in its most universal and deepest significance." The essay on "Cardinal Newman" is a balanced and sympathetic analysis of the character of one of the most elusive leaders of the church. "There are no cheap effects in any of Newman's writings. He is the most undemocratic of teachers. Such men do what can be done to save a nation from itself, its natural enemy. They are not indifferent to fame, because they desire influence; but they will do nothing to advertise themselves. The public must come to them; they will not go to the public." This is a fine characteristic of Dean Inge's ideal of leadership, as illustrated in his own writings. Mention should be made of the chapters on "Patriotism," "The Birth-rate," "The Future of the English Race," which will plunge the author into controversy, but a man of his type is familiar with such an experience and he is skillful in the arts of defense and silence. The concluding essay, on "Survival and Immortality," is a timely tonic for those who are being dangerously impressed by the pseudo claims of spiritualism. The misguidance of this cult is in proportion to its so-called "revelations" which are really erratic and ecstatic vagaries. "The moment we are asked to accept 'scientific evidence' for spiritual truth, the alleged spiritual truth becomes for us neither spiritual nor true. It is degraded into an event in the phenomenal world, and when so degraded it cannot be substantiated. Psychical research is trying to prove that eternal values are temporal facts, which they can never do." The thoughtful reader will receive much stimulus from this volume.

My Generation. An Autobiographical Interpretation. By WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER, President Emeritus of Dartmouth College. 8vo, pp. xv+464. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $4.

IN his sympathetic and discriminating study on Progressive Religious Thought in America, Professor Buckham bears a glowing testimony to

the contribution made by President Tucker. "He has been one of the spiritual statesmen of his time. By spiritual statesmanship I mean something akin to prophecy, yet more definite and effective, discernment of the leading issues that confront men of the Kingdom and the way in which they are to be met. While other men have been more conspicuous in ecclesiastical and educational leadership and in popular following, few have equaled him in clear and far-sighted sagacity. His gift of statesmanship, developed by constant exercise, has shown itself, not in one direction only, but in many. Upon whatever front he has served—and he has served on not a few—he has had the faculty to detect the strategic points of attack and defense." The life of this mediator and reconstructionist deserves careful study. This volume of confessions, reminiscences, and interpretations is all the more valuable because it deals with many of the vital questions for which we are seeking satisfactory answers. As pastor, theological professor, and college president, he always emphasized the true inwardness of things and he was constantly guided by ultimate values. We think of President Tucker as one of the heralds of the new day in interpreting the spiritual meaning and value of the unity of humanity, with a penetrative insight of the relation of modern social and intellectual movements to Christianity and the church. He went to the Andover chair from the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, and he carried with him deep impressions of city problems. It seems a story from the world of spirits to read about his city church. "The general characteristic of the congregation was its mental and spiritual accessibility. Individuals and families came to church imbued with the spirit of worship, and in a mood to be appreciative of such further help as might be gained from the service. The degree of this desire for help was unexpected. It was especially noticeable among men in public life and in the more exacting forms of business." His conception of the task of the modern minister was catholic in the richest sense, as is seen from his Andover courses in homiletics and pastoral theology. Among his subjects were "The Social Evolution of Labor" "The Treatment of Crime and the Criminal Classes," "The Treatment of Pauperism and Disease," discussed during 1889, 1890 and 1891. Dr. Tucker's Christian chivalry and love of liberty were nowhere more evidenced than in the part he took during the painful period of the Andover controversy, of which a full account is given in this volume. That struggle continued for eight dreary years until the Supreme Court of Massachusetts finally disposed of the case. One outcome of it was an enlargement of the range of Christian faith and a quickening of its hope into confident expectation, such as glows in the Epistles of St. Paul. "The greatest advance of Christian doctrine within the generation has been in its humanity. The humanizing process has been at work in many ways, but in all those ways that are most accessible and most easily recognized, it has been stimulated by that larger hope for humanity which is the outcome and expression of the newly acquired freedom of Christianity . . . . Under the intense individualism of the Protestant faith, the churches of that faith have never caught the large vision, or felt the

deep sense of humanity. We, who profess that faith, have hardly recognized, certainly we have not felt, the solidarity of the race. But the Christianity of the New Testament and of the early church was conceived and announced in universal terms. Nothing has yet been accomplished, taking full account of the glorious work of the past in some transformations of life among some peoples, nor is anything in immediate prospect, which can be accepted as satisfying the spirit, or the purpose, or the capacity, or the prophecy of Christianity." The larger part of this volume is devoted to educational problems. His reflections of college life and influence are the outgrowth of the extensive experience of a successful pioneer. During his presidency of Dartmouth College, covering sixteen years, many notable progressive changes were made in matters of administration and curriculum. What he writes about the imperative need for adequate material equipment, in order that a college or university might effectively discharge its mission, should be seriously taken to heart by our Methodist laity, on behalf of our own schools which are so seriously handicapped for want of funds. The erection of new and large buildings and the encouragement given to the faculty bore fruit in the increased enrollment of students, numbering between fourteen and sixteen hundred every year. President Tucker's wise advocacy of college sentiment as against college authority was justified by the splendid results. The section entitled "The New Morale" should be thoughtfully read for the discriminating interpretation of leadership. One of the places where President Tucker exercised a most pervasive influence, productive of unique ethical and spiritual benefits was at the Sunday Vespers in Rollins Chapel. The addresses never exceeded fifteen minutes, but they touched the depths of the life of the student body and helped the young men to become masters of circumstance, sending them forth with a warrior spirit, to take their responsible share in sacrificial service for the world. "The college chapel, as I believe, should allow the spirit of the philosophical classroom, but it has its own atmosphere. It seeks not only the demonstration of truth, but the impression of truth. Religion has its times and seasons which may properly be utilized. I never hesitated to observe the seasons of Advent and Lent for direct religious impression. Academic religion has its limitation, but it is not straitened in itself, or in any use of rational means for the development of the religious sense. The college environment may not shut out that larger environment of the human world; much less may it shut out that far greater environment which corresponds to the 'eternity' set in every human heart."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Canon Barnett, Warden of the first University Settlement, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, London. His Life, Work, and Friends. By His Wife. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. xxiv+392, xii+415. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $8, net.

These two volumes introduce us to one of the greatest social reformers of modern times. In spite of the handicap of ill health, he

labored for over thirty years in the destitute neighborhood of Whitechapel, East London, living for twenty years in a tiny house and all the time on a self-imposed limited income. He was without worldly ambitions, cared nothing for credit, and was dominated by the "never-sleeping desire to help people live their lives in relation with God." He combined idealism and common sense in a unique way and proved that he was an ideal leader by being a mystic who was practical. The guiding principle of his life was expressed in the motto: "The best for the lowest," and in his endeavors to bring the treasures of art, literature and history within the reach of the poor he was able to enlist the personal services of people who were illustrious in their several professions. While he was keen in furthering social and other reforms, he realized that the supreme problem is "how to spiritualize the forces which are shaping the future, how to open channels between eternal sources and every day's need." In one of the early years of his ministry he put out a poster in bold type on The Buried Life, in which occur these sentences: "Your lives are busy, useful, honest; but your faces are anxious, and you are not all you want to be. There is within you another life, a buried life, which does not get free. In old days it got free through the forms of religion, and then men had peace, and were not afraid of anything or anybody. We cannot go back to the old forms—they are gone with the old times and in presence of the new learning of our days. Many, therefore, have given up religion altogether, and carry about a buried life. It is buried but it is not dead. When it really hears God's voice it will rise. Men will live spiritual as well as honest lives. They will rest on some one greater than themselves and have peace. I don't think this life will be stirred by excitement or by irrational preaching—and not always by rational preaching; I believe that in the quiet of a place full of good memories, in the sound of fine music, in the sympathy of fellow-seekers, we may better wait God's call. St. Jude's Church in Commercial Street will thus be open from 8:30 to 9:30 on Sunday evenings. Will you come and give yourself even ten minutes? It may be that, as you listen to the silence, to the music, or to the worship of others, God will speak, that the buried life will arise, and that you will have peace." This method of appeal deserves the earnest consideration of evangelical Protestantism, for we certainly need to revive the spirit and practice of worship, without which we cannot have real spiritual progress. What is this but a question of atmosphere which should be deepened in order that the encroachments of the world might be effectively resisted? Barnett knew that "it is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses." While at the first he was a voice in the wilderness, at last he was heard all over the land, and his pioneer labors opened avenues which hitherto had been closed. He taught that "Christ did not come to give commands, but to infuse a spirit," and in his many-sided career he showed how it could find expression in the exercise of wholesome influences. When Founder's Day was observed in 1917, to celebrate the Toynbee Settlement, Bishop Paget reminded those present that the spirit of the founder "was still with us calling on his men to make the supreme sacrifice, as he had called them

on countless occasions to make the sacrifice of ambition, ease, inclination and time, for the service of the saddest and weakest of our brothers." When Barnett died, Dean Ryle said from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey: "He was no visionary, no fanatic, but from his early manhood he was moved with a genuine love for the people. He yearned to show that the Church of Christ belonged to the true heart of the nation—beating in sympathy with its sufferings and its needs, its aspirations and its hopes, with its struggle for fairer conditions and purer environment. He refused to be discouraged, and was hopeful, prudent, and fair-minded, a lover of truth, a man of intellectual humility and religious honesty. He insisted that if the Church of Christ preached religion and virtue to the toiling millions of our great cities it must contend for the establishment of a Kingdom of God on earth, and promote the removal of those conditions by which clean and virtuous living is rendered most difficult, and which too often are the fertile seed plots of vice." These two large volumes are an illuminating exposition of the career of this militant prophet of righteousness and truth. There is hardly a chapter that could be omitted or abbreviated, and what gives such unusual value to this record is the fact that it was written by his wife, who was his colleague in all the undertakings. Referring to his life she wrote: "His whole being was dominated by religion. He talked very little about it, positively disliked abstract discussions on the unknowable; but his normal attitude was one of worship of God." His voluminous correspondence throws light upon the deep and passionate temper of this man, and we are thankful that so much of it has been preserved in these volumes. His crowning achievement was the establishment of Toynbee Hall, intended to further the educational and social life of Whitechapel in harmony with the best university ideals. It is worth noting that Hull House, Chicago, was started by Miss Jane Addams under the inspiration which she received from Toynbee. Indeed, the whole conception of institutional church work received its impetus from this center of light and leading. One is amazed to read about the manifold forms of work conducted by this Settlement, and it is with gratitude we note that several of the best workers in the various departments gave their services without any remuneration. When he was appointed Canon of Bristol in 1893 he resigned the living of St. Jude's but continued as warden of Toynbee Hall, and he found a large sphere to advocate the cause that was dear to his heart from the Cathedral pulpit. After thirteen years he was offered a deanery but felt he could not leave London, where he had inaugurated new forms of work which required his presence. He, however, accepted a canonry at Westminster Abbey, because from this central place he could speak of his religious faith and turn men's thoughts to the condition of East London. As we think of the work which Canon Barnett accomplished, we are not surprised to read that M. Clémenceau, when he visited England in 1884, should have declared: "I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little, pale clergyman in Whitechapel." These pages offer great inspirational values to the preacher and suggest how rich are the undeveloped resources of Christianity and the church.

A Labrador Doctor. The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. (Oxon.), C.M.G. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. 441. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $4 net.

"Religion is action, not diction," says Dr. Grenfell. The thrilling story of his life is a vivid commentary on this sentiment. The name of this well-known missionary doctor is held in the highest respect for the sake of his unusually successful work in Labrador and Newfoundland. This autobiography reveals a heroic spirit, and it discusses quite a number of interests which our modern life considers of vital importance. Grenfell came from good stock. "My mother was born in India, her father being a colonel of many campaigns, and her brother an engineer officer in charge during the siege of Lucknow till relieved by Sir Henry Havelock. At the first Delhi Durbar no less than forty-eight of my cousins met, all being officers either of the Indian military or civil service." In explaining his decision to take up medicine he says, "My forbears were all fighters or educators, except for an occasional statesman or banker." It seems as though all these callings were more or less united in Dr. Grenfell, whose missionary service was distinguished by a variety of gifts. His father was chaplain of a large London hospital while he was a medical student, and most of his spare time was given to mission work among the dwellers of the underground lodging houses. The social problems he confronted and the adventures in this nether world served as a good preliminary preparation for his life work. It was also a liberal education to come under the influence of Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Stephen Mackenzie, and Dr. Sutton, who were the leading lights of the medical profession in those days, under whom Grenfell had the happy fortune of studying. After recounting several of his experiences with patients, he writes that in this way he was able to understand, as he never could otherwise have done, "about the seamy side of life in great cities, of its terrible tragedies and pathos, of how much good there is in the worst, and how much need of courage, and what vast opportunities lie before those who accept the service of man as their service to God. It proved to me how infinitely more needed are unselfish deeds than orthodox words, and how much the churches must learn from the Labor Party, the Socialist Party, the Trades Union, before tens of thousands of our fellow beings, with all their hopes and tears, loves and aspirations, have a fair chance to make good. I learned also to hate the liquor traffic with a loathing of my soul." It will come as a revelation to many to read of the settlement work of such men as Hensley Henson and Winnington-Ingram, now well known bishops of the Anglican Church. It included debates with atheistic propagandists. This is part of the educational mission of the church, of which we need a great deal in the United States if we are to counteract the rampant aggressiveness of Bolshevism and other undermining creeds. Grenfell next undertook work among the North Sea fishermen. The spirit of the true Christian hero is seen in the reasons he gives why this field of service appealed to him: "It seemed to promise me the most remunerative returns for

my abilities, or, to put it in another way, it aroused my ambitions sufficiently to make me believe that my special capacities and training could be used to make new men as well as new bodies. Any idea of sacrifice was balanced by the fact that I never cared very much for the frills of life so long as the necessities were forthcoming." When in the midst of these activities he was invited to consider the needs of the fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic. A visit of inquiry captivated him as he saw remarkable possibilities for the Kingdom of God in this region. The chapters on "The Lure of the Labrador" and "The People of Labrador" contain graphic descriptions of the beauties of nature and of the sore necessities of human life, exposed to the severities of the climate; the cruel exploitations of the Eskimos and the white fishermen, and the miseries of impecunious living. "Obviously the coast offered us work that would not be done unless we did it. Here was real need along any line on which one could labor, in a section of our own empire, where the people embodied all the best of our sea traditions. They exhibited many of the attractive characteristics which, even when buried beneath habits and customs, the outcome of their environment, always endear men of the sea to the genuine Anglo-Saxon. They were uncomplaining, optimistic, splendidly resourceful, cheerful, and generous—and after all in one sense soap and water only makes the outside of the platter clean." Numerous instances of these traits are given in the volume. Dr. Grenfell saw and he was conquered. He soon began his mission to heal the bodies and to care for the social and spiritual needs of the people. In a later chapter he writes: "Ours is primarily a medical mission, and nothing that may have been stated in this book with reference to other branches of work is meant in any way to detract from what to us as doctors is the basic reason for our being here, though we mean ours to be prophylactic as well as remedial medicine." The chain of cooperative stores which he established brought relief to the fishermen, but bitter opposition from the exploiting traffickers, who had hitherto kept the unfortunate people in a state of practical servitude. In his fight against these conspirators, Grenfell accepted the office of a justice of the peace and later he served as a magistrate. "As a magistrate on this coast I have been obliged more than once to act as a policeman, and though one hated the ill-feeling it stored up, and did not enjoy the evil-speaking to which it gave rise, I considered that it was really only like lancing a concealed infection—the ill-feeling and evil-speaking were better tapped and let out." There were many compensations in his arduous labors. A strong chapter on "The Cooperative Movement" strikingly relates how he fought the evils of the barter system. Other chapters deal with industrial and economic enterprises, such as "The Mill and the Fox Farm," "The Children's Home," "Problems of Education," "The Reindeer Experiment." The chapter entitled "New Ventures" includes a description of the institute. He pays many a tribute to his helpers and to his far-seeing supporters in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. "The real test of education is its communal effect; and no education is complete which leaves the individual ignorant of the things that con-

cern his larger relationship to his country, any more than he is anything beyond a learned animal if he knows nothing of his opportunities and responsibilities as a son of God. But though example is a more impelling factor than precept, undoubtedly the most permanent contribution conferred on the coast by the many college students, who come as volunteers every summer to help us in the various branches of our work, is just this gift of their own personalities. Strangely enough, quite a number of these helpers who have to spend considerable money coming and returning, just to give us what they can for the sole return of what that means to their own lives, have not been the sons of the wealthy, but those working their way through the colleges. These men are just splendid to hold up as inspirational to our own." Throughout his career he had learned the lesson that "no human life can be perfect, or even be lived without troubles," and he certainly had his full share of them. But he also made the happy discovery that "if protest breeds opposition, it in turn begets opposition, and a good line of demarcation—a no-man's land between friend and foe—and gives a healthly atmosphere in so-called times of peace." The secret of his large success is explained in a brief sentence: "The only real joy of possession is the power which it confers for a larger life of service." Adventures and hairbreadth escapes from danger, deeds of mercy and works of healing, crowd these pages, and their recital is the more impressive because of the author's disinterestedness and composure. He regarded his achievements in the face of difficulties as being all in the day's work, as though they merited no special commendation. This story of apostolic courage, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and accomplishment deserves to be widely read.

A READING COURSE

The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War. Edited by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. New York: Association Press. Price, $2.00.

THE missionary enterprise has assumed such vast proportions that it is not possible for any one man to cover the entire field and write with authority on the many phases of its progressive activities. This undertaking of the Church has received large recognition since the war. In common with all other movements, within and without the Church, it has entered upon an era of reconstruction. We therefore welcome this first-hand investigation and interpretation; its purpose is to place the imperative business of Christian missions at the center of the Church's work. The missionary movement has been an instrumentality of peace and good will, and a great agency of righteousness, human unity, and concord. "We need not less to-day, but more than ever, the shuttles of sympathy and service that fly to and across the chasms of race. The misunderstandings of the world are a tragic thing. We little realize how

deep and terrible they are; the innumerable millions of men on the other side of the world whose minds are unknown to us and to whom what we are thinking is unknown, in whose thought there has never entered the conviction of our unselfish interest in the whole human family, and of our desire not to injure but to benefit both ourselves and with us all mankind. As never before in the history of the world, we require every possible agency of interpretation, of international fellowship and brotherhood to be thrown across the chasms that separate the races and nations of men." So writes Dr. Speer in the Introduction. His own book, The Gospel and the New World, recently published, is a remarkable survey of the manysided interests of Christian missions. It deserves a careful study and finely supplements his previous volume on Christianity and the Nations, which showed a grasp of the statesmanship of missions for the days before the war, as this latest one does for these post-war times. We are greatly indebted to the Association Press for the volume we are to discuss this month. Its conclusions demand our most careful consideration, and it will help more than any other volume to carry forward the work of the Centenary.

Part I is on "The Enhanced Significance and Urgency of Foreign Missions in the Light of the War." Strong arguments support the claim made in Chapter I that foreign missions have prepared the way during the past century for the new internationalism. Note what is said in this and the succeeding chapters on the direct contribution of missions in training native leadership, in making clear the ideal of a league of nations, in awakening the backward nations and races to a sense of power, of which they had hitherto been unconscious. In later chapters these questions are taken up from a different angle, as the writers discuss with illumination the relation of business, economics, and international politics to foreign missions. In this connection, it is well to be reminded of "the prevailing hazy and timid thinking of vast sections of American churches," with reference to these and other kindred matters. "The prejudice against missionary work can be removed by more adequate missionary education and by the wider use of the channels of popular publicity." Here is the preacher's opportunity and responsibility. In the final analysis he it is who stands between the Church at home and the Church in the making on the mission field. In the chapter on "The Enlarged Outlook of Foreign Missions," a strong case is made out for the need of Christianizing the corporate life of nations. Note the points on the Christianizing of nations and of internationalism, and on nationalizing and internationalizing Christianity. Part II, on "The Effect of the War on the Religious Outlook in Various Lands," is a veritable encyclopedia of indispensable information. The evidences of the weakening and revival of the non-Christian religions, as a result of the impact of Christianity, are a challenge to larger initiative and a more vigorous prosecution of missionary work. "The world war has produced stirrings of new life, not only in Christendom, but also in practically every organized religion in the world. Many of these advances in other religions have received their impulse from Christianity, but they lack

the complete ideal and the dynamic which Christians prize preeminently in the Lord Jesus Christ. *However, it is now, as never before, a race between religions for the possession of the world.* Some of the signs of revivification which have appeared in the non-Christian religions may seem alarming. Yet may we not be reassured and stimulated by realizing that in these signs of revived vitality we can see the Holy Spirit of God working in quarters where previously people had not been attentive to the divine call to go forth into all the world and preach to every creature the best gospel which they themselves have received? Never has the situation been so complicated, so solemnizing, so hopeful for the worldwide establishment of the Christian religion evidenced both by revivifying and weakenings in the non-Christian religions" (p. 66). Note especially the sentence in italics. The chapter on "The War and the New Influences Among Oriental Women" is nothing short of a stimulating revelation. This is followed by a series of chapters on the war and the missionary outlook in India, China, Japan, Korea, Africa, Latin America. The long chapter on Moslem Lands is by seven writers, each one taking up a significant phase of this crucial theme. Its undue length is justified by the fact that Islam is the greatest rival of Christianity in Oriental lands. It remains to be seen which of these two faiths will ultimately win in the race for the heart of that large portion of the world now awakening after the sleep of many centuries. All these chapters consider vital problems touching national traits, tempers, and traditions, which appear not only on the surface but in the subterranean recesses of life. For instance, who suspected that Africa has been as much of a powder magazine as the Balkans? How many knew that when the war began some of the bitterest campaigns were waged in Africa? Who realized that strikes were instigated by the I. W. W. on the Rand among the natives? And yet this is the kind of information that the Church at home must have, to get rid of its provincialism and prejudice. We should recognize that missionary work is a comprehensive campaign, which cannot be neglected or supported after a penurious fashion, without serious peril to our own work and to the interests of the Kingdom of God. Indeed, we can formulate an adequate program for the Church, only as these and similar facts are courageously, intelligently and patiently accepted.

Part II logically follows with a statesmanlike discussion on "Missionary Principles and Policies in the Light of the War." The chapter on "The Effect of War on Missionary Activity" is a historical survey of the aftermath of war during the centuries. "Every missionary development has three stages: first, that of the sending of the individual and of individual conversions, the gathering of comparatively small churches; second, that of organized work by the native forces and the cultivation of the Church life; third, that of the Christianizing of masses, which is generally connected with the occurrence of specially great historical events, political revolutions, and the acceptance of Christianity by reigning chiefs. May this great war through which we have passed, and these political and social revolutions now raging bear rich fruit in the

evangelizing, not only of individuals, but, according to Christ's own words, of the nations!" Very suggestive to the preacher is the chapter on propaganda for missions. What is written in another chapter on the training of missionaries applies with equal force to the training of the missionary preacher and pastor at home. Attention is also given to such questions as evangelism, education, medical work, social service, administration, the development of the indigenous church, Christian literature, work among students from mission lands in our schools. They clearly indicate the imperative need for a reconsideration of missionary methods. "What after-war conditions seem to call for most insistently is a method of general 'speeding up' in every department and operation. The war has opened up undreamed-of opportunities. It has discovered untold resources. It has put at the disposal of the Church new machinery and new methods. The time has come for immediate and boundless expansion. The world is moving at a tremendous speed and the forces of missions must be ready to keep pace with unwavering faith, undaunted courage, unflagging zeal, and untiring patience. . . . Finally, let us recognize that it is the missionaries on the field who must reconstruct missionary methods, evolving such as will serve the new day. It is for the Church at home to cooperate to the utmost of its powers in making these methods possible and effective" (p. 245+). The preacher who catches the far-seeing vision set forth in this volume will be well qualified to instruct and inspire his people, in helping to bring in the Kingdom of God for the redempton of the world.

Side Reading

The Gospel and the New World. By Robert E. Speer (Revell, $2.00, net). A discerning interpretation of the missionary task of the Church in witnessing to the gospel of life, through such forms of work as are demanded by the pressure of past missionary achievements and present world needs.

The Spread of Christianity in the Modern World. By Edward Caldwell Moore (University of Chicago Press, $2.00, net). A clear recital of the manifold beneficial results of Christian missions, beginning with the Reformation, with more attention to what has been done during the last great missionary century down to our own day.

For information about books and subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.